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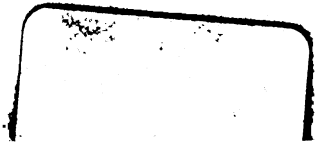

(Mam.)
KBD

A

COLLECTION

OF

VOYAGES

AND

TRAVELS,

FROM

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA,

TO

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

IN TWENTY-EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. XXVI.

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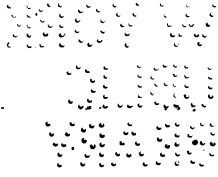

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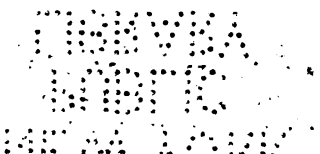
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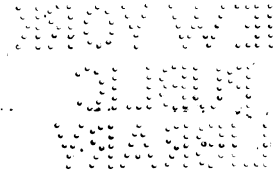
I, 'what your orders imply; and above all keep nothing from me.' "I am commanded to seize your papers, and to send them, together with yourself, to the Governor of Mittau." 'What will happen to me there?' "Your papers will be examined, and the Governor will receive further instructions upon the business." 'Nothing more? —Nothing—and my family may accompany me?' "Certainly." 'Well then,' said I, to my dear and excellent wife, 'we may make ourselves perfectly easy. We are going to Mittau; such was our original intention. My papers are in order, and can be liable to no suspicion; this arrest is nothing more than mere precaution, a measure of prudence, which may be overlooked in a monarch during the revolutions which at this time convulse the world. The Emperor does not know me, he knows only that I am an author; many writers have been led astray by the system of liberty which now agitates Europe; his Majesty suspects me to be one of that number; and in truth, I would rather he should frankly declare his suspicions than keep them to himself. He will now learn what sort of a person I am, and his knowledge of me will turn to my advantage; I shall perhaps gain his confidence.'

After a thorough search of baggage and of papers, all of the most innocent nature, they set out for Mittau, in a rubick or Russian cart, guarded by a Cossack, and a person belonging to the custom-house. Having reached Mittau, and waited on the Governor M. de Drieser, a worthy man M. Kotzebue had formerly known at St. Petersburgh, that officer received him with evident embarrassment; and said, he had orders to forward M. Kotzebue's papers to Petersburgh, and he himself must accompany them; but on no account could his wife be suffered to go along with him. An Aulic Counsellor, Schstsche-Katichin, was waiting to conduct him: a most forbidding figure, ignorant, unpolished, insolent, and obstinate; fond of throwing away his money on beggars, which he seemed to consider a sacred duty. After a farther examination of the baggage, and a heart-



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of heart; but my visage, and indeed my whole appearance, caused her to pause a little at my request. "It is too late," said she, "our master is gone to bed, and so are the servants." 'Pity me, my lovely girl,' I rejoined: 'I have eat nothing the whole day; for Heaven's sake pity me. "My God!" said she, "in the forest, and during such weather! How happened this?" She still kept looking at me from head to foot, and drew back a little. I guessed her thoughts: 'Do not be afraid, my dear pretty young woman; I am no thief, nor even a common beggar; (I then shewed her my purse, and my gold watch-chain.) I have money enough, but my case is much to be pitied. My dear girl, I beg you'll tell me if I can speak a word with the Chamberlain?'

"The Chamberlain is asleep."

'Where is M. de Löwenstern?'

"He is at Kokenhusen, and returns to-morrow."

'And Madame de Löwenstern, and the children?'

"They are above."

'And Mademoiselle de Plater?'

"She is with them."

This Mademoiselle de Plater was a young and very amiable person, a friend of the family, whom I had seen in Saxony.—'Cannot you awake her?'

"I dare not."

As I pressed her with great earnestness, she at length advised me to go to the secretary's apartment, and wait there till morning. During this conversation, I had drawn her by degrees into her own room; and the urgency of my situation having overcome all thought of ceremony, I firmly declared that I would not stir from thence, but was determined to throw myself upon the sofa before me. This declaration embarrassed the young woman very much.

Heaven knows how this scene would have ended, had not the Chamberlain and his lady, who slept near at hand, been awakened by the noise which we made. Madame de Bayer rung for her maid; I gave her a bil-

let I had scrawled in the wood, and entreated her to deliver it to her master; and then, trembling with anxiety for the result, I threw myself on the sofa.

The girl returned; she requested me to wait a little: that I should soon have some refreshment; and that her master was himself coming to me.

The Chamberlain arrived: he was a man advanced in years, and kindness was imprinted on his countenance. He appeared to be under some embarrassment; but at this moment how great was my own! I spoke with hesitation, and expressed myself in the most incoherent manner; but my note had given him sufficient information. He begged I would make myself perfectly easy; that I would first think about taking some nourishment, and that he would then see what could be done for me. Madame de Bayer now appeared. I recognized the features of her amiable daughter, and took courage. I related in a few words my extraordinary adventures. She appeared affected; but I could still perceive that neither she nor the Chamberlain were satisfied that I was perfectly innocent.

In the mean time several dishes were set before me. After a slight refreshment, I touched upon the essential object of my visit, and solicited protection and succour. I begged the Chamberlain would conceal me at one of his country seats. At this proposal I could perceive that M. de Bayer struggled with his feelings, and that the contest was about to terminate in my favour. Hope already sparkled in the eyes of his lady, when a man entered the room, of whom, even at this moment, I cannot think without an involuntary emotion of aversion and disgust.

"Sir," said the Chamberlain, "you here see a good friend of mine, M. Prostenius, of Riga." We saluted each other: he pretended to have seen me before; but I had not the least recollection of his person. From him I learnt, that the Counsellor had been at the castle, that he had dined there, had betrayed great uneasiness of mind, alarmed the whole village, and had dispatched

people to pursue me; and that after taking these measures he had set off for Riga, at which place he probably still remained. M. Prostenius took upon himself to assert that my plan was impracticable, even before he had heard the whole of it; adding, that it would expose them all to danger, and that it was impossible to serve me. "But you have gained time," continued he, "by your flight; you will be conducted to Riga; the Governor, who is a stranger to the business, must report your conduct; and before any answer can arrive, some changes may take place." I replied, 'That, from the manner in which I had been already treated, I could not expect any thing in my favour.' The Chamberlain, who had been prevented from speaking by M. Prostenius, and whose opinions the latter had in a great measure influenced, now told me, by way of consolation, that I might write from thence to the Emperor. 'May I?' exclaimed I.—"Certainly; and I will send the letter through the hands of General de Rehbinder, who at this moment is *commandant* at Petersburg."

The Chamberlain observed that the hour was very late: "Retire to rest," said he, "and gain strength to set off to-morrow for Riga. In the *common*, you will find a bed; go and take some rest." In this country they give that name to a pavilion detached from the house, which is occupied by the preceptor, the secretary, and others of that class; and it is likewise furnished with beds for the reception of strangers.

As I was leaving the castle to go to the *common*, five or six peasants suddenly appeared, and accompanied me thither. I imagined mere curiosity had brought them together; not conceiving that the influence of M. Prostenius could have induced a worthy gentleman to have converted an apartment, hitherto sacred to hospitality, into a state-prison.

The extreme fatigue under which I laboured soon threw me into a slumber, which, though broken, lasted at intervals till five o'clock. When I awoke, my first

all my things, exposed to the observation of the multitude, and to the pity of a few. The Counsellor placed himself at my side, the Courier behind me; and in an hour after we alighted at the inn where we had slept.

When we were alone, the Counsellor politely said to me: "You must not take it amiss, Sir, that I shall now have recourse to more severe measures." The idea of fetters instantly came into my head; and, growing quite wild with anguish, I laid hold of my scissars, with the design of putting an end to my life: but he quickly explained. I had, as has been already mentioned, a little box stored with several useful things: he requested the key of this box, in order to deposit in it the money I had about me, promising, at the same time, to supply me out of it as often as I should have occasion.

Finding this was all he required, I submitted without saying a word. I had been already accustomed to turn my pockets inside out; and whatever they now contained, keys, money, scissars, pencils, scraps of paper, and even my watch, I delivered up with a very good grace. The Counsellor himself condescended to search my pockets with his own hands, to see if I had really given every thing up, and he then locked the box.

Nothing particularly remarkable occurred in the journey until near Moscow, when M. Kotzebue met a fellow-sufferer, whom he mentions as follows:

One morning as we were about to depart from a village where we had slept the preceding night, we heard the bells of some post-horses that were on the road coming to Moscow. This agreeable sound, which I had in my ears ever since I left that city, excited a sudden sensation in my mind, and my heart beat violently. "A courier!" cried a peasant, "a courier!" I instantly ran out. The sound drew nearer; it was in truth a courier; but not a courier dispatched to announce my recall. An unfortunate old man, dressed in a bed-gown and night-cap, with fetters on his legs, now made his appearance, seated in a wretched kibitki,

This prisoner was a lieutenant-colonel of Riasan, a man in good circumstances, and, like myself, a husband and a father; he had been dragged out of his bed in the middle of the night, and, like me, torn from his afflicted family, and destined also to the same spot where I was travelling. A quarrel which he had had with the Governor was the cause of his misfortune. The irons with which he was loaded had swelled his legs exceedingly; he had no change of linen, no clothes, and in short, was in the most deplorable condition that can be imagined.

This unfortunate gentleman, being continually in sight, afforded me a spectacle that mitigated my own affliction. It revived my sinking resolutions; and I endeavoured to imitate his firmness of mind. I was furnished with tea, and we often drank it together. He would smile, as a token of gratitude: we wished much to relate our mutual sorrows, but that consolation was denied us.

I cannot refrain from noticing a natural phenomenon which I saw on the road. It was a man one hundred and thirty years old. His eldest son, who was eighty, appeared not more than fifty. He has a numerous progeny. When we arrived at his dwelling, we found him lying on a couch, with nothing but a hard mattress under him. Excepting his sight, which was grown very weak, he had all his faculties unimpaired. He still continued to go into the woods in quest of bark to make his shoes; and I was much struck to observe that his hands were neither wrinkled nor thin, as is commonly the case with old people. As soon as he saw us he arose, dressed himself, and offered me his bed. I was affected by this act of hospitality. That a man almost a century older than myself, should offer me his bed, and sleep himself on the ground, was indeed a very singular act of kindness!

After reaching Perm without any thing remarkable, we find the following observations.

The distance from Perm to Tobolsk is computed

to be nine hundred verstes; but the road and the country are far superior to those between Casan and Perm. Instead of gloomy forests of pine, we now saw young woods of birch, intermixed with extensive and fertile fields, in a high state of cultivation, and opulent villages, either Russian or Tartar, situated at no great distance from each other. The countenances of the peasants appear so contented and cheerful on Sundays and holidays, that the traveller can scarcely persuade himself he is really in Siberia. In these villages the houses are much cleaner than in those of the other Russians. The inns have each two rooms; the common one, called the *isba*, and the other the *goritza*. These chambers have windows glazed with transparent pebble; there are tables covered with decent tapestry, and a variety of fine images are placed in every corner. They are furnished also with many household utensils, which we had not seen in any of the peasant's houses for a considerable distance; such as glasses, cups, and saucers, &c. I likewise remarked more hospitality among the people of these parts than even among the Russians, whose language, I should observe, bears no resemblance to theirs.

On working-day, the country seems to be thinly inhabited; one may travel for hours together without meeting a single man, and yet these apparently desert lands are so extremely fertile, that they appear as if they were cultivated by magic. Every holiday the young girls, clad in white and red, or in blue, resort to the village green, and entertain themselves with singing and dancing. The young men have their own amusements; parties of them were less frequently seen than of the other sex, and were less numerous, which must be attributed to the late levies, that had considerably diminished their number in these parts. I did not observe the indiscriminate mixture of the sexes in any of their sports. I saw a great number of children, most of whom were, however, born in the reign of Catharine.

The peasants in general cherish a tender remembrance of the late Empress: they call her *matuschka* (little mother.) On the contrary, they seldom speak of her son, the present Emperor, and when they do, it is with great reserve.

Tiumen was the first town we came to on the frontiers of Siberia. We passed through a forest about forty verstes short of this place, in which the direction-posts indicate that the traveller is already in the jurisdiction of Tobolsk.

We stopped to change horses at a village; and as I was sitting at the door of a cottage, breaking some bread into a bowl of milk, an old man of sixty, whose hair and beard were white as snow, threw himself on the ground, and enquired, with extreme earnestness, if we had brought him any letters from Revel. I fixed my eyes steadfastly upon him; I doubted whether I had rightly understood him; upon which a woman, who was standing by, whispered me—"This man has lost his senses: he starts from his bed every time he hears of the arrival of a stranger, and always asks the same question. Give me a piece of paper," continued she, "and I will pacify him; otherwise you will have much trouble with him, for he will persist in staying here, and tire you with his lamentations." She then pretended to read a letter to him, beginning with these words—"My dear husband, I am in perfect health, "as likewise are all our children. Make yourself easy, "we shall soon be with you."

The old man appeared to listen with extreme delight; he smiled and stroked his beard; then taking the paper in his hand he pressed it to his bosom. He now related very rationally that he had formerly been a soldier, and had served on board the Revel fleet, at Cronstadt, and at other places: he added, that he was an invalid, that he had just left his wife, and that she was now with her children at Revel. The woman told us that he had left them thirty years ago: the poor man vehemently contradicted her, and then seated

himself on the end of the bench. After this, he uttered some words which I could not well hear, then cried out aloud: "My dearest, where art thou at this moment! art thou at Revel, at Riga, or at Petersburg?"—These words were so applicable to my own situation, that I had scarcely strength enough to rise from my seat, and retire to conceal my tears. This good old man, thought I, exhibits a picture of what, ere long, I may be. Deprived of reason, I may perhaps one day loiter about the road, and ask the passengers if they had any letters from Revel. Even now I may exclaim, like him, "My dearest, where art thou at this moment! Art thou at Petersburg, at Riga, or at Revel?" Never, O never, did I experience such a painful moment! The image of the old man is for ever engraven on my memory; it is present to me when I awake; it haunts me in my dreams, and is eternally before me.

Three hours after this Tobolsk appeared at a short distance. The city is built on the banks of the Irtisch; its steeples produce a grand effect, and that part of the town which is called the citadel, where the Governor's palace forms a prominent object, was particularly striking; on a nearer view, however, it appeared partly in ruins, having formerly suffered by fire. It was now that I had an opportunity of fully ascertaining the difference between the coarse but kind disposition of Alexander Seülkins, and the unfeeling apathy of the Counsellor. When the latter awoke, he gave a loose to the most indecent exultations of delight, and laughed immoderately, without the least regard to that delicacy which respect for the unfortunate so naturally inspires. He appeared like an executioner, who, the moment he has taken away the life of a fellow-creature, assumes a look of satisfaction, and applauds his own dexterity. The Courier, on the contrary, was silent and dejected, at seeing me so near a place where my destiny was to be decided; he gazed on me by stealth from time to time, with looks of sorrow and compassion.

We entered the town by water; the lower parts were

overflown; the streets were full of boats, in which the inhabitants were carrying on the necessary business of the day.

On the tenth of May, in the afternoon, we landed near the great market-place. We procured a kibick, and instantly repaired to the Governor's house. The Governor, M. de Kuschelef, who had been represented to me as a very humane man by the people at Perm, seemed about forty years old; his person was noble, and his countenance full of intelligence. His first words were these: "*Parlez-vous Francois, Monsieur?*" The question drove me almost frantic with delight, so happy was I to be at length able to explain myself. '*Oui*,' stammered I, with great eagerness.

He then begged me to be seated. "Your name is familiar to me; it is the name of an author."

'Alas, Sir! I am myself that author.' "How," cried he, "can that be possible? What has occasioned you to be brought here?" 'I imagined your Excellency would have informed me of that.' "I inform you! I am utterly ignorant of it. See what the order states: you are President de Kotzebue of Revel, and you are consigned to my custody." (He shewed me the paper, which contained only five or six lines.) 'I do not come from Revel,' said I, 'but from the frontiers of Prussia.' "Perhaps you had not permission to enter Russia." 'I had a passport in due form, signed by the Emperor, and expedited by his order; but this passport has not been respected; on the contrary, I have been torn from the arms of my family, in order, as I was told, to be conveyed to Petersburgh, and without any further explanation I have been dragged hither.'

The Governor was about to speak, but he suddenly checked himself. "Do you know nothing more than this?" at length continued he; "do you suspect any thing which might have been laid to your charge?" 'I have not the least suspicion of any thing whatever,' replied I; 'may I perish, Sir, if I can form any con-

jecture. Your Excellency may easily imagine I have been racking my brains, during the whole journey, to discover what could have occasioned this proceeding: but I am unable to guess at the cause.'

The Governor, after a short pause, continued: "I have read such of your works as have been translated into the Russian language, and I am extremely happy to be acquainted with you; for your own sake, however, I could have wished not to have been introduced to you here."

'It is a great consolation,' replied I, 'to meet with a man of your worth, and I flatter myself I shall be able at least to remain in this neighbourhood.'

"Much as I should gain by your society," answered he, "I am unable to grant your request."—I grew quite alarmed.—'I must not hope then to stay here,' cried I, in the bitterness of my heart; 'miserable indeed must that man be, who considers the privilege of remaining at Tobolsk an indulgence! Must I drag on a wretched existence on a spot still more remote?'

"Every thing in my power shall be done to alleviate the severity of your situation; but my orders require me to assign you a place of retirement within the limits of my government, and Tobolsk is expressly excluded. I need not observe that I cannot act against my instructions: make choice of any town, except Tiumen; which, on account of its contiguity to the high road, cannot be allotted you."

'I am an utter stranger to Siberia, and resign myself with confidence to your Excellency's goodness; but, were it possible, I am desirous of being at no great distance from this spot!'

He immediately named Tschim, as the nearest town, which is situate within three hundred and forty verstes, or fifty German miles, from Tobolsk; "but, (continued he,) I would advise you to prefer Kurgan, a hundred verstes farther off, but situated in a milder climate. Kurgan, (said he, with a smile,) is the Italy of Siberia. You will even find wild cherries there; but

what is of more importance, the state of society there is very agreeable." . . .

"I am at present so exhausted, that I wish, if it could be allowed me, to remain here a few weeks at least, to recover my strength!' The Governor paused; after a short reflection—"Yes," replied he, with great goodness, "that may be done, and I will obtain you the assistance of a physician." Another request laboured in my mind: 'May I write to the Emperor?' said I, in a stammering voice. "Certainly." 'And to my wife?' "Yes; but that can only be done under cover to the Crown advocate; who will take care to forward the letter, if it contains nothing suspicious."

I felt myself still more consoled: he gave orders that a good lodging should be provided for me in the town, and I took my leave of him, as did the Counsellor, who, I could observe, had been treated with very little consideration.

The police soon pointed out the lodging commonly occupied by people of distinction who are banished to Siberia. It consisted of two rooms: it belonged to an inhabitant of the place; and as this man was compelled to furnish the rooms without receiving any retribution, he had not been at all solicitous to fit them up in a capital style. The windows were broken, the walls naked, or hung with ragged old-fashioned tapestry, and the chambers swarmed with insects. Under the windows was a stagnant pond exhaling putrid vapours. This is an exact picture of the apartments; but they were far from appearing contemptible in the eyes of a man who, a few minutes before, had dreaded being consigned to a dark dungeon. It was indeed but too natural to expect every thing that was dreadful; having been dragged in this extraordinary manner into Siberia, I had no security that a prison did not await me there; or even the discipline of the knout, had my persecuters thought fit to administer it! From this time I was relieved from the torments of uncertainty;

my fate seemed to be decided. I had arrived at the very acmé of misery, and I began calmly to contemplate the whole extent of my misfortune.

By means of a little civility on my part, which appeared to strike my host as a novelty, and which was nothing more with me than a virtue of habit, I soon prevailed on him to accommodate me with a table and two wooden stools. It would have been vain to have asked for a bedstead; but I had almost forgotten the use of one, and it was no new thing to me to spread my cloak on the ground, with an old silk surtout, which has often served as a covering for my youngest child. To these coverings I added a mattress, which I purchased in the town. 'Here,' said I, throwing myself upon it, 'here is my death-bed.'

An hour after this an officer of the police made his appearance, to take formal possession of my person. He received me from the hands of the Counsellor; with whom, Heaven be praised, I had thenceforth nothing more to do! This officer, whose name was Katatinski, was a man of a most agreeable figure: he was attended by a single subaltern. "I shall call every day," said he, "but merely for the sake of form, to pay you a visit, and to know how you are; for I must make a daily report concerning you. This man indeed (alluding to the subaltern) must remain continually about you, but less as a guard than as a person ready to serve you."

The Counsellor, happy to have done with me, told me on going away, that he should immediately introduce a friend of his to me, whom he had brought into Siberia the preceding summer, and of whom he had already spoken in very flattering terms on the road; but as his praise was no recommendation with me, I had no desire to make this new acquaintance. My surprise, however, was the more agreeable, when he introduced M. Kiniäkoff, one of the best informed young men I had ever met with. He accosted me in French, assured me he had repeatedly read my works, and said

many handsome things to me on that subject. He offered me his services, lamented that I had experienced the same misfortune that had befallen him, and particularly that I had travelled in such bad company, *with such a miscreant!*

Kiniakoff, the son of a man of rank, of the town of Simbiesk, had been sent to Siberia, with two of his brothers, and some other officers, for having lampooned the Emperor. He alone had the good fortune to remain at Tobolsk; two others of them had Irkutzk for their prison: his youngest brother was loaded with fetters, and closely confined in a small fortress four thousand verstes from Tobolsk; another in the dreadful Beresow, a place, equalling in horrors, all that can be imagined of the infernal regions.

I derived no small consolation from meeting with a man who appeared endowed with noble sentiments; and with whom, from the first quarter of an hour after our meeting, I felt myself as familiar as if he had been an old acquaintance. He promised me books; what luxury! From him I learnt that the Emperor had proscribed all foreign literature throughout his dominions, and that my pieces were frequently acted at Tobolsk, in an indifferent manner indeed, but with great applause; he likewise was pleased to add, that my arrival here was more talked of than that of half a dozen generals in chief would have been. He even offered me, with the Governor's leave, his house and his table. We conversed together more than an hour, and parted highly satisfied with each other. Among other visitors, Baron de Sommaruga, a lieutenant-colonel in the Austrian service, and knight of the order of Maria Theresa, did me the favour to call on me. He had fought a duel in consequence of a love affair, while he was at Riga; and his rival, a man of more interest than himself, had procured his exile, without reaping any advantage from it; for the young lady, a girl of eighteen, whom Sommaruga had married, soon after left her relations, and flew to Tobolsk to

share the misfortunes of her husband. She undertook this long journey, without knowing a word of the Russian language, and under the sole escort of a common courier. Hearing at Moscow that her husband lay ill at Twer, she instantly flew to him, and after that accompanied him to Tobolsk, where I have often witnessed her unshaken attachment. She has evinced great kindness towards me.

I also saw here Count de Soltikoff, a man advanced in years, and in affluent circumstances, who had been exiled for usurious practices. He kept a good house here, and was a very agreeable companion: through his means I was furnished with newspapers.

Three tradesmen from Moscow, two Frenchmen, and a German, increased the number of unfortunate exiles at this place, having been concerned in smuggling transactions to the amount of not more than two hundred roubles. I also received the visits of four Poles, who had been sent into exile for imprudencies of a political nature. They were poor, though of noble birth, and received each an allowance from the state of twenty copecks, or about ten French sols a day. In a word, my chamber was crowded with guests, a circumstance extremely inconvenient to me; and I felt relieved when the approach of night enabled me to retire to my bed, and to the indulgence of my own reflections.

Here follows a memorial drawn up by M. Kotzebue to the Emperor, containing eighteen articles, with proofs and documents; but a copy of which would little interest the reader.

The beneficence of the Governor was truly great, on sending a message by the Counsellor to enquire at what time his Excellency would favour M. Kotzebue with an audience; he received this answer, that, from five in the morning till eleven at night, the Governor was at his service. He invited him every day to his table, and loaded him with kindness, in the face of two senators sent thither to inspect his government, and make report of his conduct. These senators, however, were

possessed of no less generosity. He also procured for him an Italian servant, called Rossi or Russ, sent thither by Prince Potemkin, for a conspiracy. He was an expert fellow, fit for any thing, but an accomplished sharper.

During the early part of my residence at Tobolsk, I confess I enjoyed unbounded liberty. I visited and received visits, when and as often as I pleased. I was seldom without friends when at home, and I often visited my friend Kiniäkoff. He lived in a very agreeable style, and had a collection of choice books, among which were most of the best French authors. I had also the privilege of walking about the streets, and even beyond the gates, at my pleasure.

But this indulgence was suddenly withdrawn. One morning the Governor sent for me, and in the kindest manner expressed his uneasiness on my account. "Your arrival," said he, "has attracted much notice here, and it becomes still more generally the topic of conversation; I cannot, therefore, consider you as a person of no consequence, and I must be the more circumspect, as your Counsellor does not yet think of departing; I fear, indeed, he stays to be a spy upon your conduct. The senators too may be displeased that you are treated with so much indulgence. It appears necessary, for our mutual interest, that you should live under a little more restraint; I beg, therefore, (this generous man could command, and yet he begged) that you will receive no visits, except those of your physician; nor visit any house except his and mine: at every hour of the day my door will be open to you.". I entreated him to make an exception with respect to Kiniäkoff. He shrugged up his shoulders, acknowledged the merit of that young man, and said "That he was himself fond of his company, and was convinced of his innocence; yet," continued he, "he is looked upon with suspicion, and that his sufficient to injure you." I thanked him for the goodness he had evinced in thus explaining his motives, and without saying another word, yielded to his

arguments. However, excepting paying visits, I could walk out whenever I pleased, both within and without the city, entirely unmolested.

By means of my Italian knave I was enabled to correspond with my good friend: we often met under the arcades in the great square; and while the by-standers would imagine we were both employed in looking at the various articles placed there for sale, we took the opportunity of exchanging a few words.

We were indeed under no fear of being betrayed: the unfortunate exile is sure of the public compassion. Several tradesmen, the first time I went to them, whispered in my ear: "Do you want to send a letter? give it me, and I will take care to forward it." This trouble they take upon themselves without the least interested motive, without even receiving the smallest recompense. The name which they give the exiles seems to have been dictated by the tenderest sentiments of compassion, and a full conviction of their innocence—they call them *unfortunates* (neschtschastii). Who is that man? they have asked: An unfortunate, would be the answer. And I never heard them call an exile by any other name, much less by any humiliating denomination implying guilt.

Foreigners have been led to entertain such erroneous, or at least imperfect, ideas of what is called being exiled to Siberia, that I think it necessary to throw some light upon that subject.

The exiles are divided into several classes; very different from each other. The first class is composed of malefactors, legally convicted of the most atrocious crimes, and whose sentences have been confirmed by the senate. These criminals are doomed to work in the mines of Nertschinsk, whither they are conducted in chains and on foot. Their sufferings are worse than death; as they commonly have undergone the chastisement of the knout, and have had their nostrils slit.

The second class comprises that description of criminals, who, though less guilty than the first, have been

juridically condemned to banishment. These are enrolled among the peasantry, or boondmen; their names are changed to those of the boors among whom they are settled, and they are employed as cultivators of the soil. We met with many of this description with slit nostrils: these criminals, however, have it in their power, if they are at all diligent, to gain something for themselves, and thereby render their condition more tolerable.

The third class consists of such as the law has actually condemned, but sentenced only to banishment, without the addition of any infamous and oppressive punishment. If they are of noble birth, they do not lose their rank. They are allowed to live without molestation on the spot assigned to them, and they are permitted to receive their usual incomes; or in case they have none, the crown furnishes them with twenty or thirty copecs a day, or more.

The fourth and last class includes those who, without any legal process, are exiled in an arbitrary manner at the mere pleasure of the Sovereign. They are generally confounded with the third class. These may write to their families or to the Emperor, but the letters are first perused by the Governor, and afterwards forwarded through his means. Sometimes exiles of this class are confined in fortresses, and kept in chains. Instances of this sort were however very rare; and under the mild and merciful reign of Alexander I. this class has entirely disappeared.

Towards the evening I commonly took a turn in the town, or to the great square. This city is large; most of the streets are broad and straight, and the houses chiefly constructed of wood; those built of stone are commodious, and in the modern taste. The churches, which are very numerous, are all heavily designed. The streets are paved, or rather planked, with thick timber, which is far cleaner and much more agreeable than pebbles. The town is traversed lengthways by navigable canals, over which are bridges kept in good

repair. The *basar* is very spacious; where, besides provisions and things of the first necessity, a great quantity of Chinese and European goods are exposed to sale. These articles are extremely dear, but the price of all kinds of provisions is very moderate. This square is crowded incessantly with people of all nations, particularly Russians and Tartars, Kirgists, and Calmucks. The fish-market afforded a very novel spectacle to me. Great quantities of different kinds of fish, which I had hitherto known merely by description, were exposed, both dead and alive, in tubs and barges, for sale.

Curiosity sometimes led me to the playhouse. The building is spacious, and fitted up with a row of boxes. The greater number of these boxes belong to individuals; and every proprietor having a right to ornament his own box in what manner he pleases, the variety of decorations was very striking. The balustrade was covered in many places with rich silks of very fanciful colours. At the back of the boxes were girandole mirrors. The whole, it is true, had an Asiatic appearance; but at first sight it did not fail to produce a good effect. The orchestra was execrable. The company of performers was made up of exiles. Among the number of these was the wife of my worthy Rossi, a native of Revel, who, having been transported to Siberia for some crime, found a suitable husband in the person of my valet. She now plays the parts of mothers and matrons on the boards of the national theatre of Tobolsk. The decorations, the dresses, the acting, the singing, were all below criticism. The admittance to the best places costs no more than thirty copecs, or nearly fifteen French sols.

Misanthropy and Repentance, the Natural Son, and some other of my pieces, had been represented with much applause. They were getting up the Virgin of the Sun; but the dresses and decorations demanding an expense beyond the manager's revenues, they had

determined to supply the deficiency by making a collection among the principal inhabitants of the place.

There is likewise a club at Tobolsk (I believe they call it the Casins), kept by an Italian, whose nostrils are slit. He had been guilty of murder; and having sturdily undergone the discipline of the knout, he gained his livelihood in this manner. I never entered this house.

During my stay here, a ball and a masquerade had been twice given in honour of the two deputies from the senate. I was invited to both in due form; but being unwilling to make a show of myself and my misfortunes, I did not accept the invitations, and can therefore say nothing of the fair sex of Tobolsk. Except the excellent family of Aulic Counseller Peterson, and the beautiful and amiable daughter of Colonel Krämer, I scarcely saw a woman of condition in the place.

I should have walked about the environs of the town more frequently than I did, if the insupportable heat during day-time, and the gnats, still more intolerable at night, had not hindered me from taking that recreation. Not a day passed in which Reaumur's thermometer was not from 26 to 28 degrees. We had regularly five or six hurricanes every four-and-twenty hours; which, proceeding from all points of the compass, seemed like a war of winds. There were tremendous showers of rain, which, however, very little, if at all, refreshed the air. Notwithstanding all this heat, nature is very sparing in her gifts here; and I did not see a single fruit-bearing tree. The Governor's garden, indeed, which is certainly the finest in all the country, contained scarcely any thing but the black alder, the Siberian pea-tree, and the birch. This last tree is very common all over the country, but it is slender and dwarfish. At a distance, a stranger would take a grove of old birch-trees for a cluster of young European plants. There were likewise a few green and red gooseberry-bushes in the Governor's garden,

with various kinds of cabbages, and a few cucumber-plants in flower. Some apple-trees are also to be found in the neighbourhood of Tiumen, which bear fruit about the size of walnuts.

If the inhabitants of this country are little indebted to nature for fruits, she has abundantly compensated for that defect in the article of grain. The Siberian buck-wheat, so well known in Europe, is produced without culture, and requires no other labour than that of reaping it. Every sort of grain grows in astonishing abundance. The grass too is thick and succulent; the soil is in general of a dark colour, loose, and requires no manure.

In the same degree that the heat is insupportable in summer, so is the cold during winter; and the thermometer often falls to forty degrees below the cypher.

This severe climate is however conducive to health. My physician knew of only two prevalent diseases: the one a disease too common in most parts of the world; the other a catarrhal fever, to which the inhabitants are liable on account of the sudden changes in the temperature of the air; yet, by proper attention, particularly at night-fall, a man may attain to a healthy old age in Siberia.

The Governor at length being under the painful necessity of requiring M. Kotzebue's departure from Tobolsk, he was obliged to part with his carriage for a fourth part of its value; and having purchased some necessaries, and got a few books from his friends, he took leave of the Governor, who furnished him with letters of recommendation to the principal persons at Kurgan, presented him with a chest of fine tea, and every week after sent him the Frankfort Journal. He departed on the 13th of June; and next day, at four in afternoon, got in sight of Kurgan.

A single steeple raises its head above a group of mean-looking buildings. The town is situated on an elevated bank of the Tobol: it is surrounded with a naked and barren heath, which spreads itself on all

sides, for several verstes, to the foot of some rising woodlands: it is intersected by a great number of lakes choaked up with reeds. The rainy weather by no means rendered the landscape more inviting. The name of Kurgan, which signifies a *grave*, I had long considered as a bad omen.

Kurgan has two spacious streets, lying parallel to each other. We alighted at the house in which the common court of justice is held: my subaltern entered, and quickly returned with the account of the *gorodnitshie*, or the head of the police, being from home, and that the president in the district acted in his place. We then drove to him, and arriving at the door, I was announced, and in a few minutes invited to walk in.

I was introduced to an old man whose countenance was extremely engaging, but who imagined it was necessary to assume a serious and important air on this occasion. He saluted me coldly, put on his spectacles, opened every paper which concerned me, and read them with great composure one after the other, without paying the least attention to me. I thought it would be as well to give him a hint how I wished to be treated, both at the present time and in future, and taking a chair I sat myself down. He cast a side glance at me, and seemed much surprised, but continued to read on without uttering a single word.

In an adjoining chamber I noticed a curious group of persons, consisting of several grown up children, a handsome woman, (the President's second wife) his mother, who was almost blind, and a middle aged man in a Polish dress. They all fixed their eyes on me in silence, and not a word was spoken till the reading of the papers was concluded. Probably the Governor had recommended me to the President, or rather his own heart spoke in my behalf, as he then turned to me, and with a smiling countenance gave me his hand, and welcomed me to his house. He presented me to his family, and to the Pole, whom he congratulated on

having found a companion in misfortune, and whom he also recommended to my friendship. I embraced him with commiseration, and we both felt that the similarity of our destinies would soon make us brothers and friends.

The president of the common tribunal of the province, and at the same time first magistrate of Kurgan, was named De Gravi. He had lately been named Aulic Counsellor, and though not foolishly vain, he seemed not a little flattered by the title.

After the first compliments were over, he began to think about providing me with a lodging, which, according to the Governor's order, was to be one of the best that could be found. Such lodging, however, being of the number of those the Crown disposes of, and which the proprietor of the town is obliged to furnish gratis on the arrival of an exile, it is natural enough that every inhabitant does all he can to avoid this disagreeable tax, and that he whose lot it is to submit to it accommodates the unbidden guest with the worst room in the house.

M. de Gravi, who had been a long time considering this matter, at last named for my host a kind of adjutant, a little hump-backed man. He then invited me to supper, but I begged he would excuse me, as I stood in great need of rest, and wished likewise to arrange my affairs at my new lodging.

I accompanied my guide, who led me to a small low-built house, where I was nearly breaking my head in going in at the door. This beginning promised but paltry accommodation, and the rooms I was shewn into were still less inviting. They were nothing better than mere holes, in which a man could hardly stand upright; the walls were naked, there was no bed, nor any other furniture than a table and two wooden stools: the windows were patched with paper. I sighed from the bottom of my heart; the mistress of the house returned my sigh in a most cordial manner, and

with silent ill-humour set about clearing the place of some linen, a few broken utensils, and some old clothes, which she had been accustomed to keep there.

I grew, however, in some degree, reconciled to the lodging, and began to make my little arrangements as well as I was able. Scarcely had I been an hour in the house, when the worthy de Gravi sent me a ham, two loaves of bread, some eggs, fresh butter, and other provisions, out of which my dextrous Rossi prepared an excellent supper, rather indeed for himself than for me. After this I endeavoured to invoke the power of sleep for the first time at Kurgan, but the distress of mind under which I laboured, and the myriads of insects that tormented me, did not allow me to close my eyes.

The next day, rather early in the morning, I received the visits of the principal people of the town in which I was to pass the gloomy remnant of my days.

The most interesting man in all the place was certainly a Polish gentleman, whose name was *Ivan Sokoloff*. He possessed an estate situated upon the new Russian-Prussian frontiers, and had neither taken arms nor had any concern directly or indirectly in the revolution of Poland. A friend of his who kept up a correspondence with some of the new Prus ian subjects, imagined he might receive his letters with more certainty by having them addressed to Sokoloff, and without informing him of the matter, pointed out that way of communication to his correspondents. The first letter was intercepted. Sokoloff, who was a perfect stranger to the whole transaction, was at dinner in the neighbourhood, with his friend General Wielhurski, when he was arrested with several others, both innocent and guilty. They were a long time confined as state prisoners, in a fortress of which I forget the name. The business was reported at Petersburgh, and they all obtained their pardon on condition of being transported into Siberia for life.

Sokoloff and his companions were thrown into kibicks, and conducted to the place of their destination.

The road lay within a few verstes of his estate. In vain he petitioned to be permitted to bid farewell to his family, to take a little linen and some clothes with him; no attention was paid to his entreaties. In the same kibick he was dragged on to Tobolsk. At that place he was separated from his friends, and sent to Kurgan, where he has led a most melancholy life for three years past, without having received the least intelligence of his wife and six children.

Notwithstanding the galling misery that oppresses him, he refuses every present that is offered him, lives upon milk, bread, and quass, and appears always decently dressed. He is particularly well received by M. de Gravi, as he unites to uncommon goodness of heart, the manners of polished society, and is able to preserve under the pressure of adversity, an equanimity of mind, which I have often admired, and sometimes envied, being myself unable to attain it.

With a single trait I shall finish the character of this extraordinary man. He has been so scrupulously honourable as to reject every offer that has been made him to convey letters to his family, solely because he had promised government never to avail himself of any indirect means whatever to carry on a correspondence with any of his relations, that indulgence having been strictly prohibited him.

I now return to my own history. Not one of those who came to see me on the day after my arrival, came empty-handed: every one brought me something either to eat or to drink, and I was at a loss for room to store their presents. M. de Gravi came in person to know how I liked my new lodging; I confessed it did not please me at all. He immediately offered to accompany me over the whole town in quest of such as he was able to dispose of: I accepted his offer with gratitude, and we passed a great part of the day in examining several houses, but most of them were found to be still worse, and very few better than that of which I had taken possession; there was every where such want

of rooms, that had I changed, my servant must have slept in the same chamber with myself—a circumstance, I could not have supported.

At length I requested M. de Gravi to allow me to look out for myself, being desirous to try if money, the master-key to every door, would not procure me an abode where I might find better accommodations. He freely gave me leave, observing, at the same time, that I should find nothing to my liking. I chiefly relied on my intelligent Rossi, who, in the course of twenty-four hours, was well acquainted with the town, and had perhaps already over-reached some of its unsuspecting inhabitants. He began to make inquiries, and soon returned with information, that I might become sole master of a small new house, if I chose to make a sacrifice of the sum of fifteen roubles a month. The owner was a tradesman, who, allured by the love of gain, would willingly give up his whole habitation, and confine himself to a small apartment behind it.

I went immediately to the man, and took a survey of the house, which I found so convenient and well furnished, considering the place we were in, that it much surpassed my expectations. It consisted of one large room, another of less size, together with a warm and spacious kitchen, and a kind of lumber room, which the Russians call *kladavai*. The extravagant terms demanded I was glad to comply with; and I did so rather as from the cheapness of provisions, I considered that I had money to support me till I should be able to get some remittance, or a change should take place.

I shall mention the price of several kinds of provisions, observing, at the same time, that my *honest* servant seldom failed to cheat me out of one half of the sums I entrusted to him. Bread costs at the rate of four French sols for a loaf of six pounds weight; beef sold for a sol and a half a pound; a fowl, a sol and a half; butter from three to four sols a pound; a couple of heath cocks at most four sols; hares without their skins were to be had for nothing, as the Russians

never eat them; a dish of fish two sols; a cord of wood a livre. The most confirmed drinker could not swallow more than half a sol of quass a day.

Other articles, particularly articles of luxury, are, on the contrary, exorbitantly dear. A quart of French brandy costs two roubles and a half; sugar a rouble a pound; coffee a rouble and a half, or upwards; half a dozen packs of ugly cards, seven roubles; a quire of Dutch paper about three roubles.

These, however, are articles a man may do without, and I found, at the end of the first week, that I had hardly spent two roubles, including, washing, candles, and other trifling things. It is true, my table was as frugal as I was able to make it. The delicacies which appeared on it consisted of bread and flour, and excellent fresh butter. Of the latter I never ate better in any part of the world: its good qualities arise from the rich pasturage in the neighbourhood, where the cattle graze at will. In addition to my bread and butter, I had sometimes a fowl stewed with rice, or a pigeon, or a duck, which I had shot myself; and my desert was nothing more than a draught of quass.

My way of living in general was as follows: I rose at six, and studied the Russian language for an hour. I then took my breakfast, and sat down for some hours to the history of my misfortunes. After this, I usually walked on the banks of the Tobol in my bed-gown and slippers. At my return I usually read Seneca; I then took my plain dinner, after which I indulged myself with an hour's nap, and when I awoke, took up Pallas or Gmelin, till Sokoloff called on me to take the diversion of shooting. On our return he generally drank tea with me, over which we repeated the story of our misfortunes, imparted to each other our hopes, or combated each other's fears. After his departure I again read Seneca, and ate a slice of bread and butter for my supper; I then played alone at *grande patience*, a kind of fortune-telling game at cards, and went to bed more or less sorrowful (I am almost ashamed to

own it) as the game had proved more or less successful.

Shooting was a most agreeable amusement, and although we were miserably provided with apparatus, from the great abundance of game we had plenty of sport.

Another recreation was long and frequent walks on the banks of the Tobol, where the girls of Kurgan were constantly washing linen, and bathing with great merriment, but perfect decency. Seneca, however, was my great relief. His admirable sentiments daily administered the balm of patience and fortitude to my wounds. The similarity of our fates rendered him still more dear to me. He was an exile, he was innocent; he passed eight melancholy years among the barren rocks of Corsica. The description he gives of his situation accords with my own. He complains of an unpleasant climate, of the savage manners and uncouth language of the inhabitants. All this was applicable to me.

Of the inhabitants of Kurgan M. Kotzebue speaks thus:—

I was invited to all their little feasts; every one would fain divide his pittance, and share his pleasures with me. On my arrival among them they did know me as an author; but a paragraph which was inserted in the Moscow Gazette, relative to the brilliant success of my pieces on the English stage, informed them of my literary existence, and served to increase that esteem which they had already evinced for me. The good-nature with which they endeavoured to divert me, and the kind intention they had in drawing me into their little circles, have sometimes proved troublesome to me; for, on one hand, my mind was ill adapted to any intercourse with mankind, and, on the other, their company had but few charms for an European like myself, spoiled by the habits of polished society.

The following may serve as a sketch of the state of society at this place. The Assessor, Judas Nikitisch,

celebrated the festival of his patron Saint, which, it must be observed, in Russia is a more important festival than a birth-day. He came to me early in the morning, and invited me to his house, where, he said, I should meet all the principal people of the place. I went, and on my arrival was stunned by the noise of five men, whom they called *singers*. These men, turning their backs to the company, apply their right hands to their mouths to improve the sound of their voices, and make as loud a noise as possible in one corner of the room. This was the salutation given to every guest on his entering the house. An immense table groaned under the weight of twenty dishes, but I could see neither plates nor chairs for the accommodation of the company. The whole had the appearance of a breakfast, which the Russians often give under the name of a *sacuschka*. The principal dishes were *pirogues*, not made of meat as is usual, but of different kinds of fish, it being the season of Lent. There were besides several dishes of soused fish, and pastry of many sorts. The master of the house carried a huge brandy bottle in his hand, eager to serve his guests, who frequently drank to his health, and, to my great surprise, without shewing any signs of intoxication. There was no wine; and indeed I had drank none in Siberia, except at Tobolsk, at the Governor's table: it was a Russian wine, palatable enough, which, if I mistake not, had been procured from the Crimea. Instead of wine our host presented us with mead; another rarity, and much esteemed here, as there are no bees in Siberia. Every guest, except myself, however, preferred brandy to this mead.

I expected every moment that another door would be thrown open, and that the company would sit down to table; but I expected in vain. The guests took their hats one after the other, and went away; and I felt it necessary to follow their example.

'Is the entertainment over?' said I to M. de Gravi, who stood near me.

"No," replied he; "the company are going home to take their naps, and at five o'clock they will be here again."

I returned at the appointed hour. The scene was then changed; the great table still occupied the centre of the room, but instead of pirogues, fish, and brandy, it was covered with cakes, raisins, almonds, and a quantity of Chinese sweetmeats, several of which were of an exquisite flavour, and among which I remarked a dry conserve of apples cut into slices.

The mistress of the house, a young and charming woman, now made her appearance, and with her the ladies and daughters of the guests, in their old-fashioned dresses. Tea and French brandy were handed to the company, with punch, into which the *glukwa* berry (*vaccinium oxycoccos*) was squeezed instead of lemons. Card-tables were then set, and the guests played at a game called Boston as long as the brandy allowed them to distinguish the colour of the cards. At supper-time every person retired as they had done at noon, and the entertainment closed.

M. K. states his plans for escape, and also a memorial to the Emperor; but a very unexpected circumstance put an end to his misfortunes. In the midst of a game at *grande patience* his servant interrupted him, saying, "This very moment a dragoon is arrived to take you away." Struck with terror, I started from my chair, and looked him full in the face without being able to utter a single word.

"Yes, yes," continued he, "we shall perhaps set off this very day for Tobolsk."

"How?" was all I was able to say.

What had I to expect? My liberty? Alas, no! For in such case, why was I to be taken back to Tobolsk? I had nothing better before me than the horrid prospect of being transported from Tobolsk further up the country, perhaps to Kamtschatka. I waited for more than ten minutes in the most painful state of suspense, for the arrival of my sentence. These ten minutes are

to be numbered among the most dreadful of my life. At last I perceived from my window M. de Gravi, accompanied by a crowd of people, turning the corner of the street, and in the midst of them I discerned a dragoon, with a plume that covered his hat. I remained more dead than alive, waiting to know my fate.

I walked with trembling steps about the room, and again drawing near the window, I could distinguish the features of M. de Gravi, which seemed to be very composed. A ray of hope now gleamed upon me, yet heaviness still pressed upon my heart.

The people were now in the yard! M. de Gravi looked up at my window, perceived me there, and saluted me in a gay and friendly manner. I felt my heart grow lighter; I attempted to go out to meet him, but was unable: I remained quite motionless, and fixed my eyes upon the door of the chamber:—it opened: I endeavoured to speak, but continued speechless.

Prosdawlaja, wui swobodni—"I congratulate you, you are free."—As he uttered these words, the good De Gravi threw himself into my arms, and shed tears of joy. I saw nothing, heard nothing; felt only the tears of De Gravi, which wet my cheek, while my own eyes remained dry. The cry of *Prosdawlaja*, was repeated by all around me; every one strove to be first to embrace me, and my servant too pressed me to his heart. I permitted all these proceedings, still looking at them with silent stupor; I could neither thank them, nor utter a word.

The dragoon then delivered me a letter from the Governor. I had strength enough to open it, and I read the following lines, which were written in French:

"SIR,

"Rejoice, but moderate your transports; "the state of your health requires it. My prediction "is accomplished. I have the satisfaction to inform "you that our gracious Emperor desires your return. "Command every thing of which you may be in

"want, and it shall be procured you. Orders are al-
"ready given for your accommodation. Hasten and
"receive the congratulations of,

"Your very humble servant,
July 4th. "DE KUSCHELEFF."

Suddenly Sokoloff came in and fell upon my neck, pressed me in his arms, and shed many bitter tears. "I am again," said he, much affected, "alone and forsaken; but what does it signify? God knows, I rejoice sincerely in your deliverance."

All the principal people of the town crowded about me; the room could scarcely hold them. Every one was eager to testify his joy, and to compliment me on this occasion. The worthy De Gravi, who naturally imagined such a crowd would at the present moment prove troublesome to me, dispersed them by degrees, and proposed my going to dine at his house. I could neither eat nor drink. "When do you think of setting off? said he. "In two hours," I replied. "What shall you want?"—"Horses."—He smiled and left me.

I was as impatient as a child: all my things were crammed in haste into my portmantua, and thrown into a kibick. I hastily acquitted myself of my last duty at Kurgan, and took leave of all my good friends. It will be supposed I did not stay many minutes in one house. I remained longer with my excellent friend De Gravi, and he exacted a sacrifice from me on leaving him, which gave me no small pain, but which I could not refuse, as he solicited me in the most pressing manner.

The 7th of July was a solemn festival, the true meaning of which I was never able to discover. It chiefly consisted in transporting the image of the Saint of a neighbouring village into the town. The Saint of the town was carried in procession to meet it, received it with politeness, and bore it company to its own temple; honoured it with certain prayers and hymns, and accompanied it back in the evening. All

the inhabitants of the place escorted their Saint on this little excursion, singing psalms as they marched along. The worthy De Gravi thought it his duty to be at the head of this procession, and it was at this ceremony that I was compelled to be present. He assured me it would not last half an hour, and I accompanied him.

Borne by six pretty country girls, and attended by a priest with a long beard, the Saint of the village met us in the skirts of the town. Every one sang and made the sign of the cross. The images of the two Saints politely exchanged salutations. We returned with them to the town; the stranger Saint went to the house of its host, and I flew to mine to make my last preparations.

I found my good friend Sokoloff there, whose heart was much oppressed on account of our separation. The night before we had both observed, that the liberty of the one would render the captivity of the other doubly painful. The following day the circumstance was to take place! I made him a present of my gun, my shooting apparatus, all my powder and shot, and every thing else that I could spare. He accepted them without saying a word; and I could read in his moistened eye, that he had much rather have had my company than my presents. I pressed him to write to his family, and promised to transmit his letters safe into their hands. His conscience, however, which was scrupulous to excess, would not permit him to embrace my offer. He was determined in no respect to disobey the severe orders he had received; and deemed it meritorious rather to suffer every thing than incur the imputation of a single fault.

I was obliged to wait an hour for the horses. Never in my life did I feel myself so much upon thorns. I was hardly capable of acknowledging the marks of kindness which the Kurganians lavished upon me. One had made me some punch; another loaded my kibick with provisions; a third presented me with a

pot of cucumbers. I must have walked on foot by the side of my carriage, had I accepted all their presents. May the benediction of Heaven fall on these good people! I shall see them no more, but I bear in my heart a tender and grateful remembrance of their hospitality.

The horses at length arrived. I was embraced by the whole circle, and put into the kibick. Good old De Gravi got in with me, determined, as he said, to accompany me out of the gates. Benedictions and prayers were showered on me at parting; and I was lost in a transport of delight. After proceeding about two verstes on my journey, De Gravi stopped the postillion, fell upon my neck, embraced me, and wept; pressed my hand, and alighted from the carriage; left me; returned again; shook me once more by the hand; sobbed, bid me farewell, and departed.

The following characteristic Tartar scene deserves notice:—

One evening, near sun-set, the axle-tree of my carriage broke down, when two or three Tartars immediately ran to my assistance. One of them was a sort of carpenter. I stopped before his door, and learning that the repairs would take up three hours, I desired my servant to make some tea. The inside of the Tartar houses being very dirty, I preferred passing the evening, which was exceedingly fine, before the door: and having procured a table and a chair, I began to open my travelling trunk to take out what was necessary to make my tea. Curiosity had drawn all the inhabitants of the village about me, who seemed to be totally ignorant of the use of utensils of luxury.

What delighted them to ecstacy was the looking-glass that lined the lid of my travelling-box. They sat cowering in groups before it, laughed aloud at the sight of their own faces, and explained to one another, by droll gesticulations, their astonishment at seeing before them the country that lay behind them. I took the glass from the lid, and presented it to the carpenter's

wife, who at first cast a look by stealth upon it, then by degrees grew more familiar with it, and at last admired herself with no small satisfaction, for she was very pretty.

Tea being ready, I lighted my pipe, and sat myself down upon a pile of timber which stood just opposite my carpenter's house. It was a picturesque nocturnal scene. A score of Tartars were seated about me, upon the rude steps formed by the beams of timber; at my feet a little fire was kindled, at which the carpenter was working; and across the way, close to the house, stood several women, girls, and children, who were too bashful to approach nearer.

By degrees a very singular conversation took place between me and the surrounding group. The moment they had discovered I was not a Russian, they took courage; I gained their confidence; they overwhelmed me with enquiries: Who was I? Where was I going? What countryman was I? How did people live in my country? Having told them I was a Saxon, they conversed for some time in the Tartar language together, and then asked me If Saxony was not situated upon the Caspian Sea? I knew not how to give them an idea of the geographical position of that country. They were ignorant of all Germany, except Prussia, and of that they had but very confused ideas. They had never heard of the name of France, of its Revolution, nor its wars. Happy people!

As far as I have been able to observe the Tartar nation, I have found them frank, ambitious, quick in perception, of strong feelings, and much addicted to revenge. The men are in general tall, stout, and hardy. With such faculties and dispositions, it is impossible that the conduct of the Russians towards them should produce any other effects than hatred. The Tartars are considered as the reprobate descendants of certain Finlandish colonies. The name of Tartar in this part of the world is an expression as injurious as that of *Touchon*, which is bestowed on the wretched

inhabitants of the north of the Baltic. They are used in the most cruel and ignominious manner. When any accident happens to a Russian on the road, he claims, as the bounden duty of a slave, the assistance of the first Tartar he meets, without condescending either to pay or thank him for his service.

I afforded this injured people some consolation, by informing them, that several of their *mirzas* were treated with great respect at Petersburg.

As soon as the carriage was repaired, I prepared to depart. The carpenter received a trifle for his labour, but refused to take any thing for his hospitality; and though this accident was far from being agreeable, as it impeded my journey, yet I cannot help congratulating myself on having employed the period of the delay in a very satisfactory manner.

I continued my journey without any farther accident, and arrived on the 9th of July at Tobolsk.

I flew to the Governor, and found him, as before, in his garden. He pressed me to his heart, and his eyes sparkled with sincere delight.

My first enquiry was respecting those who belonged to me. Alas! he was unable to afford me the least information; he however strove to console me by every argument in his power. He shewed me the ukase which related to me, and which contained only a few lines, written in the Court Advocate's hand, enjoining him, "To set the within-named Kotzebue, committed "to his keeping, immediately at liberty; to send him "to Petersburg, and to furnish him, at the expense of "the Crown, with whatever was necessary or agreeable "to him." The Courier was also directed to defray all the expenses of the journey.

The journey to Petersburgh is sufficiently interesting; but we deem it more within our plan to pass it over and to relate some of the most eventful occurrences of the author on his arrival at the capital, where he had the happiness to embrace his wife and children; the scene of their meeting is exquisitely pathetic, as well as the

exertions which had been made by this amiable woman in her beloved husband's behalf, and which at length were successful. She had gone to consult with her friends at Revel, and with a view to a journey to Siberia, when she received by a Courier a letter from Count Pahlen, announcing the Emperor's permission for her to join her husband at Petersburg, with directions that the full expenses of her journey should be defrayed.

The Emperor, as some indemnification to M. Kotzebue for the ills he and his family had suffered, bestowed on him an estate in Livonia, containing 400 souls, and bringing in 4000 rubles a-year: appointing him also manager of the company of German comedians, with the title of Aulic Counsellor, and a salary of 1200 rubles, secured on the Emperor's private purse.

One great cause of effecting M. Kotzebue's release we shall give in his own words:

A little piece, entitled *The Emperor's Head Coachman*, I had written with a kind of enthusiasm, some years ago, to celebrate a generous action of Paul I. without dreaming it would ever have any influence on my own welfare. This piece had just been translated into the Russian language, by a young man of the name of *Krasnobolski;* who, being desirous of dedicating it to the Emperor himself, had applied to several persons of consequence, who dissuaded him from his intention, or at all events advised the omission of the name of Kotzebue in the title-page, since that odious name was sufficient to ruin every thing. The Russian and German play-houses had long since discontinued the insertion of my name in the bills of such of my pieces as were represented.

The honest youth was above having recourse to plagiary. "The piece is his," said he, "I am but his translator: I will not deck myself in borrowed plumes; and I shall let his name remain at the head of the work." Finding, however, insurmountable difficulties

in having his translation presented in this form to the Emperor, he determined to transmit it by the post.

The reception of this piece made a singular impression on the mind of the monarch: he perused it, and it affected and pleased him. He ordered a valuable ring to be given to the translator, and at the same time forbad the printing of the manuscript. Some hours after this, he asked for it again, re-perused it, declared that he would allow it to be printed, on condition of certain passages being omitted; and among others, which is hardly credible, the following one: *My Emperor saluted me; he salutes all worthy people.* In the course of the day he asked for the piece a third time, read it over, and then allowed it to be printed without any alterations at all. At the same time he declared: *He had done me wrong; that he owed me reparation, and that he thought it incumbent on him to make me a present equal to that conferred on his father's coachman,* 2000 *roubles.* That very moment he dispatched the Courier to Siberia.

Soon after this my memorial arrived: the Emperor, notwithstanding its length, read it twice over from beginning to end, and being affected at its contents, he gave instant orders to the Governor of Estonia to look out for some valuable estate belonging to the crown, and situated in the neighbourhood of Friedenthal. He was not satisfied with merely making me the present, he would also confer it in a manner likely to prove the most agreeable to me; and the order did as much credit to his head as to his heart. In all the neighbourhood of Friedenthal there was not another estate of so much value as that intended for me.

Such is the substance of all the information I have been able to procure relative to my restoration to liberty. Of my arrest and exile I am far from being even so well informed; and I doubt whether the hand of time itself will be able to withdraw the veil of mystery which hangs over that event.

After the foregoing trait of the Emperor Paul's

whimsical character, the following anecdote will properly explain a circumstance which made much noise throughout Europe.

On the 16th day of December, at eight o'clock in the morning, Count Pahlen sent me an order to hasten to him immediately. Although he had chosen a young man of easy and polite manners, and with whom I was acquainted, for the messenger; and although he had been expressly enjoined to assure me I had nothing to fear, and ought not therefore to be alarmed at the summons, the mere sight of him drove back the blood to my heart; and my wife was so much terrified on the occasion, that she became seriously indisposed.

On my arrival, Count de Pahlen told me that the Emperor had determined to send a challenge to all the Sovereigns of Europe, and their Ministers; and that his Majesty had made a choice of me to draw up the form of the challenge, which was to be inserted in the newspapers. He added, that Baron Thugut, in particular, must be mentioned with redicule; and that Generals De Kutuscoff and De Pahlen were to be named as seconds to his Majesty. The article of seconds, it may be observed, had been communicated but half an hour before, in a note written with a pencil, and which still lay on the Count's table. This singular challenge was to be ready in an hour; and I was ordered to present it in person to the Emperor.

I obeyed: and in less than an hour returned with the challenge which I had drawn up. The Count, who knew the Emperor's intentions better than myself, did not think it satirical enough. He made me sit down at his desk, and I composed a second, which pleased him better. We both went to the palace; and I was now, for the first time in my life, to be presented to a man, who, on account of his severity and beneficence, the terror and joy which he had caused me, and the aversion and gratitude with which, by turns, he had inspired me, was become a most important personage in my eyes. I had not desired this honour, and I had

much doubted of ever receiving it; for the sight of me could not fail to excite sentiments of regret and self-reproach in his Imperial Majesty.

We waited a long time in the anti-chamber. The Emperor was gone out on horseback; he returned late; the Count went in to him with my paper, and stayed some time; at length he returned much out of humour, and spoke these words to me as he passed by:—"Come to me at two o'clock; the challenge is not yet strong enough."

I went home, fully persuaded that it was not in this manner I was likely to gain the good graces of the Sovereign; and scarcely had I been half an hour in the house, when a running footman of the Count's came to me quite out of breath, to inform me I must repair that instant to the Emperor.—I obeyed.

The moment I entered the cabinet, in which were only himself and Count de Pahlen, he rose from his seat, and walking two or three paces towards me, said, in a manner peculiarly graceful, and with his body inclined:—"M de Kotzebue, I must, in the first place, be reconciled to you."

I was much struck at a reception I had such little reason to expect. Princes carry in their hand a magic wand called *clemency*, which renders them all-powerful:—every resentment was banished from my breast the moment the Emperor pronounced these words. Agreeably to etiquette, I was going to kneel and kiss his hand; he lifted me up however, in the kindest manner kissed me on the forehead, and in very good German said:

"You know the world too well to be a stranger to political events of the day, and you must know likewise in what manner I have figured in them. I have often acted like a fool," added he, with a laugh, "and it is but just I should be punished; and with this view, therefore, I have imposed a chastisement on myself. "I wish," continued he, holding a paper in his hand,

"that this should be inserted in the Hamburg Gazette, as well as in some other public prints."

He then took me under the arm, in a confidential manner, and leading me to the window, read the paper to me, which was written with his own hand in French; it was as follows:

"We hear from Petersburg, that the Emperor of Russia, finding that the powers of Europe cannot agree among themselves, and being desirous to put an end to a war which has desolated it for eleven years past, intends to point out a spot, to which he will invite all the other Sovereigns to repair and fight a single combat; bringing with them as seconds and squires, their most enlightened ministers, and their most able generals, such as Messrs. Thugut, Pitt, Bernstorff, &c. and that the Emperor himself proposes being attended by Generals Count de Pahlen and Kutuscoff. We know not if this report be worthy of credit: however, the thing appears not to be destitute of some foundation, and bears strong marks of what he has been often taxed with."

At the last period he laughed most heartily; and, courtier-like, I laughed too.

"What do you laugh at?" said he, twice in one breath, and very rapidly, still continuing to laugh himself.

'That your Majesty is so well informed of things.'

"Here," resumed he, putting the paper into my hands, "translate this into German; keep the original, and bring me a copy."

I took my leave, and set about my task. The last word, *taxed with*, embarrassed me much. Had I chosen the German word, which signifies *accused*, the expression, I thought, might appear too strong, and give the Emperor offence. After mature reflection, I went directly to work, and I wrote, *what he has been often judged capable of*.

At two o'clock I returned to the castle. Count Kutaissoff announced me: I was immediately introduced, and I found the Emperor alone.

"Sit down," said he, in a very affable manner. Not obeying him at first, from motives of mere respect, he added, in a severer tone, "Sit down I say."—I took a chair, and sat opposite to him at his table.

He took the original French, and said, "Read your translation to me:" I read slowly, and eyed him occasionally over the paper, as I proceeded. He laughed when I came to the words *single combat*, and he gave a nod of approbation, from time to time, till I came to the last word.

"*Judged capable of!*" resumed he; "no, that is not the word; you must say, *taxed with.*" I took the liberty of observing to him, that the word *tax*, in German, signified to estimate the value of goods, and not of an action. "That is very well," replied he, "but *judged capable* does not express the French word *taxé.*"

I then ventured to ask, in a low voice, "If I might be allowed to employ the word *accused.*"

"Very well, that is the word;—accused, accused:" he repeated it three or four times, and I changed the expression agreeably to his order. He thanked me very cordially for my trouble, and dismissed me, equally touched and delighted with the manner in which he had received me. All who have nearly approached him will bear witness, that he knew how to be extremely engaging, and that in such moments he was quite irresistible.

I did not feel it incumbent on me to omit the smallest circumstance relative to a fact which has made so much noise in the world. The challenge appeared two days after in the Court Gazette, to the great astonishment of the whole town. The President of the Academy of Sciences, who had received the manuscript, in order to have it inserted, could not believe his own eyes. He went in person to Count de Pahlen, to be assured there was no foul play in the business. At Moscow, the Gazette in which it appeared was stopped by order of the police, as it could not be ima-

gined there that the Monarch wished to make the article public. The same thing took place at Riga.

The Emperor, on his part, could hardly wait till the paragraph was printed; and such was his impatience, that he made inquiries about it several times in the interval.

The next day he made me a present of a snuff-box set with brilliants, of the value of about two thousand roubles. I do not believe that a translation of twenty lines was ever better paid for.

The Emperor soon after told the Empress that he had become acquainted with me. "He is now," said he, "one of my best subjects." I have this anecdote from one who was present; but I am ignorant why his Majesty thought me a better subject then, than I was before my journey to Siberia.

From this moment I received a thousand little marks of good-will at the hands of his Majesty. I never met him in the street but he stopped to converse with me. His conduct towards me never changed to the day of his death; he continued to show himself to be benevolent, affable, and noble. Why should I be ashamed to confess that my eyes are bathed in tears, while gratitude strews these flowers upon his grave?

At this period I found myself suddenly emancipated from the troublesome business of the theatre, and in the most agreeable manner. The Emperor had just finished his famous palace of *Michaïloff*. Enamoured with this fairy castle, which rose out of the earth as it were by magic, and which had cost between fifteen and eighteen millions of roubles, he preferred it to all his other habitations; and left, among the rest, his *Winter Palace*, as it is called, a healthy and commodious building, to shut himself up among damp walls, down which the water still continued to trickle. His physicians were ordered to examine, at several different times, the state of this new edifice, and each time they warned him of the danger he would incur by residing in it. But perceiving they were continually sent to repeat their

examination in order to weary them into a more favourable judgment, they at last surrendered up their sincerity.

The Emperor took up his abode in this mephitic mansion in the depth of winter, and was highly delighted with it. He felt much pleasure in conducting his guests over the whole edifice, and in shewing them the various treasures which he had procured at a vast expense from Paris and Rome. The extravagant praises which were of course lavished upon mere trifles, and the exclamation a thousand times repeated, that "all was divine, *unique!*" at length possessed him with the idea of having drawn up a detailed description of this eighth wonder of the world. He charged me with this task in the most flattering manner. More than once he was pleased to tell me that he expected to see something extraordinary produced by my pen, and threw me into great embarrassment by the high expectation he had formed relative to my work. He lent me *The Description of Berlin and Potsdam*, written by *Nicolai*, from his own library; at the same time expressing a wish that my description might be *still more detailed* than Nicolai's.

I complied immediately with the Monarch's orders. —I observed, however, that I was deficient in many branches of knowledge necessary to produce this work; that I knew not how to describe, in proper terms, the several beauties of architecture, sculpture, and painting; that I presumed therefore to request that I might be allowed the assistance of able men in these different departments. The request was instantly granted. I proposed for antiquities the Aulic Counsellor *Kohler*, keeper of the cabinet of curiosities at the Hermitage, a man equally able and obliging. For architecture I named *Brenna*, the Roman; and, for painting, the two brothers *Kugelkhen*, whose admirable talents and amiable manners are generally known.

His Majesty, with great goodness, consented to every thing I proposed, and gave orders that I should have ac-

cess to every part of the palace at all hours. The Grand Marshal, as captain of the palace, made the tour with me the first time, and I then set about my task.

I spent the greater part of every day in this edifice: I was there in the morning, the afternoon, and often late in the evening. I frequently met the Emperor as I was busied in noting down my observations. He always stopped, and spoke to me in a very friendly manner; and often exhorted me to describe nothing superficially, but to enter into the most complete detail.

On the 11th of March, at one o'clock, and consequently about twelve hours before his death, I saw the Emperor Paul for the last time. I met him on the state stair-case close to the statue of Cleopatra. He stopped, as usual, and spoke to me. The subject of our conversation was the statue before us. He called it a fine copy, examined the different kinds of marble that composed the pedestal, and asked me the names of them: then touching upon the history of the Egyptian Queen, he expressed his admiration of her heroic death. He seemed, by a smile, to approve of a remark I made, that she would not have destroyed herself had Augustus yielded to the force of her charms. He then asked me if my description of the palace were in much forwardness. I replied, that it was almost finished; and he left me, after having observed, with great condescension, that he was happy to hear it.

My eyes followed him as he ascended the steps: when he arrived at the top, he turned towards the place where I was standing; neither of us then entertained the least suspicion that we had seen each other for the last time. This interview made a strong impression upon my mind; and I have more than once, since the Emperor's death, indulged a melancholy contemplation of the statue of Cleopatra.

On the 12th of March, early in the morning, the accession of the young Emperor to the throne was announced. By eight o'clock the principal nobility had

already paid him their homage in the chapel of the Winter Palace. The people gave themselves up to joy, and to the free indulgence of those hopes, which the well-known merits of the young Monarch so naturally inspired.

The first measures adopted by Alexander, his proclamation, the first orders he issued, all tended to encourage and confirm the confidence with which his subjects beheld him ascend the throne of his forefathers. He solemnly promised to tread in the steps of Catherine II. of glorious memory: he allowed every one to dress according to his own fancy; exonerated the inhabitants of the capital from the troublesome duty of alighting from their carriages at the approach of any of the imperial family; dismissed the Court-Advocate, who was universally and justly detested; suppressed the secret inquisition, that had become the scourge of the country; restored to the Senate its former authority; and set at liberty the state prisoners in the fortress. What a spectacle to see these unfortunate people released from captivity, mute with surprise at their delivery, taking their happiness for a dream, and with trembling steps seeking their respective homes!

I saw an old Colonel of the Cossacks and his son brought from the fortress to Count de Pahlen's apartments. The story of this generous youth is extremely interesting. His father had been dragged, for I know not what offence, from Tscherkask to Petersburg, and there closely imprisoned. Soon afterwards his son arrived, a handsome and brave young man, who had obtained, in the reign of Catherine II. the cross of St. George, and that of Wolodimer. For a long while he exerted himself to procure his father's enlargement by solicitations and petitions; but perceiving no hopes of success, he requested, as a particular favour, to be allowed to share his captivity and misfortunes. This was in part granted him; he was committed a prisoner to the fortress, but was not permitted to see his father;

nor was the unfortunate old man even informed that his son was so near him. On a sudden the prison bolts were drawn, the doors were opened, his son rushed into his arms; and he not only learnt that he was at liberty, but at the same time was informed of the noble sacrifice which filial piety had offered. He alone can decide which information gave him most delight. I saw him several mornings together in Count de Pahlen's audience-chamber; he still wore his long beard, reaching down to his waist. He commonly sat in the recess of a window, with down-cast eyes, and without paying the least attention to the bustle of the surrounding scene. His son, whose noble countenance shone more resplendent from the consciousness of his own heroism, than did his breast decorated by the two orders which he wore, walked about the room, and conversed with his acquaintances.

The audience-chamber was indeed a rich field of observation to a looker-on at all conversant with the human heart; and though I had no particular business there, I continued to pass several hours on the spot every morning; nor did I ever leave the groups that surrounded me, without having added to my stock of this species of knowledge. By way of contrast to the affecting scene I have just related, I shall give the reader an anecdote of a livelier cast: it happened, I think, the day after the Emperor's death. The room was extremely full; there were probably some hundreds present: I was warming myself at a stove, when suddenly there was a great murmur, and the company, one after another, all rushed to the windows, and kept looking into the street as if something very wonderful had happened. Curiosity, at length, drew me from the stove: it was with difficulty I could share the interesting spectacle. At length I got through the crowd, and what was the mighty affair? Why truly, *the first round hat that had passed by.* This round hat appeared to make more impression upon the minds of the compa-

than even the liberation of the state prisoners had done: nothing was to be seen but cheerful laughing countenances. Such creatures are men!

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M. de Kiniäkoff and his brothers, M. Beecher, of Moscow, and many more of my acquaintances, were included in the same list.

Having obtained the reigning Emperor's permission, on the 29th of April I left Petersburg, with my family, full of gratitude to the deceased Monarch, and to the reigning Emperor. We passed some weeks at Jesse, with M. Koch and his excellent family; from whence, accompanied by their best wishes, we proceeded to Wolmarshof, the country-seat of Baron de Löwenstern, who had sent us the most cordial invitation.

My heart palpitated violently as I approached this abode of sincerity and truth. At length I beheld the accomplishment of the most ardent of my wishes: I was on the point of meeting a lady again, who, in the most terrible moment of my life, had sent me every succour in her power. With what impatience did I

long to press her hand to my lips and to my heart! It was also to meet the young man who had shed tears on my account, and who had strove to soften my afflictions with the tenderness of a brother. The first person I saw on getting out of the carriage was M. de Beyer. What varied emotions seized me as he approached! After him appeared Madame de Löwenstern. I was unable to utter a single word; my tears eloquently interpreted the feelings of my heart. I looked round for her worthy son; he flew to my embrace, and I pressed him with fraternal affection. How sweet is the remembrance of past evils in the circle of sympathizing friendship!

After having spent a few days very agreeably at Wolmarshof, we set off for Riga, where we were expected by our faithful friends.

Among other things, I learnt at Riga, that a letter which my wife had written to the Duchess of Weimar, had been sent to Petersburg by the master of the Post-office, and had been read by the Emperor; that his Majesty had immediately returned it, with orders to have it sealed up again, and forwarded to its destination. Our friends augured something good from this incident; it is indeed certain, that the letter (a copy of which I possess) could not have failed to make a salutary impression on the kind heart of the monarch. I therefore, perhaps, owe my deliverance, in some measure, to the very person to whom, of all others, I would most willingly owe it—to my own wife.

At Mittau, the Governor of Courland was no longer to be found: he had been dismissed from his post. M. Sellen, of Polangen, had likewise been discharged: I did not see him, but I found the Lieutenant who had accompanied us to Mittau, and whose name is De Bogeslawski. He received me as an old friend, and compelled us to breakfast with him. On this spot how did I run over the early scene of my misfortunes!

When we felt the carriage drive off—when we passed

the guard-house—when the barrier was let down behind us—and when, a little further on, we beheld the Prussian eagle;—why should I blush to confess that I burst into a flood of tears, that my wife also wept, and that we sank into each other's arms? Not that we had waited till this moment to give full scope to our feelings —No; the name of Alexander is every honest man's sufficient guarantee for his personal freedom; but it was a confused mixture of emotions, as powerful as inexplicable, that called forth these delicious tears. The view of the theatre of my misfortunes; the recapitulation of all the scenes through which I had struggled; the agony which, a year before, I had suffered on the same road; the contrast of sensations; the happy and unforeseen change of circumstances; my gratitude to God, who had restored all that was dear to me; the delight at waking from my long and frightful dream;—all these considerations agitated every feeling of my heart, and forced the tears into my eyes. Thus impressed, I saluted the happy dominions of Frederick William III. The moment I set my foot upon his frontiers, I considered myself as in my native country.

At Königsberg I found Count Kutaissoff, the favourite and confidential friend of the late Emperor. If any one could have given me information concerning the cause of my arrest, it was certainly he. I had long known him; but our acquaintance was during a period in which it would have been improper to have asked him any questions relating immediately to myself. But what I had not ventured to do at Petersburg could be done without any scruple here. I therefore hinted to him my wishes to be acquainted with the Emperor's reasons for having treated me with so much severity; and he replied, with the most unsuspicious frankness, "That his Majesty had acted from no particular motive; but that I had given him umbrage as an author. However," added he, "you have seen with what readiness, and with what pleasure, he corrected his error;

he liked you; he has given you proofs of it; and had he lived you would have received more."

Peace, then, to the ashes of a man, whose faults may be ascribed, in a great measure, to the nature of his education, to the extraordinary events that distinguished the period of his reign, and to the characters of the people who surrounded him! A man, who might often have been mistaken with regard to the *means* he employed to do good, but whose invariable aim was to be *good* and *just;* who scattered innumerable benefits around him, yet saw nothing but noxious plants spring up; whose blossoms pleased his eye, while their poisonous vapour tarnished and destroyed him!

End of Kotzebue's Exile.

JOURNEY FROM BERLIN,

THROUGH SWITZERLAND TO PARIS,

IN THE YEAR 1804,

By AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

IN the Introduction, the remarks of M. Kotzebue extend to so many different subjects, that in adverting to them, we require the aid of brevity. It seems that the roads of Saxony, between Wittenberg and Duben, are uncommonly bad. This occasions our author to observe, that, if the Chinese, who will not suffer strangers to reside in their country, were to render travelling difficult, by the badness of their roads, they might in that way gain their object. The postillion, who was a Lutheran, explained the circumstance, by observing, that if the roads were so bad, and were suffered to remain so, it was only because the elector is a catholic. "I certainly," says M. Kotzebue, "should never have sought in this circumstance the reason of the badness of the roads in Saxony." I laughed; yet was vexed to find that a Lutheran could be so intolerant. Formerly the catholics only were reproached with branding people with the name of heretics, but it will shortly be the reverse. Only hear, by way of contrast to the Lutheran postillion, what a Roman catholic servant-maid said to me at Neuhof, a small town in the district of Fulda. "Is this place catholic?" asked I. "Yes," was the answer. "But not the prince?"—"No."—Then he cannot be saved, I suppose?" continued I, joking. "Nay, why not, if he is but a good man? We all wish to go to Heaven."—"True! But the catholics

nor was the unfortunate old man even informed that his son was so near him. On a sudden the prison bolts were drawn, the doors were opened, his son rushed into his arms; and he not only learnt that he was at liberty, but at the same time was informed of the noble sacrifice which filial piety had offered. He alone can decide which information gave him most delight. I saw him several mornings together in Count de Pahlen's audience-chamber; he still wore his long beard, reaching down to his waist. He commonly sat in the recess of a window, with down-cast eyes, and without paying the least attention to the bustle of the surrounding scene. His son, whose noble countenance shone more resplendent from the consciousness of his own heroism, than did his breast decorated by the two orders which he wore, walked about the room, and conversed with his acquaintances.

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skirted by the Alps, on whose summits the snowy cliffs rear their hoary heaps.

This amphitheatre, forming a contrast of polished and rude nature, together with the bustle of men immediately below, is incomparable. The beautiful walks about Zurich would even tempt the gouty to exercise.

In the public library he was charmed with two letters on religious subjects, written by Lady Jane Grey. They were in good Latin, and the manuscript was excellent.

At Ferney he visited the cottage of Voltaire, in which several rooms are preserved with all their furniture, as they remained in the time of their celebrated tenant. In the bed-chamber an urn is contained in a niche, in which is enclosed Voltaire's heart, with this inscription: *I am satisfied, since my heart remains among you.*

Some remarks upon travelling in Switzerland prove that there, as well as in all other countries, the visitor is liable to gross imposition, particularly at the inns. M. Kotzebue advises all who pass through that country to travel on foot, and carry every thing with him.

At Lyons, our traveller notices the ruins of the Roman aqueduct and the bath, which had resisted the destructive efforts of the revolutionary Jacobins. He thinks the quay far inferior to that of Petersburg, with which it has been compared. In a manufactory which he visited, they were making window-cushions for Buonaparte; they were upon a blue ground, richly embroidered with gold and silver, and must have cost a larger sum than the year's pay of this modern Attila at one time amounted to. He concludes this introductory account, with advising all persons who travel to Paris, to leave their own carriages on the frontiers, and to travel in the Berlins, or diligences. In the latter case, every thing is provided for them by the conductors, at a moderate rate: in the former they are

subjected to the most vexatious and exorbitant impositions.

Paris, he considers as the drawing-room of the nation, by the description of which he justly conceives, he shall delineate the character of the people at large.

Our author was by no means a superficial observer. He reflected deeply on the scenes which passed before him; and, as he himself declares, by looking and listening to every little crowd, he often picked up feats; and had to lament that one of the most enlightened nations in Europe, should at the same time be one of the most superstitious.

"At the corners of every street," says he, "you find cunning people, who, in every possible manner, allure passengers, to announce to them what numbers will be prizes in the next drawing of the numerous French lotteries; and these prophets have always a crowded circle about them. This dirty wheel of fortune, which is made of glass, has a hole on the top: the ragged fellow who stands behind it, has made a kind of instrument of the back-bone of a goose, which he applies to the hole with great gravity, and almost without moving his lips, imitates the speaking of Punch, which sounds exactly as if some little demon were sitting in the wheel, and addressing the auditors. If the curious draw near, the goose's bone suddenly jumps off the hole, and the ghostly voice invites the by-standers, whose hands are already in motion, under the most splendid assurances of drawing the numbers which are to be prizes. Two sous is the usual price of all such never-failing prophecies."

A little farther, another has a large board with *letters* exposed. Tell him only your initials, he immediately draws your name from the board, and in a hole behind it, finds you all you desire to know.

This kind of divination has been found too simple by a third. Behold that table where all sorts of neat little figures are driven round by clockwork. At first sight, it does not look at all like the sanctuary of a

lottery prophet: but you will soon perceive, that on the middle pole which goes through the table, a zodiac is fastened over the puppets, in which the months are inscribed, and which turns round with them. Higher up you behold another circle bearing the ninety numbers. Now only please to touch with your finger the puppet you think most endowed with the gift of soothsaying; for instance, this Turkish Emperor, who holds his sceptre so majestically high: all the figures immediately begin to run, the zodiac turns round, as do the numbers, and you wait in patience for the result. Now the clock-work is run down, the emperor of Turkey stands still and points with his sceptre to the month of August, exactly above which is No. 78. Can any thing be more natural and certain, than that, by taking this number for this month, you will win great sums upon it? You laugh that people should thus seriously give themselves up to children's play. Begging your pardon, is it, in fact, doing more than a philosopher, who, taking his chair, draws up with two demonstrating fingers the curtain of futurity, as he would unroll a piece of paper?

Let us go farther, and see the brilliant inscription: *The golden chain of fate.* This valuable chain consists of ninety cases, or wrappers of gilt paper, which are wound on a wheel, like yarn to be unreeled, and turned by a blind man. You choose one of these paper cases, the blind man opens it, and the number it contains again makes your fortune. But should you be absolutely determined not to make it in the lottery, you will at least be curious enough to learn your future destinies, and the past likewise if you please.

In front of the *Pont Neuf* stands a conjuror, who expressly announces himself to be *privileged by the police*, and who has devoted his talent chiefly to the lottery, as men had much rather win money, than look into futurity. At your desire the same personage opens you the book of fate for two sous, and with wonderous fluency of speech, relates to you all that

has happened and *will* happen. Though twenty people, one after another, different by profession, age and sex, should all appeal to his skill, it does not put him out of countenance; he stares at one after the other, reads in their eyes and whole countenance, speaks to each for at least two minutes, is very grave all the while, makes use of the choicest terms of language, says in about half an hour, (so long I imagine I staid) certainly not the same thing twice over, never stops or stammers, makes a slight bow at last; asks for nothing, addresses those who follow, takes what the preceding drops into his hand, and puts it into his pocket without looking at it. This man, in any other situation, would certainly have been an excellent speaker. The countenances of his consultors form the most diverting part of the scene. The utmost devotion, perfect resignation, and firm belief, are deeply impressed in every feature. As the man always expresses himself, particularly relative to the past, with such artful duplicity, he cannot fail, with the help of his ingenious powers of fancy, to hit the truth with regard to several of his hearers. I have often remarked, with what amazement people stared at him, and how many a lady turned away with tears in her eyes. Thus the same Parisians, who but a few years ago carried about the Goddess of Reason, though only on their shoulders, believe in divination, and surround by hundreds the first pretended prophet they meet.

A Frenchman possesses an inexhaustible fund of polite and agreeable terms, which, though every one knows they are unmeaning, yet draw an approving smile from all his hearers. There stands a fellow twisting a puppet's coat on his fore-finger, and sometimes letting a little devil peep out, waving his hand briskly towards heaven, and exclaiming, *there it flies!* This flat and stale joke he seasons very admirably, with a ready account of every thing the little imp will see in his flight over Paris: now he sees the gun-boats on the Seine, of which he adds a pompous description; now a young

lady just rising from bed, whom he describes with every possible fascination. Ample as is the matter with which he is furnished by his flying devil, *(diable volant)* copied from the Devil upon Two Sticks, *(diable boiteux)*, still he knows how to change his amusements in a clever manner."

When the last-mentioned orator has made a pause, the auditors are attracted to another, who immediately calls out, "Gentlemen, while my neighbour is taking breath, permit me to show you a most remarkable experiment." Without waiting for an answer, he carries round a box, from which he desires the people to draw questions relative to money, health, love, the constancy, or inconstancy, of a beloved object, legacies expected, &c. &c. While the question is taking out of the box, the professor of a thousand arts stands at a distance, to prove that he needs not to be acquainted with the subject of it. Then, upon receiving two sous in ready cash, he first answers the question, and, in the next place, gives a complete character of the inquirer, his temper, his good and bad qualities, and adds some good advice respecting the regulation of his future conduct; thirdly and lastly, he gives the five numbers which will come out at the next drawing; the whole printed on good paper.

I cannot indeed conceive how this man, considering the expense he is at, can still have sufficient profit left out of two-pence to support this merry life: this thought frequently occurs to me. Listen to that man farther on, who offers with a loud voice, and for two-pence, to every passenger, the rules of piequet. The little book consists of about two sheets; and though I cannot see any person who buys a single copy of him, yet I have found him on the same spot for this fortnight.

> "All arts on earth a starving Frenchman knows,
> And bid him go to hell—to hell he goes."

We shall pass over an account of the ballad-singers, tooth-pick-sellers, dying-speech orators, and other va-

grants, whose manners differ little from those of London, and draw the attention of our readers to an exhibition of ingenuity and interest.

Let us enter this booth, where the inscription announces a wonder: *He who will not believe, let him come and see!* What, pray?—A flea drawing an elephant; a flea conducting a carriage with six horses, carrying ladies and gentlemen; a flea, on whose foot a metal ball has been fastened with a golden chain, with which he merrily leaps to and fro. All this is not fiction. A man has really taken the vast trouble to make the elephant, carriage, chains, &c. of gold, so very small, and to fasten them to the flea. But still more ludicrous and more inventive is the artist's producing two flies fighting a duel with the small sword. It is thus contrived: two flies are fastened to two needles, placed perpendicularly behind their wings, so that they keep their six legs stretched out before them. They are fixed very nearly facing each other, and a little ball of cork is then given to each of them, in which is fastened a small straw. As soon as this ball touches their feet, they endeavour to seize it to hold themselves by; upon this touch the ball keeps moving backwards and forwards, and consequently the straw turns against the enemy. Each party moving in the same manner, the two straws often clash together like two swords; and this constitutes the duel of the flies.

He mentions two blind men who play all day in the streets at picquet, and one who plays on five musical instruments at the same time. The following anecdote is worthy of notice. "In the *Rue Vivienne*," says he, "I have seen, for more than three weeks, yet always in the evening when it is dark, three wretched children lying in the mud. The eldest, a boy of about ten years, sat reclining against the wall, holding on his lap another wrapped in rags, three years old at farthest, and usually moaning. By his side sat, or lay, a third symbol of misery, about five years old. These children did not beg; but had the end of a tallow candle

placed before them, near which, upon a rag, lay a paper with the following simple and moving inscription: *We have neither father nor mother.* Few of the passengers remained unmoved, and the street being much frequented, they always obtained a rich harvest. With pleasure I remarked, that the soldiers in particular gave, and gave the most. One night I found one of those people deeply affected. He wore large black whiskers, which, in wild contrast with the emotion of the muscles of his face, lighted by the glimmer of the candle, threw their shade upon a tear. He surveyed the group for some minutes in silence: the poor little wretch was just whining dolefully, because it was cold. The soldier briskly put his hand into his pocket, gave to the elder boy two pieces of silver coin, (I believe two twelve-sous pieces) on condition of his carrying the child home immediately, and warming it. He repeated this condition three or four times, and made the boy as often promise to perform it. He then retired. As he turned round, I accosted him: "You certainly are a father?" said I.—"*Oui, Monsieur,*" answered he, rather roughly, and hastened away. I stopped some time to see whether the boy would keep his promise, and take the children home; but he did not."

He thus describes Buonaparte's visit to the theatre, and his review of the troops:—On my arrival at Paris, I was extremely anxious to see the celebrated hero of the age. Several days elapsed before my wish was gratified. At length, one evening, the performance at the *Theatre Français* was interrupted by a loud and general clapping, and all eyes were directed towards Buonaparte's box, which is close to the stage. Unfortunately I just then happened to be in one where I could not see him. but the managers having very politely permitted me to go to any part of the house I pleased, I immediately availed myself of this privilege, and hastened upon the stage, to obtain a good view of this remarkable man from a *coulisse* exactly opposite to his box. I had frequently been upon the stage before,

and had never met with any obstacle: but on this occasion I found the three first *coulisses* occupied by consular guards, by whom every person that approached was ordered to retire. Even the maid of Mademoiselle Duchenois, who was acting a part which I no longer recollect, experienced the same treatment, though her mistress was in great need of her assistance. Through the interference, however, of Messrs. Lafond and Mouret, who happened to be near me, this prohibition was waved with respect to the lady's maid and myself.

At the play Buonaparte is very grave and quiet, and he appears to be extremely attentive; speaks to none of his suite, all of whom stand behind him; gives no sign of approbation or disapprobation, nor even betrays his feelings by a change of countenance. The pit receives him with thundering plaudits, but he pays no attention. The audience do not, however, renounce their right to hiss; and I saw a new piece damned in the presence of Buonaparte, who had come to see it. During these scenes, he remains quite composed, reflecting, no doubt, that the Parisians, like the Romans, must have *panem et circenses*, if the yare to be kept quiet.

Buonaparte is particularly fond of tragedy. He acknowledged to me that he did not like comedy, but availed himself of the observation urged by Voltaire: *Que tous les genres sont bons, hors le genre ennuyeux*. It should not, however, be imagined, that he is absolutely an enemy to comedy: I saw him present at the first representation of a new comedy: and he went to that of my drama, entitled *Bruder Zwist* (Brother's Quarrels*), which was acted after a tragedy that he had not been to see. His boxes in the four principle theatres are decorated very richly, and with great taste. Among other ornaments is a golden star, which is sometimes on the top, and sometimes at the bottom, of the

* Performed in London, under the title of the "Birth Day."

box. It is said that he believes in a star of fortune, on which he places more reliance than on his own genius.

I was twice present at the grand parade, now one of the most remarkable sights at Paris. It is really an imposing spectacle. I was with several other persons in a saloon of the *bel étage*, almost in the middle of the Thuilleries, through which Buonaparte was to pass. All the halls were lined with guards; from ten to twelve men being stationed in each apartment, at the distance of two or three paces from one another, and two on every step of the stair-case. The infantry were drawn up in the great court-yard of the Thuilleries, and consisted of five or six different regiments. Their uniforms are not very striking, being quite plain, the long coats appear neither handsome nor convenient; but the large bear-skin caps have a martial appearance. The colours of the consular guards are not only decorated with the national ribbons, but bear gold suns in the middle; they are principally green. A vain ornament of each regiment is the drum-major, who is clothed by the officers with the most prodigal splendour; and in this respect the different regiments vie with each other. For this purpose the tallest and handsomest men are selected, and their regimentals, if I am not mistaken, are of velvet, and so profusely loaded with gold-lace, that you can scarcely distinguish the colour of the ground. The French army are likewise extremely vain of their whiskers, which are preserved with such care as to grow to an immense size. Among the *sappeurs*, there are even men who suffer the whole of their coal-black beard to grow till it reaches down to their bosoms. The cavalry, consisting of chasseurs, horse-guards, and an uncommonly fine regiment of cuirassiers, was stationed beyond the iron gate of the *Place du Caronsel*. The little corps of Mamelukes were distinguished by their splendid eastern costume.

The colours were brought from the apartments of the First Consul: who soon afterwards arrived, surrounded by generals and adjutants, all wearing superb

regimentals; while his own dress was extremely plain, without embroidery, and his hat without tassel, lace, or feather. He walked very fast, carrying a small riding-whip in his hand. At the gate he mounted a grey horse; and followed by a brilliant retinue, rode slowly up and down the ranks. Having thus reviewed the infantry, he proceeded to inspect the cavalry in the same manner. Besides the troops, a great concourse of people had collected, many of whom delivered petitions to him. As far as I could see, all these petitioners were permitted to approach him: and, with regard to the strict measures of precaution which are said to be taken for his security, they were not observed, for in the manner in which he rode about, his life was in the hands of any resolute enemy. Upon his return to the court-yard, he was several times stopped by females; who approached extremely close, spoke to him, and presented petitions. These, from what I could observe, he gave to his adjutant. One petition, however, presented to him by a woman, who even laid hold of the bridle of his horse (unless my eyes deceived me), he immediately opened, and returned a verbal answer. He then returned; and stopped before the entrance of the Thuilleries, a few yards from the place I occupied. Here the Turkish ambassador presented him with two horses in the name of the Grand Signior. They were said to be very handsome; but their beauty could not be perceived, as they were superbly caparisoned from head to foot, and almost entirely covered with gold and pearls. They were very spirited animals; for two Turks having mounted them, to ride about the yard, one was immediately thrown; but he seemed to be accustomed to this, for he instantly got up, and at one leap was again on the saddle.

Buonaparte, who meanwhile frequently took snuff out of a very plain tortoise-shell box, did not deign to take notice of this present. He only now and then cast an indifferent look towards the animals. He seemed, on the contrary, to be totally occupied with the troops,

whom he caused to perform successive manœuvres. The colonel of each regiment came, from time to time, with his sword drawn, to receive his orders, and gave the word of command accordingly. Every regiment was ordered to form a distinct square, probably in commemoration of the war in Egypt. He ordered the consular guard to go through the platoon exercise; in which, in presenting and firing, the front rank kneels, while the two others fire over its head. Whether the word of command was not distinctly heard or understood, I will not pretend to determine; but it was most imperfectly executed. Half-companies waited as if to recollect themselves, and at length very leisurely dropped on their knees one after the other. The First Consul expressed his displeasure by ordering the light exercise to be repeated seven or eight times. The infantry then filed off before him, when the band struck up a music scarcely to be equalled any where. They do not play common marches, in which each part is regularly repeated; but rather marching symphonies, composed by good asters, and performed with uncommon precision. After the infantry had filed off, the cavalry, mounted on capital horses, rode in, and filed off. Of these regiments only one went through a few manœuvres, which concluded the grand parade for that day. At the next, a battalion of seamen was also drawn up, and was armed with boarding or grappling hooks.

Our author next adverts to the First Consul's dinners; and observes that he is not fond of sitting long at table. He gives good cheer, but is not fond of dainties. He is reported frequently to have said, "Whoever wishes to fare sumptuously, must not come to me, but go to the Consul Cambaceres." Entertainments are given in the great gallery sometimes to several hundred persons; but this immense and beautiful place excites and cherishes sensations ill calculated to improve the appetite. The walls are covered with Gobelin tapestry exhibiting the battles of Constantine, the colouring of which begins to fade very much on the side that is exposed to the sun:

and at short intervals are busts of the greatest heroes of France; as Bayard, Condé, Turenne, &c. in white marble of exquisite workmanship. "Every one," says Buonaparte, "will be equally sensible with myself, that such a place is more fit for the meeting of a council of war, the concluding of a treaty of peace, or the reception of ambassadors, than for the rattling of dishes." Some celebrated antiques are likewise to be seen here; as the Youth extracting a Thorn from his Foot; the Woman playing upon Bones, &c. The paintings on the cieling are likewise of great value. Madame Buonaparte's suite of apartments are finished in the most elegant style. Some valuable bronzes, which were seen before at Versailles; a few excellent paintings, the best of which is a Sleeping Venus by Corregio; some works in marble and mosaics of the Florence school; together with several beautiful vases from the manufactory of Seves, constitute almost all that can be called valuable in the furniture.

In one of Madame Buonaparte's drawing-rooms the drapery is divided perpendicularly at small intervals, by gold bars; which produces a fine effect. The bed-room used by her and Buonaparte contains several fine pictures. It is otherwise quite plain; as is likewise her dressing-room, which is nicely wainscoted; and this is the apartment which the late queen of France employed for the same purpose. Two small neat bathing-rooms terminate a suite of apartments, consisting altogether of about seven or eight different rooms.

M. Kotzebue speaks in high terms of the civility of the persons in low stations under the French government: such as the porters at the Thuilleries, the other servants, and even the centinels; who do not treat an individual with contempt on account of the plainness of his dress, but behave, without exception, like well-bred men, even when they have orders to prevent the intrusion of strangers.

M. Kotzebue expresses his just indignation at the restraints imposed upon the liberty of the press in France; and gives the following anecdote to prove that they are

as severe at Paris, as they were at Petersburgh, under the reign of the Emperor Paul. Dupaty, Jun. wrote a pretty piece for the *Theatre Feydeau*, entitled the *Antichamber*, in which the satirist lashes upstarts. The piece was immediately supposed to contain bold allusions; it was even imagined that the dress of one of the actors, consisting of a blue coat with yellow buttons, was intended to represent the uniform once wore by Buonaparte while he served in the artillery. Matters were carried so far, that all the clothes worn by the performers were sent for to be examined. Nothing, however, could be proved against the author: yet he was exiled to St. Domingo.—Another author composed a ludicrous piece, in which a handsome, well-made man, lands on an island inhabited only by hunchbacks, who consequently think him deformed, and laugh at him. He makes the following observation: 'If I should happen to get among blind people only, I should have both my eyes plucked out that I might resemble them.' These words the censor regarded as a satire against those soldiers who lost their sight in Egypt.—A third author wrote a piece entitled *Belisarius*. The censor thinking that general Moreau was alluded to in this character, forbade the representation.—Nobody must say '*Fermez la porte*,' (Shut the door); for a door shut implies a conspiracy. Nor must the word *Brigand* be used, as it might mean persons concerned in the administration of the state. Nogaret, the censor, in reply to the remonstrances made to him, says, 'Do you wish me to lose my situation? I have no other subsistence.'

One of the greatest receptacles of curiosities in Paris, perhaps in the world, is the museum of French monuments. It was founded by M. Le Noir, well known for his learning, taste, and knowledge of the arts; and its contents were collected by him, under the patronage of the government, from all the churches, castles, and convents, destroyed by the revolutionary fanaticism. The monuments here assembled are six hundred in num-

ber; many of them date their origin from the sixth century, and they are charmingly arranged in the venerable premises of a suppressed convent of Augustine monks. To the credit of M. Le Noir, it appears that he was present in every place from which these relics were procured; and particularly at the abbey of St. Dennis, where he made some interesting observations during the digging up of the corpses. Those who remember the excesses of the revolution, will recollect the motives which induced this sacrilegious outrage. The first was, to plunder the peaceful dead of their valuable ornaments, with which they were entombed in the barbarous ages; the second, to procure the leaden coffins to make bullets; so that this violation of human feeling, which would have disgraced the most savage nation upon earth, was sanctioned, and even ordered, by the government of those miserable slaves, who avowed their determination to revolutionize the world! During these events, it appears that many persons who had rested in stone coffins from the earliest period of the French monarchy, were found with their bodies and clothing in complete preservation. After the barbarians had torn the dresses in pieces, M. Le Noir caused the most valuable monuments to be conveyed to a place of safety; and nobody thought fit to interrupt him in his exertions. This, then, is the origin of what is now a national gallery, the delight of the curious, and the admiration of men of taste and genius.

M. Kotzebue apologizes for inserting brief accounts of such as struck him to be most curious:—his selection, however, we must contract still farther; but we shall present, in a few connected passages, such descriptions and remarks, as will doubtless be deemed particularly interesting. We are the more inclined to enter in detail upon this subject, from a conviction that of many of the monuments described by our author, no account has ever before been published, unless in the catalogue (if there be one) of this new institution.

After briefly taking notice of a large Grecian tablet, full of the names of the brave men who fell at the battle of Pelopponesus, and of a vase said to have been used at the *Marriage in Canaan*, he thus describes a monument which induced him to smile: "It is consecrated to Dagobert I. who stained his victories with lust and cruelty; who, without reckoning his concubines, was at one time betrothed to three queens. But he expatiated all his sins, and was numbered among the saints, by building the abbey of St. Dennis. His epitaph relates, in the most ludicrous *bas-reliefs*, how he fared after his death. Below, Dagobert's body lies extended. A little higher up is a boat full of devils, who are holding fast Dagobert's soul, and tormenting it. If the artist designed to represent the devils as ugly and frightful, he has wholly missed his aim; for they are all grotesque figures, with human bodies, and the heads of frogs, dogs, &c. In order to shew that the man whom the demons are thus teazing and tormenting is not corporeal, but merely a soul, the artist has not represented his sexual distinction. Perhaps he was not altogether wrong in this fancy: but had he in the same manner represented him as wanting a *stomach*, he would at least have excluded every thing that prevents a man from being a *soul*. Farther up we see, besides two angels, St Dennis and St. Martin, whom Dagobert invoked in his distress, and who re-took the royal prize from the devils: on which occasion several imps of hell, with frogs' heads, tumble, in a most laughable posture, into the water. Still higher, the soul, between its two deliverers, stands enveloped in a linen-cloth, perfumed by angels with censers of frankincence. At the summit, the saints are kneeling before Abraham, whom they beg to receive the soul into his capacious bosom. A couple of statues are likewise to be seen, formerly placed on both sides of the monument: the one Nantilda, wife of Dagobert; the other, their son Clovis.—With more serious feelings, uttering both curses and blessings, I

now stand between the monuments of Fredegunda and Bertruda; the former of whom murdered her own husband, and was an enemy to both God and man; and the latter was indefatigably employed in softening, by her gentleness, the rude disposition of her husband, and saving every victim destined to destruction by his blood-thirsty tyranny. The son of Fredegunda, Clotaire II. was her husband; and he himself ordered both monuments to be erected.

"What an oppressive sensation seized me, upon stepping into that closet whose style of architecture announces the twelfth century. Oh, these pillars, these ruins, once belonged to the *Paraclete*; and in the middle of them is a tomb—tis ABELARD's! the identical sepulchre which the venerable Peter dedicated to his friend. Here lies Abelard; with his head reclined, and his hands folded. Near him reposes his faithful mistress. The heads of these interesting figures are impressions taken by the sculptor: and, what is still more, this tomb actually contains the ashes of the two lovers. Every loving couple who are so happy as to visit the thousand curiosities of Paris, should hand-in-hand renew the oath of fidelity at this tomb. Let them cast a look of contempt as they pass, on yonder tomb-stone; which covered the bones of Abelard's persecutor, the abbé Adam. This blind fanatic, as abbot of St. Dennis, ordered Abelard's incarceration, for having dared to utter the heresy that the bones kept as the relics of St. Dionysius (or Dennis) were not the real bones of that holy Areopagite, who had never been in France.

"That little box, decorated with ivory and tortoise-shell, deserves, by all means, a look of curiosity. Louis XI. brought it back from his crusade in Palestine, full of relics; and it has since been worshipped in the holy chapel at Paris as one itself, though its *bas-reliefs* very plainly represent the expedition of the Argonauts. In this manner even Pagan obscenities have often served as ornaments to enshrine the relics of the saints.—The eye gladly dwells on that statue of white marble, which per-

petuates the memory of that excellent lady Valentine of Milan, spouse to the Duke of Orleans, who was murdered in Paris in the year 1407, and whose loss the good Valentine could not survive. She died of a broken heart, in 1408. Her affecting device was a watering-pot, from which trickled drops in the form of tears, with this circumscription:

Rien ne m'est plus:
Plus ne m'est rien.

"That statue of Peter of Navarre reminds us of the singular death of his father, Charles II. surnamed the Wicked. The avenging Nemesis held him up as a terrible example. A kind of torpor seized him, and he was unable to move a limb. The physicians then advised him to have himself sewed up very closely in a linen sheet previously steeped in brandy. It was at night, when he went to bed, that this kind of sack was put about him. One of the chambermaids sewed it fast under his chin: and having done, she was going to cut off the remaining end of the thread; but, having no scissars, she took the candle to burn it off. In an instant the king was all in flames: the affrighted chambermaid ran away, amidst violent shrieks; and Charles the Wicked was burnt alive in his bed.

"With awful reverence I enter a chapel dedicated to Francis I. the restorer of the arts. The corpse of this good man, as well as that of his spouse Claude of France, are imitated with striking truth in marble; and the bas-reliefs, placed here and there, interest us by a faithful representation of the dresses, arms, and implements, of war, in those times. Above the timber-work, supported by sixteen Ionic columns, appear again the statues of the royal pair, surrounded by their children kneeling and praying. The formal court and state dresses make a sad contrast with the uniform of death below.—I find another statue, of the corpse of the royal friend of De Vinci, most ingeniously sculptured in white marble; and I observe with regret that the boyish petulance of ambition has been before quite as active as it is at this

day, in profaning the most sacred monuments by scrawling obscure names upon them.—This fine column hung with laurels and vine leaves, supports on its top the image of Justice; and once contained the heart of the noble constable Montmorency, together with that of a king who wished to be united with his friend both living and dead.

"I would not stop a moment before the kneeling statue of the Chancellor René Biragué (who with the abhorred Catherine de Medicis, waded through torrents of blood shed in the night of St. Bartholomew), did not the sight of his spouse under his feet arrest my attention. Dressed in the costume of her time, she reposes on soft pillows, and supports her plump cheeks with her fleshy hand; before her is placed a book, which she seems slightly to peruse, while a teazing lap-dog does all he can to prevent her. What a quiet image of the calm enjoyment of life, unsuspecting the stratagem of death, which is lurking near a bush! Yet on looking down to the *bas-relief* of her couch, we find the same woman a lifeless corpse: the full round features are vanished; the sparkling eye is sunk deep; and the rich vestment, changed into a melancholy winding-sheet. This contrast of life and death makes a deep impression on the beholder; and the whole appears less a monument, than a satire upon human life.

"I have never before heard the name of Dominique Sarrede mentioned; but my eye dwells gladly on his bust, since I know how faithfully he loved Henry IV. He lost a leg in the battle of Ivry: this, however, did not prevent him from devoting his farther services to his excellent sovereign. His grief at the assassination of the best of masters was such, that passing, two days after the perpetration of the horrid deed, through the street called *Rue de la Ferronerie*, he fell down senseless on the spot where it happened, and died the next morning.

"The physiognomist will find an interest in that statue of Charlotte Catherine de la Tremouille, accused of having poisoned her husband, but acquitted by the

parliament. As this image is said to be a striking likeness, she may decide whether she has been justly accused or acquitted: I believe, the former.

"This Princess of Conti, who, beautiful and virtuous, was snatched from the world in the thirty-fifth year of her age, was scarcely nineteen years old when she sold her jewels to relieve the poor in a famine. Her tenderness of conscience induced her to make restitution of all those estates of which the possession appeared in the least suspicious to her, and the amount of them is estimated at eight hundred thousand livres. The look with which we part from her *bas-relief*, is benevolence from the heart.

"Another emotion, sublimely affecting, pervades my frame, when I look at the superb monument which Charles Le Brun raised to his mother. An angel with a trumpet hovers over her coffin; the call of the resurrection is sounded; the matron hears it; raises the lid of the coffin; and, gladly awaking from a long slumber, rises out of her grave. Art has here lent a hand to filial duty: the expression of the figure is admirable; a fervent desire after the celestial light seems to beam on the countenance of the blessed parent.

"The two French lines subjoined to the Latin epitaph of the poet Santeuil, are more striking than intelligible:

Cy git le celebre Santeuil!
Muses et fous, prenez le deuil.

A composition unique in its kind."

We most cordially agree with our entertaining author, that it is a delight for a thinking and feeling mind to be every where placed among great men; and we are convinced that the museum of monuments must be a far more gratifying exhibition than that of the treasures of art in the museum Napoleon, were it only from the knowledge that the latter is a collection made not by men of science, but by a banditti of victorious plunderers, whose progress was one continued track of ruin and desolation. M. Kotzebue concludes his account of the

monuments with the modest remark, that an amateur who could see them and *judge*, would be able to say twenty times more than himself, who only *felt*.

Before our author gives his opinion on the contents of the gallery of paintings in the museum Napoleon, which he considers to be the richest treasure of the arts in the world, he informs his readers that he is so unfortunate as at first to interest his *feelings* in the works of art, in contradiction to the maxim of the modern school, that such productions are wretched when they operate at all in this manner. Hence he never inquires who is the master, or what the age of a picture: but considers only what sensation it gives him; from a conviction that it was intended by the painter to produce a certain impression upon the spectator. After an introduction similar in substance to what we have stated, our author advises the *critic* to pass over the present chapter; and begins his description of the contents of the first saloon—the repository of the valuable plunder of Venice, Florence, Naples, Turin, and Bologna.

"The expiation," he observes, "of an involuntary offence, by St. Julian, rouses all the powers of fancy. This poor saint had the misfortune to murder his own father and mother, because he found them in his bed; and misled by the darkness of the night, took them to be his wife with her paramour. In order to atone for his sin, he fled with his wife to the banks of a torrent, of which the passage was very dangerous. Here he founded an hospital for the poor and distressed. Once in winter, at midnight, he hears a plaintive voice from the opposite bank; he crosses it with eager haste, finds a poor leper, carries him over, tries to warm him, and, not succeeding before the fire, puts him into his own bed. Immediately a glory of celestial splendour encircles the head of the patient; who assures his pious host that his crime was now expiated by his charitable compassion, and vanishes. The Florentine painter, Allori, of the sixteenth century, chose, and represented in a ca-

pital manner, the moment when St. Julian helps the poor leper out of the boat."

Some of his remarks upon the performances of Guido, and others of equal celebrity, shew an extraordinary justness of discrimination and refinement of taste; but his criticisms upon the scriptural pieces might as well have been dispensed with, for we observe that he uniformly treats such subjects with contempt. For instance, he informs us that he *smiles* and passes by the Holy Family by Guido, without assigning any other reason for his sneer than that "the little Jesus is playing with a rosary!" Corregio's Martyrdom of St. Placida and St. Flavia, he considers as *revolting;* and the Curse of the Almighty upon our first parent, by Dominichino, as calculated to excite *laughter!*—On other subjects his remarks afford far more gratification. He was particularly struck with the tent of Darius, by Charles Lebrun, in what is called the French school of the gallery; the subject of which he thus describes: "After the battle in which Alexander vanquished the king of Persia, the conqueror, attended by his favourite Hephestion, enters the tent of the Persian princesses. Sysigambis, the mother of Darius, throws herself at the feet of the favourite; and, dazzled by the splendour of his armour, mistakes him for the king. 'Aware of her mistake, she attempts to apologize. 'There is no mistake,' said Alexander; 'he is my *second self.*' Near Sysigambis kneels the widow of Darius, holding her son towards the victor. The weeping Statira and her younger sister (Darius's daughters), with a great retinue of women, priests, and eunuchs, fill the remaining space of this charming picture."

The following remarks on the massacre of the innocents by Guido, are strikingly accurate.—"This painter," he says, "otherwise so great, shewed little knowledge of the heart of a mother; nor did he profit of the subject so far as he might have done. Here the mothers only *flee*, or *cry;* none *supplicate;* none *oppose*. This should be particularly noticed, as the weakest hen will defend

her brood, were it even against an eagle. I recollect having seen, at Vienna, a picture representing the same horrors, in the gallery of the princess of Lichtenstein, I know not by what master; but the subject was more justly conceived than in the present. The hand of a mother in despair, whose child had just been run through, at the same moment lacerated the cheek of its murderer.—Let him who has seen the boasted painting of the Sabines, by David, here cast a look upon the same history by Guercino. The first view immediately tells us that the latter was no poet; for who, without being a poet, has ever been a great painter?"

Of the contents of the gallery of drawings he is very brief in his descriptions; but the gallery of antiques gives him an opportunity of expressing what he calls *his own* opinion upon two of the most celebrated sculptures of antiquity.

"It is strange," says he, "that though we do not feel ourselves created to gaze at and ape others, we should at the same time feel rather shy of publishing our opinion against the majority. I am in this predicament respecting the Venus de Medicis, and the Laocoön. How can I help it, if this Venus appears to me like a pretty chambermaid, whom the young master of the house surprises in perfect *dishabille*, and who does not wish in earnest to avoid his voluptuous looks? Her ears have holes bored in them, from which costly rings may have been suspended. The mark on her left arm plainly shews that she once wore the bracelet called *spinther*. It is said to be in contemplation to restore to her these ornaments, in order to imitate fully the taste of the ancients, who loved to mix gold and marble. My taste, however, is not of that kind. The artist who formed this Venus is said to have been Cleomenes, and to have had a peculiar skill in representing beautiful women; so much so, that Pliny mentions a Roman knight who fell so desperately in love with one of his statues that he died of his passion. How can I help it, if this Laocoön inspires me with a sensation like the man-eater at Berka,

near Weimar, when I saw him broken upon the wheel in my infancy? 'Art, sublime art!' some will say. I have every respect for art; but as I did not come hither to study anatomy, I pass on without prejudicing the opinion of any person; only let me be allowed mine, which invariably consists in this,—*that the fine arts ought only to be employed on fine subjects;* and that as the representation of a scene of torture would give little pleasure upon the stage, neither can Laocoön with his horrid serpents."

The mistakes and innovations of the modern connoisseurs who have been entrusted with the arrangement of these statues, do not escape the notice of our author. They have converted a priest of the god Mithra, which was dug out of a cavern on the banks of the Tiber, into the figure of Paris, by putting into his hand an apple. Before they resolved upon this addition, they supposed him to be Antinoüs; afterwards, the unbearded Hercules; and at another time, Meleager; but he is now almost generally pronounced to be Mercury, and is considered to be one of the most beautiful curiosities in this grand collection. But when Kotzebue arrives at the Apollo Belvedere, he thus expresses his admiration: "I stand before the Apollo of Belvedere; and for once I gladly kneel, and uniting my astonishment and admiration with those of all the skilled and unskilled in this noble art. Yes; this winged foot overtook the serpent Python: already has the fatal arrow fled from the bow, every limb still shews the exertion; indignation sits enthroned on his lip, but confidence of victory, in his eye, with joy at having freed Delphos from the monster. His light locks curl in ringlets about his neck, or bear up the divided diadem. Over the right shoulder hangs his quiver, suspended by a ribbon; and rich sandals decorate his feet. The *clamys* thrown back, displays every part of his divine form. Ever-smiling youth, nobleness, slenderness, energy, and elegance, are its component parts. Yes; I readily prostrate myself here, and lament, with many others, that the manner in which this

most excellent performance has been exposed, prevents its been seen from all sides."

Our author concludes his account of this gallery with praising the busts of the emperors Adrian, Commodus, Galba, and that of Julia Mammæa; after which he enters into an interesting detail of the manners and customs of the Parisians.

Among the absurd alterations which owe their origin chiefly to the French revolution, those which have taken place in social regulations are not least remarkable. The time as well as the nature of their meals has been totally changed by the versatile Parisians; and not only has the dinner been transferred till a late hour in the evening, but the afternoon's luncheon has been abolished from the capital, and is now only represented in the theatres. This refreshment consisted in France of fruits, wines, and milk; but it is now replaced by what the Parisians call their *tea*. The Frenchman's *tea* consists of every thing except the infusion of that plant. It is served between two and three o'clock in the morning: and its component parts are butcher's meat, game, wines, and punch! In cases of emergency, however, the Parisians find it necessary to prepare an afternoon's luncheon; which M. Kotzebue observes, is provided in the following manner: "A huge tart by Cauchois or Leblanc is placed on the middle of the table: at both sides cheeses; and cream *à la vonille*, or *a la rose*, half-whipt, half-iced, and seasoned with pistachioes. These articles are to be provided by Mesdames Labour, or Lambert; who are deemed the best cream-makers in Paris. Six plates surround the tart, with the choicest fruits from the widow Fontaine. *Brioches* by Le Sage are placed at the four corners: *meringues à la creme*, by Benard; cakes *á l'abbesse*, and tartlets, by Georges; and *wafers* by Van Roosmalen. Four pyramids must be raised in the corners, of dry or liquid preserved fruit, by Oudard and Berthellemot; *pepper-cakes* and *marsipannes*, by Hemart: confectionary, by Rougot; and jellies by Janvel. All these nice things must be washed

down with *Frontignac*, from Tailleur's; and different *liqueurs*, from Lemoine. Among the latter ought to be particularly recommended the *crême d'Arabie*, of which the makers bill assures the public that it is "bottled velvet" *(du velours en bouteilles)*. This liquid velvet is a real delicacy, both in flavour and taste. I have exported some, and several dainty friends of mine allow that they never drank any thing equal to it. It is a proverbial saying here, that *breakfast* is for *friends*, *dinner belongs* to *etiquette*, *afternoon's lunch* to *children*, and *supper* to *love!*

"The bustle of day is gone, business done, repose is inviting, the wax-candles diffuse a soft light, the women are then most amiable, for the hour of their unbounded sway is nigh, for which reason many of them have taken a total leave of the sun. Happy he who can boast of belonging to a good woman *at all times of the day*; yet let him, whom the care of providing the means of subsistence immerses in the vulgar crowd during the day, seek refreshment at night at the round table, with a cheerful and a tender female neighbour. The Muses too are propitious at the evening meal. While the cork flies from the sparkling champaigne, wit sallies forth; bon-mots rise like sky-rockets from all quarters; every one is witty, and communicates his wit; though he should only have collected it in the morning of that day.

"So it was at Paris, at least formerly. So it was at those celebrated suppers, when courtiers, citizens, and learned men, associated together; when equality reigned, and high rank was only to be distinguished by a finer taste, and a more graceful ease of manners: where the real *ton* of the world shewed how to be tenderly mindful of the self-love of every guest; and when the beauty and toast of the day, and the poet in fashion, were mixed with the all-powerful minister and the minion of the court.

"Alas! The torrent of the Revolution has swept all this away. Those suppers were replaced with *fraternal*

meals, as they were called, in the middle of the open street, at which presided the fraternity of Cain and Abel: for there never was less liberty and equality in France than when those words were inscribed on every house. Manners, wealth, dignities, good sense, and wit, all had taken a different direction; and could the existing remains of those societies of old be brought together, they would hardly find the genuine *ton* again. Suppers are little cared for by the Parisians of the present day. And how should it be possible in a city, where they dine in the evening, where the plays end at midnight, where the rage of gaming has broken loose in all companies, where the rich (allowing a few exceptions) are destitute of knowledge, where the women are without education, and where (as a Parisian journal says) respect and polite deportment, *(égards et politesse)* will soon be known only by name?"

The account given by our traveller of the accommodation to be procured at the houses of the restaurateurs, is highly curious. He observes, that in one bill of fare taken from Verry's in the Palais Royal, who is not considered as the first, you have nine different soups, which are followed by seven sorts of pies.

"Those who do not like pies may have oysters at ten sous, or five pence English per dozen; and there are always women attending in the hall who do nothing but open them. The *hors d'œuvres* (small cold dishes) are twenty-five in number; among which are the famous pigs' feet of St. Menehoult, all sorts of pickled sea-fish, herb sallad, hogs' puddings, hams, and such like articles. Many are accustomed to lay a foundation with beef dressed in fourteen different ways; likewise beef steaks and roast beef. After laying a solid foundation, the bill offers you thirty-one *entrées* of wild and tame fowls, and twenty-eight of veal and mutton. The choice is difficult, particularly as a foreigner, not accustomed to Paris, cannot always understand and translate into his own language the technical French appellations. What foreigner, for instance, would at

first know what is meant by a *mayonnaise de poulet*, a *galatine de volaille*, a *cotelette à la minute*, or even an *épigramme d'agneau?* It often happens too, that, seduced by some high-sounding name, you order something that does not afterwards answer your expectation. This, however, is never the case with the fish, of which there are twenty-eight kinds; carp, eels, cod, salmon, sturgeon, pike, gudgeon, cabliau, mackarel, flounders, perch, cockles, trout, soles, &c. &c. all to be had in one day! It must be acknowledged that those who are fond of fish cannot fare badly at Paris. There is likewise abundance of roast: fifteen different sorts are to be had, the dearest of which are fat Normandy capons, red partridges, and snipes. Besides the roast, the *entremêts*, or side dishes, ought not to be omitted; they are very numerous, and tempt the appetite under forty-eight different forms. There are also all kinds of vegetables, whether in season or not; asparagus and green peas are always at command; there are eggs and pancakes dressed in various ways, jellies and creams, macaronies and truffles in champagne, champignons and craws, cherries and apricots. A great eater, were his appetite ever so voracious, cannot rise from table hungry: but should he still have a little room left, thirty-one different articles of dessert will afford him an opportunity of filling it up; if he be not (as great eaters should be) fond of sweet things, preserves, confectionary, fresh and dried fruit, &c. he will not refuse a slice of *fromage de Rechefort, de Brie, de Neufchatel*, or even of Cheshire. He may abundantly moisten his solids with twenty-two sorts of red, and seventeen of white wine, being perfectly at liberty to chuse either a bottle of good ordinary table-wine, for an English shilling, or one of *clos vougeot* at eight shillings. Seven kinds of *liqueur wines* then await him; these are, however, drunk only out of small glasses; and, after taking his coffee, he has the option of sixteen sorts of *liqueurs*, and is at liberty to select that which he thinks most worthy of terminating the whole repast."

These luxuries, it appears, are by no means expensive. The charges at the greatest restaurateurs, including wine, are seldom more than eight shillings; and though the wine is brought in whole bottles, a person pays only for as much as he drinks. Those with whom economy is an object, may procure a dinner, consisting of a number of dishes, for thirty-six sols. At other places the charge is still more moderate. *Letellier rue St. Honoré*, gives soup, four dishes, a dessert, bread, and a pint of wine, for thirty-six sous. Another person in the Palais Royal, No. 643, offers the same, one dish excepted, for only twenty-five sous (scarcely thirty-five pence.)

On the subject of the indecency, to which the Parisians have extended their dressing, M. Kotzebue is of opinion, that the present fashion is the most tempting that Satan could have invented to attract the voluptuous eyes of men. We agree with him, that the clothes called decent, even by the beauties of our own metropolis, no girl of the town would, a few years ago, have been allowed to appear in. We cannot, however, conceive why such an accurate observer as M. Kotzebue, should treat so serious a subject, in one continued strain of levity. It must be admitted, that the difference between the present transparent chemises and a fig-leaf is no greater, than between the former and the hoop petticoats of old. But M. Kotzebue *hopes*, that, with *God's assistance*, we shall bring matters still farther! He afterwards, in some degree, defends this naked method of dressing, on the ground, that it is conducive to health; because "man and potatoes may be inured to any thing." A still greater advantage, however, in his opinion, is, that from the corporeal petrifaction, if we may so call it, arising from the nakedness of dress, the sexes can assemble on parties of pleasure with the assurance, that they shall not be interrupted by those temporary ailments, the head-ache and nervous affections, with which, about twenty years ago, females were always accompanied.

Painting with rouge was quite out of fashion among the ladies of Paris; but the use of white paint was very general, and called painting *á la Psyché*, as those who are so ornamented, resemble a portrait of Psyche, by Gerard. But what has been abandoned by the ladies, has been adopted by the gentlemen, who rouge themselves to excess, in order that their cheeks may form a contrast with the blackness of their wigs. Every part of the world contributes towards the dress of a woman of ton in France, as it consists of English cloth, Egyptian shawls, Irish shoes, Roman sandals, India muslins, Mechlin lace, Lyons embroidery, and Turin silks.

"A *petite-maitresse*," said a wag, "wants every year, 365 head-dresses, and as many pair of shoes, 600 dresses, and 12 shifts. Her furniture must be Grecian, Roman, Etruscan, Turkish, Arabic, Chinese, Persian, Egyptian, English, and Gothic, but by no means French. This furniture ought to cost 50,000 francs per annum, the bed excepted, which alone requires 20,000 francs. Thirty thousand more must be expended for boxes at the play-house, and the insertion of paragraphs in the journals, and in acts of beneficence only one hundred!!!"

The female fashionables drive a curricle in the morning; in the evening they ride in a diligence; they travel to the country in a tape-cul; go to the play in a Berlin, to places of entertainment in a chariot; to their creditors in a demi-fortune, and to their husbands in a dormeuse. To France, also, our females are indebted for the very convenient custom of wearing no pockets; and it seems, that even the *ridicule*, or thing which was suspended from their arm as a substitute, has now fallen into disuse. On alluding to this circumstance, M. Kotzebue relates the following anecdote:—"A mother once asked her daughter: "Why do you suffer that huge overgrown fellow, who looks like a model in a church steeple, to be continually following you?"—"Lord! (replied the daughter,) I must blow my nose, must I not?" He actually carried her handkerchief.

The following are some specimens of the Parisian

mode of advertising, to which we shall subjoin M. Kotzebue's remarks:

"A bachelor of forty, versed in literature, a cheerful companion, of pleasing manners, *good family*, and in tolerable easy circumstances, wishes to meet with a maiden lady, or widow, without children, from twenty-six to thirty-four years of age, well-bred, intelligent, and without property, to be united *(à s'unir)*, and to live happily together."

"A man, thirty-eight years old, who is his own master, &c. &c. wishes to find a lady who has some property, and would join in company with him." The word marry is again eluded here.

"A healthy widower, sixty years old, without children, possessing a yearly income of 1400 francs, and who has for these ten years inhabited neat apartments near the Thuilleries, seeks a lady of a *suitable age*, of agreeable temper, and some property, to whom he might make such proposals as would be acceptable; or he is willing to receive proposals from her. His sole aim is their mutual happiness."

"A young widow, in every respect interesting, both with regard to character, personal accomplishments, and education, having lost her fortune, wishes to keep company with a single person." That, by this single person, a man is meant, is plain, from her praising her figure, which, if it had been addressed to females, would have been superfluous, perhaps even prejudicial.

"A single young lady, thirty years of age, of good family, with 16,000 francs, and a pretty considerable property in moveables, wishes for a legitimate union *(à s'unir legitimement)*, with a man between thirty and forty-five years of age, who has a situation in some office, or possesses some property." At last here is one who wishes for a *legitimate union*. But as the word *legitimement* must be placed next to *unir*, to shew this legitimacy, it is clear that all the others, who have been speaking of *union* and *unite*, without this addition, could not have matrimony in view. We see, at least, from this exam-

ple, how far a female, with 16,000 francs, may be brought, if she owns herself to be thirty years old, and is of course forty.

"A man, sixty-three years old, in good health, and a widower, without children, wishes to become acquainted with a lady (endowed with all the qualities that are generally required of them), in order perhaps to offer her his hand, if, upon farther acquaintance, their respective moral qualifications inspire them with the hope of living happily together; or, if she should prefer it, merely to unite her interest with his, without any other tie than that of friendship, on which she may safely rely on his part."

The result of such connections may be easily anticipated; but as they are not inserted in the news-papers, they are seldom generally known.

"The ladies of pleasure reside principally in the Palais Royal, in the *entresols* of the first floor, where they stand singing at the windows the whole day, and in this they are not interrupted. Their's is, truly, the song of the Syrens. The palace has an infinite number of divisions. I was much struck by one of these, because a libertine and debauchee may run through his whole romantic career in it without loss of time. At the very top, in the third story, is a pawnbroker's, where the profligate spendthrift may replenish his purse upon leaving valuable pledges. Descending one pair of stairs, he finds gaming-rooms, where he may get eased of his money. He needs then only to go down half a flight of stairs, to lose his health with an impure. On leaving her, he is joined by a new companion, Despair, with whom he descends to the shop on the ground-floor, where are sold daggers and pistols. There he may spend his last farthing, and, without any farther ceremony, blow out his brains. It must be confessed, that it is impossible to render living and dying more convenient to a profligate."

Madame Recamier one day proposed to our author to conduct him to the ruined abbey of St. Dennis, which contained the remains of the ancient Kings of France.

We have already shewn the refinement of M. Kotzebue's taste, as exhibited in his veneration for the monuments and sacred relics of the departed great. It will therefore be readily conceived, that no spot could be more attractive to him, than that which was now the object of his curiosity. Accordingly, on approaching the abbey, he indulges in some animated reflections on the vanity and vicissitudes of human life, arising from the circumstance, that the spot in which worms once preyed upon Kings, is now converted into a store-house for the food of man; many parts of the abbey being filled with casks of flour.

"Here," says he "we found an aged Swiss, who had served forty years in this abbey, and had seen it during the last days of its splendid existence. He wanders about the precincts as the ghost of some noble ancestor is supposed to haunt his ruined castle, which in his days appeared to bid defiance to the ravages of time. His eyes were wishfully surveying the naked walls, and he now and then gave a significant nod, as if taking leave of some old friend, whose image presented itself to his mind. It was to different monuments which had once been placed there, and had left an indelible impression on his soul, that he made this motion. This man was a complete register of every thing formerly contained in these spacious vaults. He stopped us at every step, saying: 'Here was the monument of a Queen;' at every hole into which he cautioned us not to fall, he named some King or Hero who had been deposited in it. We followed him down a long flight of steps into a dark subterraneous passage, on both sides of which still projected the blocks of stone on which the coffins were formerly placed. They formed such a narrow alley, that the living fair-one took faster hold of my arm, and pressed closer to me, in order to keep out of the resting-place of the departed great.

"In this gloom, where only a distant light sheds its dim rays, the old man, with a voice as if it proceeded from another world, exclaimed, "Here lay Louis XIV,

and there Turenne; here Louis XIII. and there Bertrand du Guesclin:" and having proceeded almost the whole length of the narrow passage, in which the majesty and ambition of thirty Kings found sufficient room, he stood still; folding his hands and hanging down his head, he said, with a faultering voice, "This bench bore the coffin of Henry IV.!"

"His mournful silence seconded by our's, both did honour to the place, and left us at liberty, for a few minutes, to indulge in a melancholy sensation, which each endeavoured to suppress. This silence the old man interrupted; for there was still something that oppressed his heart, which he wished to unbosom to us: it was, that he was present when the coffin of Henry IV. was opened; that his corpse was in perfect preservation; that at this sight the most resolute ruffians, by whom it was surrounded, and even Robespierre himself, were seized with a sudden and involuntary awe; that several of them softly approached, and stole some hairs from Henry's beard, which they afterwards wore in rings as precious relics. "But what became of all those corpses?—"Robespierre ordered them all to be burned, excepting that of Turenne."—'And were they all actually burned.' Here the old man made a pause; but, discovering I was a foreigner, and seeing my fair companion so deeply affected, he was inspired with confidence, and acknowledged that he had not burned the bones, but had buried them in the dead of the night, about one hundred yards from the abbey. We requested him to conduct us to the spot, when he complied.

"Leaving the long dark vault, we entered a light subterraneous chapel, where several statues of saints, as large as life, still remained. The Swiss pointed out to us a Virgin Mary, which, by some strange coincidence, bears such a striking likeness to the ill-fated queen, Marie Antoinette, that every one who ever saw her must admit that no portrait could be a more perfect resemblance.

"From the ravaged temple of death, we re-ascended

into the desolate hall, where time now first dares to whet his scythe. The old man flatters himself, that he shall yet live to see the abbey restored to its former splendour, and his hope is founded on some words which Buonaparte is reported to have once dropped. But as the re-building it would cost immense sums, it is not probable that it will be undertaken, at least for the present. It is well for the old man that he still entertains some hope; it is the last recruit of oil to the wick of his life, and he who robs him of it to-day, will to-morrow find him no more.

"Upon leaving the abbey, he conducted us, conformably to his promise, to a little grass-plot, about one hundred yards off, which had nothing whatever to distinguish it. Here, in a space, which I could cover with my extended arms, were deposited, under my feet, the bones of more than 40 kings, queens, princes, and heroes. What had agitated, convulsed, tormented, or blessed the world for a series of ages, now occupied a spot just large enough for a child to throw its doll about! Let him who is tortured with arrogance and ambition, flee to this hallowed retreat! for as the Furies quitted Orestes at the entrance of Diana's grove, so his passions will not dare to follow him hither; and even after he has left this solitary grass-plot, those that might otherwise have attacked him will not trouble him any more.

"I asked the Swiss, If all the bones were mixed together? "Yes," said he, "I had no time to separate them, but dug a hole, as quickly as possible, and threw them in all together. The only one that I should know again is Henry IV. whose remains I threw in first, so that they lie quite at the bottom."

"I suppose this fact may be known to several in Paris; but as many, perhaps scores of years, may elapse before the time shall return, when a virtuous Frenchman durst loudly wish to rescue the bones of the good Henry from a degrading oblivion, I will consign my information to these pages; and should the old Swiss die, together

with all those who may know the spot, yet, as long as I live, the place cannot be lost, for never shall I forget it!

"The old man attended us to the carriage, and it might be seen in his countenance, how happy he felt in having been able to unbosom himself without restraint. We sat mute for some time, revolving in our minds what we had seen and heard. It was a preparation worthy the view of Rousseau's hermitage, which, after strolling about for some time in the valley of Montmorency, we discovered, modestly peeping out from an eminence overgrown with bushes. As we approached, my imagination represented the philosopher botanizing on the hill under the trees, or looking on with good-nature at a dance of the rustics. The house, which is now inhabited in summer by the amiable Getry, is very small, extremely plain, and is left in winter to the care of an old woman and her daughter. We found only the latter at home: with a friendly anticipation of our wishes, she introduced us into Rousseau's apartment, the papering of which is still the same as when he occupied it. I sat down at the same table on which he wrote what Nature dictated to him: I opened the table-drawer, and found in it the identical ink-stand that he used; on the mantle-piece was likewise placed his candlestick. I shall say nothing of my feelings. If the past rush with vivid recollection upon the mind, it, at the same time, deprives a person of the power of utterance. For the present, Heaven has given us sounds; for the past only sighs. A dove was fluttering about the room; it was so tame, so gentle: we opened the window for it, but to no purpose.—We might almost have been induced here to believe in the transmigration of souls."

M. Kotzebue was led, from motives of curiosity, to hear several trials at the Palais de Justice: he gives a minute description of the arrangements of this court, which we do not think sufficiently interesting to specify. The examination of prisoners, and cross-examination of

witnesses, are conducted nearly in the same manner as in our own courts. Trials for forgery are very frequent in Paris, arising from the high degree of public misery prevalent in that capital. Some criminals, who were convicted during the attendance of our author, of forging bank-notes, were sentenced to be branded on the shoulder with the letter F. and to be confined six years in chains; they were found guilty on the evidence of an informer, a character which the Parisians hold in the highest detestation, and who, not unfrequently, forfeits his life to their vengeance. But it is remarkable, that those found guilty of forging paper-money, are only subjected to the punishment just mentioned, while those who counterfeit pieces with Buonaparte's effigy, receive the punishment of the guillotine.

"That the Parisians take pleasure in recalling to their remembrance the ancient order of things, is observable on a hundred occasions, and in a hundred little traits. The portrait of Louis XVI. is to be found in all the print-shops. On the evening of my arrival, I went to see the opera of Adrian, and heard with astonishment the most enthusiastic plaudits bestowed on these words, *Fidèle à mon roi.*

"The palace of the tribunate is again generally called *Palais Royal*; the last post-station before you reach Paris, *Poste Royale*, and the *Rue de la Loi* is most generally called *Rue Richelieu.* The wife of a post-master on the road between Lyons and Paris sorrowfully said to me, on perceiving the star on my coat, *En vous voyant, Monsieur, nous renaissons.* People who want to obtain situations think it a recommendation to have been nobles. A lady who wished for a situation as governess in a family, expressly mentioned, that she was the daughter of a *Chevalier de St. Louis!* and another boasted in the same manner of her noble descent; the latter even went so far as to have it mentioned in a public advertisement, that she wished to do the honours at a lady's or gentleman's table of her rank *(de sa classe.)*

The ministers are again called *Excellencies*, and liveries become more numerous every day.

"The most popular public journals often defend the nobility in an ingenious manner. A certain family pride is peculiar to all ranks and classes. Before the revolution, the citizen, as well as the nobleman, was honoured by a line of respectable ancestors, who perhaps filled places usually held by nobles. Even farmers, before they would give their daughters in marriage, carefully enquired about the *family* of their future sons-in-law. A kind of nobility was not unknown to the peasant's cottage, where it consisted in the respect of old age, and the acknowledged spotless good name of his family. Philosophy has sometimes degraded those sentiments, and the Revolution was about to extirpate them entirely. Every body exclaimed with Juvenal, *Stemmata quid faciunt!* What do we care for ancestors? The wisdom of the hoary ages of antiquity has long since answered this question. Even then every body began to count his ancestors when asked his name and calling. They were in some measure his *guarantees*. The heroes of Homer never omitted doing so. Plato himself did not deem it a trifling matter; and we observe that Alcibiades, by Eurysaces, could trace his ancestors up to Jupiter; and that Socrates, among his, had Dædalus and Vulcan.

"What people were they, who, at the Olympic games, had the genealogy of Leonidas recounted to them? What nation was it that had the patience to hear the long line of Cæsar's ancestors named from the tribune? The Greeks, the Romans! Weigh on one side, the unanimity of all nations and ages, under all forms of government; on the other, the wisdom of a few days, to which we owe the great discovery, that a father is nothing to his son. What is general cannot be a prejudice. Not only Europe, even the New World adheres to this persuasion: no savage in the wilds of North America leaves his cot, without taking the bones of his fathers along with him. The most ancient

nation that is known, the Chinese, pay divine honours to their ancestors. From the palace to the hovel, man tries to propagate his memory to future ages. Animated by this wish, the hoary sire sows the seed of a tree, of which he will not perhaps live to see the third leaf: by his ancestors (that is to say, *recollections*), he is connected with the past; by his children (i. e. *hopes*) with the future. In the physical order of things individuals perish, the species subsist for ever; and so it is in the moral world. He is not a good man who wishes to insulate, as it were, all our enjoyments, and to confine them to the present moment.

"Thus reason, at present, those very Frenchmen, who, but a few years ago, would have hurried to the lamp-iron any one who durst have uttered such sentiments."

It appears, that notwithstanding the well-known character of the French for vivacity, their modern fashionable societies are intolerably dull. This arises, in a principal degree, from that want of confidence, which evidently prevails between parties of all classes, where each man looks upon his neighbour with suspicion and distrust. Instead, therefore, of those friendly and open communications, which prevailed in all respectable companies under the old form of government, there is now, in the evening assemblies, literally no conversation at all: the guests come and go when they please, fill up their time with common-place remarks upon the weather, and occasionally play at cards, while those hostesses who lay superior claims to politeness, always invite the blind Abbé de Lille, who entertains the company with recitations from his poems. The principal performers of the French stage are also invited to all fashionable parties, where they give recitations and songs.

The most celebrated contemporary painter of the French school, is David, well-known in the annals of the Revolution. He exhibits a few of his most famous pictures, amongst which are the *Rape of the Sabines*, and the *Horatii* taking their oath; the expense of ad-

mission is trifling; yet by this means David has amassed the sum of 60,000 livres. We learn with regret, however, that the historical painters in Paris, although there are several who possess exquisite talents, can scarcely procure a subsistence.

Speaking of the Bastile, our author says, "The spot where this structure of lawless despotism once stood will be for ever memorable. Some parts of the walls, ditches, and gates, still remain, but within the inclosure is piled up wood for fuel. I will not vouch for the truth of the assertion, that a certain republican hero has, on several occasions, sincerely lamented the destruction of that tomb of the living. Let him consider, that there is still left the Temple where Louis XVI. was immured, and which still contains room for many a wretched victim. The latter is now surrounded with walls of such height, that its four turrets, with a fifth in the centre, can only be seen at a distance. Recollecting the dreadful times past, a sensation of gloomy melancholy seizes the passenger."

It was doubtless such sentiments as these, which M. Kotzebue has frequently interspersed in his work, that caused his late arrest, while travelling in Italy.

Amongst the curiosities worthy the attention of foreigners, is the Physical Cabinet of Professor Charles, in which there is an immense electrical machine, which on merely being put in motion, causes the hair of the spectator to stand erect at the distance of two yards.

The inner court of the Palais Royal is three hundred and twenty yards in length, and one hundred and fifty in breadth, has been newly planted. The present generation will scarcely live long enough to walk under the shade of these trees; but whether shady or not, this palace, nevertheless, remains the daily place of resort for many thousands of people; and during the greatest part of the day, its piazzas or arcades are so much crowded, that it is impossible to make your way through without the aid of your elbows. No wonder; for here are eighteen coffee-houses, ten restaurateurs, half a dozen

pastry-cooks, many public-houses, several wine-merchants, ice-sellers, fruit-women, a couple of billiard tables, and a great number of confectioners; in short, you may eat and drink in as great abundance, and of as great delicacies as in any part of the world. Among other things, you find a wafer-shop, where several persons sit before the fire the whole day, and do nothing but bake wafers, and most excellent ones they are. In a small room before the shop, they are served quite hot, and if you please you may drink a glass of Malaga with them. It was my usual breakfast, and does not overload the stomach. Whoever does not like this fare, may go to the next shop and procure a cold partridge-pie, or some of the thousand cold viands, which are every where exposed in a most relishing manner to tempt the eye.—If you like, you may go one pair of stairs higher into apartments elegantly furnished, pass your time in playing at all imaginable games of hazard, and drain your purse; or follow the syren's song, resounding from the windows of the *entresol*; or read the newspapers in a coffee-house; or go to the reading-rooms kept by one *Jorre*, where you always find two warm rooms in winter, and on paying six livres a month, you may read from morning till night forty newspapers and journals. When tired of this, you may go (take notice, still under the same piazzas,) to the *Théatre Montansier*, or to *M. Seraphin's Ombres Chinoises*, or to the *Theatre des Enfans*, or to the puppet-show, or to a private theatre in a cellar. At the time I was there, Pyramus and Thisbe were to be seen in wax-work; the body of the virtuous Thisbe, who was probably rendered pregnant by Pyramus, might be opened, and the situation in which the fœtus lay, examined. Before the door was a cryer, who kept repeating the whole day, *Mesieurs, voyez en passant, le chef d'œuvre de l'art, curieux et interessant. Le professeur va commencer l'explication dans l'instant, entrez! entrez!*

"This invitation was sung to the tune of a hymn, and the vociferating sounds tickled the ears even after

you had left the *Palais*. More serious entertainment is afforded by Bertrand's Physical Cabinet a few paces farther.

"The *Théatre Français*, the first in Paris, is likewise so connected with the Palais Royal, that a continuation of the covered walks leads through into it.—If every other method of diversion be exhausted, surely some novelty may be found among the twenty booksellers' shops under the arcades; or, giving way to the impulse of vanity, you may have your portrait taken by a miniature-painter. Not less than nineteen of these artists here exhibit their specimens good and bad, cheap and dear, from six livres to ten louis. There are some of them who promise to furnish a portrait within the space of an hour, and who are artists of merit as far as regards hitting a resemblance. Thus I saw, for instance, a portrait of the hereditary Prince of Weimar, badly painted, but a strong resemblance, in the Palais Royal, during the whole of my stay. If notwithstanding all this, you are still at a loss for diversion, which is scarcely possible, you may read so many thousand bills posted up against the walls; or look at elegant shops; among which you find no less than sixteen milliners, twenty warehouses for ready-made wearing apparel, thirty stocked with all kinds of stuffs for ladies and gentlemen, numerous shops containing the most beautiful hardwares, glass, china, arms, seals, childrens' toys, &c.

"If you have no money to purchase any of these things, here are two pawnbrokers' shops, and two lottery-offices. The former give ready money on good pledges; and the latter, hopes of ready money. In short, were you to be shut up for life in the Palais Royal, you need never want any thing that renders life pleasant, from the *Théatre Français* to the shoe-black's stall, which bears the pompous inscription, *Aux artistes réunis*, The united artists.

"The coffee-houses vie with each other in making a splendid external appearance. One is called the coffee-house of a thousand columns *(cafe aux mille colonnes)*,

because its apartments, supported by about half a dozen pillars, are multiplied by the reflections from one glass to another, to thousands. Another, with the sign of the Mount St. Bernard, calls it itself *unique*. The manner in which it distinguishes itself is indeed singular enough. A considerable portion of the coffee-room has been sacrificed to a model of Mount St. Bernard. Besides this, all the rooms are decorated with an immense number of small puppets, in glass frames, and capable of being set in motion. They partly imitate various nations, and particularly those described in Cooke's Voyages; and partly French peasants, from the most remote provinces, and are, in general, a tolerable resemblance. At any rate, a person who takes a dish of coffee here, is sure of being agreeably entertained."

The palace of the Conservative Senate, which was formerly called La Luxembourg, and celebrated for its beautiful gardens, has been mentioned by almost every modern traveller; so that in M. Kotzebue's account of it, we meet with nothing particularly worth attention. Of the hall appropriated to the Council of Five Hundred, he, however, gives the following interesting description:

"Such must have been the appearance of the place where the Senate of ancient Rome used to meet, and if not such, it was certainly far inferior to the Hall of Five Hundred, which is splendid without luxury and gaudy glitter. In a vast semicircle, five hundred seats rise into the form of an amphitheatre; behind these is a gallery for the constituted authorities; and, above that, a second for the people. The cieling which joins the latter, is decorated with the pictures of ancient legislators, and celebrated republicans. Here are Solon, Lycurgus, Regulus, Cato, and many others, with the period in which they lived marked underneath. In the midst of all these figures, Nature sits enthroned with the inscription: *Nature alone gives eternal laws*. The hall receives light from above, and warmth from below, for it has neither windows nor stove.

"Opposite the seats of the Five Hundred, is a handsome tribune for the president; and, a little farther, a second for the secretaries. The walls are hung with drapery, not tri-coloured, but of light green cloth, with flame-coloured ornaments. Every thing is simply dignified, and I think it impossible to fit up any place in the world in a manner more appropriate to its use."

His account of the Hotel of the Invalids strongly reminds us of our own excellent institution, Chelsea Hospital. Like this, it is built on the banks of the principal river: the ease and regulations of its tenantry seem to be the same; and we learn, that the veterans of the French hospital have the advantage of an excellent and very extensive library, in which are abundance of tables and chairs placed for the accommodation of its visitors.

"At different distances is a written request, not to spit on the floor, which is kept uncommonly clean. In the back ground of the library hangs David's picture of Buonaparte crossing the Alps, while a gust of wind blows his cloak over his head. It is the same which Buonaparte made a present of to the Invalids, and which the hoary warriors were obliged to salute with discharges of artillery on its arrival. This *large cloak*, spread like a sail, almost wholly enwraps the *little man*. It bears not the least resemblance to him. Flattery, however, takes care that it be multiplied. I found a painter and two young ladies sitting before it, and taking a copy; the former was a miniature painter, and the ladies only took a drawing of it. A number of invalids were sitting round about reading; one a military work, another a tragedy, by Racine, and the third a novel. Meantime their eyes were fixed on their visitors of the fair sex, and it being rather cold, they came to solicit the ladies to warm themselves before the fire. The latter, wholly intent upon their work, declining it, the gallant cripples brought straw mats, which they spread under the ladies' feet, to prevent their catching cold on the marble pavement. It ought not to be forgotten that they were all *common* soldiers."

The great cupola of this institution is surrounded by a multitude of colours, each of which forms a letter of an inscription announcing the victories of the French. M. Kotzebue could see here the colours of all nations *except his own*, the Prussian; but this remark, which he evidently intends as a compliment to his country, seems to us so very much like a satire upon its government, that we can hardly refrain from a smile. Pray, good M. Kotzebue, how are the colours of one nation to be obtained by another, if the former be resolved to see with impunity the grossest outrages committed on its neighbours, in defiance of every known principle of national justice, rather than take up arms against the common enemy? Since the French, in the late war, began to be victorious, the wary government of Prussia resolved to be at peace; and if it had taken a contrary resolution, perhaps, good sir, you would have had no cause for your exultation! We think, if our memory do not fail us, that those very French, who were once, in your opinion, the greatest people upon earth, did a few year ago beat your countrymen most soundly, and take awa, their colours; and perhaps, if you were again to visit the Hotel of the Invalids, you might, by the help of your spectacles, discover those identical colours in some remote corner of the cupola. Besides, sir, *we* will not believe you, when you assert, that you saw the colours of *all* nations in this cupola, except those of your own. We cannot bring ourselves to believe, that you saw any *English* colours amongst them; or if you did, and were gratified at the sight, you need only visit London, and we will return you the compliment a hundred-fold.

M. Kotzebue makes some just remarks on the fine battle-pieces, with which the halls of this institution are decorated, as all such pictures resemble each other. "But one," says he, "which shews the heroic sacrifice made by the officer at Nancy, of his own person, by voluntarily placing himself at the mouth of the cannon, to prevent its being fired upon the citizens, and who thus became a victim to his patriotism, is a beautiful

performance; and it is still more charming, that it should hang here. Finally, if I step under this *vast* cupola, this rotunda, towering aloft into the skies, in the most superb style of architecture, I observe its sole ornament, in the strictest sense of the word, the tomb of Turenne. His bones, saved from the monument at St. Dennis, really repose here. This sepulchral monument resembles that which his children had once raised for him at St. Dennis. Something, however, surprised me in the cupola, viz. the twelve apostles painted, and below them *bas-reliefs* of Voltaire, Rousseau, and others. How happens it that Voltaire and Rousseau should be confounded with invalids and apostles?"

The botanical garden he considers unworthy of praise, as it is very inferior to many in Germany. This garden, however, contains the gallery of Natural History, which is allowed to be the most famous in the world, as it possesses, either alive or stuffed, every animal that has hitherto been described by naturalists or travellers. "A large hall contains the quadrupeds. In its centre is the zebra, with variegated stripes, the rhinoceros, the elephant, and finally the tall camelopard, near which stands the elephant like a dwarf. At two yards distance is the little Siberian mouse, the smallest of all the quadrupeds. Good God! if you eye in thought the humming-bird near the ostrich, and the little Siberian mouse near the camelopard, and you recollect that these colossal creatures did not receive more life from nature than those diminutive atom-like animals—how much matter do we find for serious reflection! On the side walls are to be found not only the well known animals which are found in other places, but likewise the hippopotamus, the sea-cow, the antelope, the sloth, the ant-eater, in short, all the animals that are seen depicted in Buffon."

On examining the anatomical cabinet of the celebrated Cuvier, our author makes a remark, which we recommend to the attention of our advocates for the liberty and equality of the Negroes, which is, that the heads of those people are an exact mongrel-species between

men and monkies: they are quite as distorted as those of the apes; and the chin, like that of those animals, turns inwards. The result is, that Kotzebue is of opinion *the Blacks are not our brethren!*

The institution for the deaf and dumb, next passes under his notice; and afterwards, the French theatres, at which he disapproves of the manner of acting tragedies, and makes many remarks upon the talents of the different performers. He attended a piece which was damned, and described the uproar to be exactly similar to what we have often witnessed in our own theatres: though the following method of effecting such a purpose we never before heard of. "I have been assured," says he, "that the men take whistles, with bellows *under both arms*, and in *both shoes*, to the theatre, so that they seem to applaud with their hands, while they are only moving them to put the whistles in motion; and as often as they stand on tiptoe, and let their heels sink again, the whistling sounds from their shoes!"

End of Kotzebue's Journey from Berlin to Paris.

TRAVELS THROUGH ITALY,

In the Years 1804 and 1805;

BY

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE,

"A LOVE of change, (says M. Von Kotzebue,) is the instinctive virtue or vice of man. Every thing must alter, and rapidly pass away, like himself. Even the quiet flow of enjoyment and success will in due time lose its charms. We are told that a king peculiarly blessed by fortune threw his most costly ring into the ocean, in order to vary, by a loss, the monotony of his uninterrupted prosperity. From our very miseries we can extract at least this relief, that they place us in a new situation, and make us feel more sensibly our past and present pleasures.

"Our ancestors sat still, and read the injunction in their Bibles, 'Let not your flight be in the winter:' and even in summer, when there was no pressing business, they preferred staying at home. But if obliged to undertake a journey of twenty miles, they took leave of their relations and friends in a solemn manner, shed tears, and would not unfrequenty make their wills. Now, however, on the very next day after our determination is formed, we set off full speed for Paris or for Rome; we step into our travelling-carriages as unconcernedly as our ancestors inclosed themselves in a sedan chair, to be carried, for their afternoon nap, to the next church. If the rage for travelling should thus continue to spread, we may expect to hear of a whole

people taking a trip from one quarter of the world to another. I am, indeed, very much inclined to attribute the emigrations of this kind, with which we are already acquainted, less to an extensive population, or political grievances, than to this insatiable desire of something new. It is this which impels the Tartar from heath to heath; and my friendly reader, with me, from the shore of the Baltic to the Gulph of Naples.

For a traveller who is threatened with the approach of winter, and who, therefore, wishing first to reach the frontiers of Italy, must travel as quick as possible; there is little to be noticed between Riga and Berlin.

The Courland system of government, notwithstanding all its excellence, affords an opening for arbitrary measures on many of the estates of *individuals*. A nobleman who is lord of a manor, and whom I have no reason to disbelieve, assured me of the truth of this remark. *The crown*, on the contrary, has provided in a paternal manner for the lowest and most indispensable of its children. It treats its tenants with uniform attention. Their leases are all printed. Any of them who thinks himself oppressed, is at liberty to lodge his complaint in the imperial chamber; which is obliged, every three years, to make a circuit of the crown lands, and investigate every matter respecting them.

Whoever has an hour to spare in Memel, must not neglect to visit the citadel. The prospect from it will amply repay his trouble. On the right hand he will have a view of the Baltic, and on the left of the Curbrian bay. Washed by the waves of both, this small piece of land suffers much from its situation. Within the memory of man it has glittered with the riches of harvest; but, with the most inexcusable want of foresight, the woods which protected these inestimable treasures, have been cut down, and since that the whole soil has been covered with sands, leaving now but very few spots of green, like islands in a desert.*

* In this observation one perceives the justice of a plan announced at Leicester, in 1793, for regulating the anomalies of the

Every where on the road through West Prussia we meet with new settlers, who appear in a condition that promises well. If future kings and ministers continue the course now pursued, I can anticipate a wonderful alteration in the Prussian states within the lapse of a very few centuries.

Altenburg is a small town; but I wish every friend whose road leads him through it, may find it as agreeable as I did. At the entrance I was put into a good humour by the appearance of a fine building with the inscription, "For helpless old Age, Ernest." Peace to the ashes of the benevolent founder of this structure! On his excellent highways every traveller will join with me in blessing him. The avenue of young trees which here forms the road, is more carefully attended to than that between Erfurt and Gotha.

In this temper I drove in at the gate, and found in the humble Altenburg such an inn as perhaps is not to be met with in all the rest of Germany: it is called "The Town of Gotha." Whoever wishes to pass his night agreeably, should stay here, even if he could go a stage further. The Altenburg peasants, in their costume, retain the wide breeches, and little round hats, of many centuries ago.

In Bamburg there still remains, as a consolation to sound reason, a nunnery established. Whether it has escaped the universal destruction on account of its beneficent purposes, or from its poverty, I cannot decide. Three hundred young girls are instructed gratis in writing, arithmetic, and the German language grammatically.

The Sebaldus church at Varenburg is a venerable specimen of antiquity. It is said to be a thousand years old. All sorts of legends are there to be seen, admirably cut in stone; as also Albert Durer's picture of the Descent from the Cross. I have already elsewhere

atmosphere by means of high metallic conductors. These would perform, under the directions of man, what nature performs by means of woods, trees, mountains, andes, &c. &c.

declared that this appears to me a subject not happily chosen for the art, even if St. Luke himself, the Raphael of the first Christians, had painted it. Two of the finest pictures in this church pleased the taste of the French, and (as usual) would have fallen a prey to them, had not the Austrians interfered at the moment. The measure for the chests was already taken, when these unwelcome visitants were announced, and obliged them to leave the chests standing, and the pictures on the wall. However, one of them has suffered by the clumsy method of taking measure.—St. Sebaldus's grave, of bronze, is still to be seen here. The good man rests enveloped in a number of coffins; being, probably of a different opinion from the late Duke of Gotha, whom I have mentioned above. The monstrous mass of bronze, as well as the artificial work, are worthy of notice. The number of escutcheons that hang about this church, and which is daily increasing, proves that the Nurenburg patricians do not wish to be forgotten at their death.

The church of St. Afra at Augsburgh abounds with wonders of all sorts. A number of recoveries from incurable disorders, are attested by silver children, and silver legs. After this, who can have any doubt?—But why is the saint Apollonia degraded with wax, instead of shining in silver? She sits on a column, in all her horror, and suffers her teeth to be incessantly torn out of her mouth; and streams of blood follow the operation, which is performed by means of a pair of pinchers. It is well known that she received, as a reward for her sufferings, the gift of easing, by this process, the toothache of the faithful; and a number of jaw-bones of wax, hanging by her side, declare that she is always ready to impart her miraculous assistance. Not far from this the eye is delighted by a spectacle of a different kind. A number of poor souls are seen swimming and splashing in the fiery waves of purgatory. From the mouth of those bathing issue, towards the figure of a church, the words, "Friends, think of us!" The good-natured

friends then kneel at the top of the church, and listen credulously to a priest, who reads mass for the dead, and takes their money. The change is sure and rapid. Little angels come fluttering down from heaven, snatch some souls out of the flames, and carry them upwards to the Saviour, who is probably said to partake of the pleasure of this proceeding. In another place the Day of Judgment is painted with all the exuberance of fancy. An inscription, engraved in marble, and the mouldering remains of a canopy, here commemorate the famous journey of Pius the Sixth; on which occasion, even the Lutheran rector Mertens, as is well known, drifted the holy father, for which he was deservedly chastised by a hundred pens. Some degree of compensation for the nonsense with which this church teems, is afforded us in seeing the painting of the Resurrection, by Mettenleiter.

We entered the senate-house with great expectation, because much is said of the grand hall of this building. That it is spacious cannot be denied; but is it elegant also? By no means. It is gaudy; and is filled with gilding, paintings, and inscriptions; emperors on the walls, kitchen-wenches on the ceilings. If we look out at the window into the court below, we shrink with horror from the spectacle; for here we perceive dungeons under-ground, covered with lead, intended not merely as temporary receptacles, but as permanent habitations, for prisoners. Good God! have then the Hans Towns alone the right, in an age in which Howard has lived, not to punish crimes, but to torture men! I wish all the springs around Augsburg were suddenly stopped up, and not a drop of water could be conveyed into the town, that the senators might suffer the most parching thirst, till they should order these leaden roofs, which put us in mind of the Venetian inquisition, to be removed, and the prisoners brought into the open day, as criminals who may have deserved death, but not such torments.

Why do travellers visit only Switzerland; or so few of them make Tyrol an object of their journey? Why do our travel-writers say so much exclusively upon Switzerland; and why do we so seldom read any thing on Tyrol? I also have seen Switzerland; and, although only superficially, I must boldly declare that the beauties of Tyrol appear to me in no degree inferior.

The only objects which I missed were cataracts, which, in Tyrol indeed, are but sparingly distributed; yet even without these, I venture to affirm that the varied romantic and captivating scenes of Tyrol will leave a more pleasing impression on the mind than the continually mountainous Switzerland. In the peculiar sense in which, after extracting from a sentimental author the best passages, we entitle the compilation his "Beauties," I may, with equal propriety, call the road between Fuesen and Rieti, a "Beauty of Nature;" for she appears to have here collected together her finest and most exalted objects from the whole world, and concentrated them all within a narrow space. Let every traveller, however, arrange his journey so as to pass this road by day-light, or he will capriciously deprive himself of the sweetest sensations. On descending the hill from Lermos to Nassereit, let him alight, and walk slowly. The rugged rocks, which threaten to crush him; the purling springs; the lakes, of a heavenly green tint; the larch wood; the shrubberies of barberry trees; the old ruined castle, on an isolated eminence, in the middle of the dark lake; the Lech, at one time foaming and rushing into a narrow bed of rock, then tranquilly and majestically rolling through the blooming plain:—No! I have many times declared that I would never enter into descriptions of scenery; but whoever has a taste for the truly sublime, may believe me, that on this journey, tears will more than once involuntarily start into his eyes.

In Switzerland we must submit to be drawn along by what they please to call horses, but which in their pace, rather resemble snails. Our time and our money

suffer equally in that land of slowness. We must content ourselves with carriers, for there are no posts. In Tyrol, on the contrary, we trot on briskly through the country with lively post-horses; and talk or sleep, stop or go further, as we please. Tyrol too claims one great preference over Switzerland, in having all its beauties by the road-side: we have no occasion, as in that country, to deviate to the right and left, and to climb on our hands and knees, in order to catch a charm of Nature; for she here offers herself at once to our view, and meets us with the utmost friendliness and majesty combined. Nor can any where but in Tyrol be found such a fascinating contrast between the wildest objects of nature, and the most charming images of human industry. Behold yonder the rough rocks, appearing to bound heaven and earth! A convulsion of the elements has surely tossed these masses so capriciously together. While the roaring stream rushes from within them, they bend down upon it as if they would block up its road, and it throws its foam at them with scorn. But near this scene stands a small quiet hut, embosomed in vines. The lowing cows are grazing around it; and a child is bending carelessly over the raging flood, and drawing up a pitcher-full of water. One is tempted anxiously to call to him, not to fall: he would not understand it; for he sees, and consequently fears no danger.

This is the general picture: as the feather floats on the waves, so do the sons of industry and health here skim the surface of the fertile earth, and seem to sport with the horrors that surround them. Large fields sown with maize, spread a golden carpet over the valley, and reward most abundantly the labour of the husbandman; and as soon as this is cleared off, the heads of colewort planted between, sprout forth. I repeat it, a more strikingly variegated scene than what Tyrol presents, is not to be found.

For the lovers of good eating and drinking, the journey through Tyrol has also additional charms; and

I know no country which I would prefer travelling through on this account. We find many good, often elegant rooms, always very clean, provided with white convenient beds. An hour, or frequently only half an hour, after our arrival, a meal is set before us, consisting of soup, fish, roast game; and for the desert, pastry, sweetmeats, and fruits. All is excellently prepared. Then we drink very good wine of the country; which will please the palate of those who have been accustomed even to Bourdeaux, and which is often perhaps sold in Germany, for the latter. The red wine (or claret), which is strong, is in my opinion preferable to what is called the sweet wine; for the latter, being only half-sweet, has a disagreeable taste. Speedy and civil attendance gives a zest to the entertainment; and the charges are, on the whole, so moderate, that the purse is by no means so quickly emptied as it Switzerland.

What greater recommendations can we have for a journey of pleasure!—Here are a grand country, enchanting scenery, roads in capital repair, good horses, ready obliging post-keepers, civil postillions, convenient lodging, delicious food, excellent wine, prompt attendance, and a moderate bill. I have no hesitation in advising sickly ladies especially to restore their health and spirits in the mountains of Tyrol. At the distance of five hours ride from Inspruck, there are also glaciers of monstrous extent; which have been visited by many strangers, particularly Englishmen. They have been depicted to me as singularly remarkable. The highest mountain lies towards Graubünden, and is called the Oertler: it is said to be 13,000 feet high. Many of the Tyrolese make it a rival of Mont Blanc: which, however, as is known, is above 14,000 feet.

Inspruck, encircled by the green waters of the river Inn, is a dirty town; and contains, notwithstanding its size, only between ten and twelve thousand inhabitants. Little remarkable is to be seen here. The emperor

Maximilian's tomb, in the cathedral church, is decorated with fine bas-reliefs of white marble, representing his exploits. Within, the bowels only of the hero remain: I forget what has been done with his head, which was, in fact, the best part of him.

When I was at Inspruck, the saint's-day of the emperor was celebrated there. The citizens amused themselves with firing at a mark; and I had occasion to admire the celebrated dexterity of the Tyrol sharp-shooters. Too much is not said of them: of ten or twelve shots, eight at least entered the bull's-eye. Not a single one missed the target. The man whose business it was, after every shot, to mark the place where the ball had struck, was also so certain of no one's shooting wide of the mark, that he often continued standing near it during the firings. He must indeed have been as well satisfied of the sobriety as of the dexterity of his countrymen. In the evening, a bad play, entitled "Princely Greatness," was ill performed, by way of giving to this festive day a suitable close. The bill announced that the theatre would, on this occasion, be lighted up. It must not hence be supposed that it is usually dark: but to day a great number of wax candles were added to the front of the boxes; and the emperor's portrait, surrounded by some hundreds of tapers, glittering on the stage. The manager spoke a prologue. The theatre, with two rows of boxes, each of which is decorated with an ornament more or less simple according to the taste of the holder, appeared to great advantage. Unfortunately, when we supposed that we had dragged through the whole of the miserable performance, we were called upon to witness so ridiculous an assault and defence of a fortress by *three* men on each side, that I thought with respect of the Parisian fortresses on the Boulevards, where the miniature soldiers are shot over the ramparts with wooden balls. The manager is under the direction of a committee. With so scanty a population, it would not be possible to maintain a theatre, if the archduches (aunt

of the emperor), who resides here, did not give it her support. To the officers of the rank of captain, and under, she gives free admittance.

The road between Brixen and Botzen is extremely romantic. On the right are seen rugged rocks; on the left, steep precipices; and below, the rapid stream of the Eisach, which I might almost call a cataract of many miles long. Yet the rude soil is very often diversified by little fruitful spots, and millions of gourds sprout up from the crevices of the rocks. Vines are here particularly well cultivated. The Tyrol wine is very good and cheap; I am surprised we never get it in the north; or do we drink it under a finer title?

Crucifixes are to be seen, by hundreds, on the road-side. The pious have adorned them with decorations of all sorts. In some places the Saviour has nosegays of flowers between his feet; in others, the Turkish corn descends from his arms. Here and there, even a vine is planted by the side of the crucifix; which is so completely encircled by it from top to bottom, that we should suppose the figure a representation of Bacchus. In how many degrading situations does superstition place the object of its adoration! The crucifix sometimes stands on the brink of a fountain; and in the side which was opened by the spear a tin pipe is fixed, which continually spouts out water.

Botzen is almost an Italian town; and even its name is softened into Botzano. Much more Italian than German is spoken. On the roofs of the houses too, as in Italy, are galleries for enjoying the fresh air: and no women are to be seen in the rooms of the travellers; but, agreeably to the Italian custom, men do every thing, even making the beds.

The most comical head-dresses of Asia and Europe are worn by the women of Wotiaken, and the citizens of Botzen. The former I have depicted in my Journey to Siberia. The latter wear a sort of triangular hats, of black gauze, which are placed almost in the neck. In the front, a sort of black edging, such as is worn in

some parts of Germany for mourning, flows on the forehead. The curiously-awkward figure which they thus make is indescribable.

I could not refrain from laughter, on passing over the bridge which separates the Imperial States from the *French Republic*, to find written in great characters these words: *Circondario della libertà* ("Free quarter of the town"), of which assertion the French sentinel presented me with the most striking confutation. We were here as much pestered with the passports as in the Austrian countries. In every town, at every gate, and at every public-house, they were called for; and it was necessary on all these occasions to have them enrolled, copied, and signed, so that at last they contained a collection of fifty different hands and seals. At the gates we must wait a quarter of an hour, or even longer, before we can be let in or out. In many places we were obliged to repair to the police-offices. In short, we should imagine that at this time the art of government consisted in a well organised system of distrust. As soon as it grows dark, there is no venturing into the street without a lantern or a torch; and if ever our light goes out by any accident (as was once the case with me), we may every moment expect the attack of some banditti or murderers, for which these towns are asylums. Whoever wishes to visit a model of a wretched police, let him only visit the towns of Italy.

Whoever walks over the Appennines—(I say walks; for the beauties of these mountains will not be rightly enjoyed by him who will not alight as I did, and go the greatest part of the way on foot)—whoever, then, walks over the Appennines, will be greatly entertained by the rising and falling gradations of nature. We first wander slowly upwards through vine-mountains, with which chesnut-woods at a certain height combine; and where these terminate the oaks commence, which soon give place to a low shrubbery. This is followed by fern, till we at length mount naked rocky points. It is the same downwards, in a contrary order; only with this

difference, that on the opposite foot of the mountains some productions of the warmer climates enter the number: for we there perceive, for the first time, the noble cypress, and the pale olive. I warn the incautious traveller against the fruit of the latter: however well coloured it may be, it is horridly bitter; and this taste will not go out of the mouth the whole day after. This bitterness, inherent in the ripe olive, is to be overpowered by nothing but smoking.

In the Appennines it was just the harvest season; for the chesnut-gatherers, young and old, were scattered in the woods, beating the fruit from the trees, and picking up the prickly crop with small wooden tongs. What a beneficent gift of nature for the indolent Italians is this fine fruit, ripening in such vast abundance without labour!

If we do not know beforehand that we have passed the Tuscan frontiers, we soon guess it from the industry, cleanliness, cheerfulness, and beauty, which pervade this country, once so famous for its wise government. The peasant girls, in their round hats adorned with flowers, look charmingly. On the declivity of the Appennines lies a villa which belonged to the family of Medici, when they were only merchants. The view of *Florence*, with the surrounding hills and the houses dispersed on them, would be accounted by many to be unparalleled. I found it also fine and handsome, far more handsome than the prospects in Tyrol; but wanting almost entirely that lofty impressive character which distinguishes the latter. The country round Florence delights and animates; but the views in Tyrol fill the bosom with unspeakable rapture: the former may be forgotten, but the latter never can.

You are surprised, my dear friend, at my constant love of travelling. You are right. At my age it is common to have accustomed ourselves to many of the conveniences of life which are incompatible with the pleasures of travelling, till they are at length become indispensable necessities. For instance: I can go a

whole day fasting, or with dry bread for a few days, without suffering greatly; but to be deprived of my morning beverage, which the abbè de Lattaignant called Voltaire's Hippocrene, in other words, to go without my coffee, is very unpleasant to me. But where shall I get coffee on the Appennines? Nay, more: I must not only have it to drink, I must have time for sipping it; I must be able to enjoy the fragrant incense of Dalsilian leaves over it. But how shall I get time on the Appennines, where the lively vetturino desires to pursue his journey with the dawn of day?

Do not pity me too hastily; for I am actually sitting at this instant (three o'clock in the morning) on the Appennines, with a steaming bason of coffee before me, and a cloud of smoke issuing from my mouth. How have I effected this? Have I called up my weary servants out of their sleep, and compelled them with yawning sullenness to provide for the necessities of their delicate master? By no means. I will give you a hint on this subject, for your benefit in any future journey to Italy; and I cannot do this better than by presenting you with a description of an evening and a morning in travelling from Florence to Rome.

Delighted with the beauties of a country that has every thing to boast from the beneficent hand of Nature, I reach my night's lodging with the declining sunbeams. It is only a village ale-house; but is not without its conveniences. I find a couple of tolerable rooms, with brick floors, and hung with holy pictures: hard beds, without pillows; with clean sheets, and dirty coverlets: an excellent supper of five or six dishes, and charming fruits for a dessert: every thing served by a pretty smiling hostess, who jokes with me in the sweet Tuscan dialect. I have then nothing to do in the first instance but to lay my own pillows on the bed, and to exchange the dirty coverlet for one of my own, (both which articles I advise you take with you.) What is now to disturb me, but the thought of how I shall fare in the morning—here is no coffee to be

had? Yet I know how to supply this necessity. My good wife (for be sure not to travel without a female companion) unpacks the sugar and coffee: I fetch from my travelling-case a lamp filled with spirits of wine; set our own coffee-pot, on it; and before the end of half an hour, the dear hands which have attended me through life, prepare me my morning's comfort on the Appennines. I now lay myself quietly down to sleep, with my rushlight burning, and my repeater by my side. Towards morning, half asleep, I catch up my watch with my eyes closed, make it repeat, and it strikes three. I spring up; light the lamp; set the coffee-pot upon it; and, while my coffee is warming, I eat grapes, and opening my window—(yes; opening the window on the 18th of October)—I lean out at it with half my body lightly clothed, in order properly to inhale the mild Italian air, and survey the charming country illumined by the dawn. The bubbling noise of the boiling coffee behind me, rouses me from my sweet reverie: I leave the window with moistened eyes (for I had, in the universal stillness, directed my thoughts, as well as my looks, over the jagged mountains, to the spot of land that is rendered dear to me by what it contains), seat myself, drink, and write this letter to you as calmly and comfortably as I should have done at Berlin. For half an hour every thing continues quiet around me: but now the bells of the mules begin to sound; the veturino's voice is heard; the carriage appears: alive and refreshed, I spring into it, and proceed onward, without feeling any inconvenience from the morning damps.

The dreadful yellow fever is the cause of my not knowing much about Florence. I continued there but a few days, and intended on my return homewards to consider it more attentively at my leisure; but a soldier then presented himself before me, who would indeed have let me in without hesitation, but will not permit me to go out without performing a three-weeks quarantine. I really believe, that whoever has not already

had this disorder, will be sure to get it from the tediousness of such a process; which obliges him to endure, in a desert house on the frontiers, a want of every convenience, and almost every necessary. I consoled myself, therefore, with reflecting on the case of the managers of the theatre at Rome, who were much worse situated in this respect than I was: for they had promised to send for singers and rope-dancers from Tuscany during the carnival; and now at the corner of every street of Rome bills are posted up to announce the fatal disappointment which the public must receive, in the total impossibility of fulfilling their promise, arising from this ill-timed malady. It is fortunate for me that I have made no promise to describe Florence: I can now quietly travel on to Ancona without making any apologies. I hope my readers will be satisfied with a remark or two only.

The gutters of the roofs project so far into the streets, that in rainy weather no carriage can pass without being thoroughly washed by them. I saw a booth of frankincense with this superscription: *Sic tenebris Phœbe tegit solis ora superbi.* Crosses are painted on all the walls, to deter the men, as I am informed, from defiling them.

I have seen the palace Pitti, which the queen inhabits, and under the portico of which is the figure of the ass that carried the stones for the building. I question whether all statues merit to be preserved so well as this. The palace formerly contained a choice collection of pictures, which is now reduced to the mere skeleton of a collection; for the ardent passion of the French for the arts when valuables of that kind lie within their reach, could be satisfied with nothing less than sixty-three of these. I am glad that the queen has left all the empty frames hanging: this sight, in the rooms of a royal palace, must be a sort of torture to every honourable Frenchman who visits it. Yet there remain still some fine pictures from the best masters; and very fortunately also the elegant ceiling, which the French

plunderers could not take with them. In the summer apartments there is a pretty assemblage of statues, busts, and bas-reliefs. In a sitting-room of the queen, hangs the portrait of the king of Spain as a sportsman, with his dog and gun. If a monarch cannot represent himself in a more kingly occupation, he should at least always have a crown painted on his head. The costume of the women in Spain is probably extremely coquettish; otherwise such an old lady as the queen, whose picture also hangs here, would certainly have had herself painted in a matron-like manner. We begin to observe here, what is afterwards striking through all Italy, the total want of tasty furniture, to which articles the eye of a northern inhabitant is accustomed.

I stepped into the church of the Holy Cross, which is the Pantheon of the Florentines. Here rest the bones of Michael Angelo, Machiavel, Aretin, Galileo, and lately those of Alfieri also, the Tacitus of dramatic poetry. His tomb is hitherto unadorned; but the first artist of his age, Canova, is already engaged on a monument worthy of him. Machiavel's epitaph runs as follows: "*Tanto nomini nullum par elogium. Nicolai Machiavelli.*"—An Aaron of marble in the splendid Nicoline chapel, riveted my looks. I was greatly struck also with the singular idea of an artist to represent *virginity*—a fine woman with an *unicorn* in her arms. What has the unicorn to do with this quality? I am almost inclined to suspect that the artist was jesting.

A church with tapestry hangings is a rarity: whoever has a mind to see this, let him visit the Dominican church, which is very whimsically hung with yellow and red striped silk. The monks of the convent belonging to it have an excellent apothecary's shop; by which, from the careful preparation of the medicines, and their cheapness, much good is effected. It is, to be sure, ridiculous for monks to feed female vanity as they do here, by the manufacture of all sorts of washes,

pomatums, perfumes, &c. Whoever travels to Rome, ought to provide himself with an excellent vinegar to be had here: in the pestiferous Campagna Romana, he will find it necessary. The miracles of St. Dominic are painted on the cloisters of the monastery; among which the most remarkable is his having obliged the Devil, who had robbed the church, to restore the plunder; and afterwards forced him into the confessional, where he confessed *all his sins* to the saint.

The front of the church of St. Mark is remarkable. Here lies interred the famous Politeian, of whom his epitaph says that "he had three tongues in one head." He probably understood three languages; but, the Italians must give a flourish to every thing. It is also said, in this church, of one prince Mirandola, that he was, in his twentieth year, a miracle of learning, whose fame had reached "the Tagus, Ganges, nay, perhaps the Antipodes." Unfortunately for me then, I seem to be the only person who had never heard his name before.

The church of the Annunciation incloses the body of Bandinelli; and one of his superior performances, which however made no impression upon me. This represents a dead Christ in marble; whom God the Father (figured by a little, old, long-bearded man, with a bad physiognomy) holds on his knee. In the porch before the church, Andrea del Sarto has procured himself a monument, by having painted the whole portico *al fresco*, and also for having placed several of his masterpieces within the church. A tolerably natural association of ideas has here, as in almost all Italy, occasioned the foundling-hospitals to be dedicated to the Annunciation. The heads of the catholics are not always capable of forming such suitable combinations. In a church, for example, (the name of which I have forgotten,) I saw Hell represented in a large old picture: in which the tormented swam, of course, in a lake of brimstone, but they consisted of only *Christians*; and, to render their sufferings still

more horrible, the painter introduced a number of *Centaurs* shooting arrows down upon them.

The greatest splendour in marble and precious stones is to be found in the burial chapel of the family of Medicis; a work of singular beauty, which was almost entirely erected by Michael Angelo; but is not yet finished. It is decorated, among other things, with the arms of the Tuscan cities; which are all blazoned in their natural colours with precious stones, and admirably worked. But the figures of Morning, Day, Twilight, and Night, by Michael Angelo's masterly hand, are still more valuable. Several of the Medicis rest under these costly monuments; as also the husband of the fair Bianca Capella, whom Meisseir has drawn in such amiable colours. The statue of his brother and murderer stands opposite to him. I forbear a further description of this chapel, which probably a hundred have given before me. Ferdinand the First conceived the singular idea of having the whole of the holy sepulchre brought from Jerusalem to this place; but the Turks did not approve of this plan.

The baptismal church of St. John is an octagon; from which circumstance it is believed to have been formerly a heathenish temple. It is truly singular that all children born not only within the town, but also in the country round Florence, must be christened in this church. This is a real grievance. We attended a baptismal ceremony; and admired the solemn piety of the country people, contrasted with the perfect indifference of the officiating priest. This church has doors of bronze; which are so beautiful, that Michael Angelo used to say they deserved to be the doors of Paradise. Upon leaving it we met with a pillar, which is a memorial of the blindest superstition. Here stood formerly a withered elm-tree, which however was said to become suddenly green, when the body of a saint was carried past.

The gallery Loggia, as it is called, (I cannot guess for what purpose it was built,) is a portico adorned

with several master-pieces of the more modern artists. Among these is the Perseus of Benvenuto Cellini, in bronze, of which Göthe makes so much parade; which is, however, far inferior to the Perseus of Canova. A Judith of Donatello appears to me still more insignificant, and the subject worse chosen. The Rape of the Sabines, a groupe by John of Bologna, may indeed be reckoned the best of all. On a wall we read that the Florentines formerly, till the middle of the preceding century, began their year on the twenty-fifth of March.

On a neighbouring spot stands the equestrian bronze statue of Cosmo the First, a fine work by John of Bologna. The bas-reliefs on the pedestal particularly pleased me, representing some distinguished events in the life of Cosmo.

The most valuable treasure which Florence possesses, its Gallery, has already been described and extolled by writers of all nations: I shall bestow on it but a few words, as I cast merely a passing glance over it. Florence is indebted for its foundation to the family of the Medicis; the different branches of which, for many centuries, emulated each other in enlarging and beautifying it. Some, without doubt, did it merely from ostentation; but many of them were actually friends to the fine arts, and themselves connoisseurs. Lorenzo was the patron of Michael Angelo; and founded an academy for painters and statuaries, which gave existence to the famous Florentine school. Cosmo the First had the celebrated building erected by Vasari in the sixteenth century, which the stranger still passes through with admiration. The great archduke Leopold did perhaps more; by separating the interest of his family from the state, and declaring the gallery the property of the latter, consequently of the nation. In the year 1800 the Florentines had the precaution to convey their most remarkable statues and pictures to Sicily for safety; but they are now all returned in good condition, as the storm is over. In the front hall stand the busts of the princes who have enriched

the gallery. They certainly deserved this distinction, if they had only more agreeable physiognomies.

Besides halls and chambers, the Gallery consists of three passages; two of which measure about two hundred paces, the third being rather shorter. The cielings are remarkable for representing the history of the arts, as the pictures in the shortest passage do the Tuscan history in general. All the distinguished men whom this country has produced are here commemorated, and every species of merit has found its place. M. Lorenzo Capponi, who supported four thousand workmen during a famine, stands in one part; Americus Vespatius, who gave his name to a quarter of the world in another; the philosopher Machiavel in a third; and the immortal Galileo in a fourth. Among the poets Dante and Petrarch; and among the statuaries, Michael Angelo and Bandinelli, hold each a distinguished place. The list of painters is adorned by Leonardo da Vinci, and Andrea del Sarto. Eminent writers on agriculture are also justly esteemed worthy of this honourable situation. Close underneath the cieling is a beautiful series of five hundred prints of famous men, in chronological order; among whom many cardinals and theologians are to be found.

I pass in silence a dozen sepulchral monuments, the full description of which would require a whole book; and hasten to the very complete assemblage of antique busts of the Roman emperors, and their families. The authenticity of very few of them is doubted, and the collection is esteemed superior even to that of the capitol. Julius Cæsar wears here no laurel crown: of which decoration he was afterwards so fond, because forsooth, the great man was weak enough to quarrel with the baldness of his head. The fair Julia (the unchaste daughter of Augustus) and Messalina (the reproach of her sex) stand close together. Otho, whose busts are more rare than his gold or silver coins, is here to be seen, with his bare head; the hair of which was short and thin, that his paymasters could not lay hold

of him by it. Winkelmann represents this as one of the most perfect busts of that emperor. The jolly face of Vitellius, who spent in less than a year nine millions of sasterces for *petits-soupers*, is pleasant enough to look at. Three busts of the good Marcus Aurelius represent him as a youth and as a man; no wonder that he should have so many, when a contemporary writer declared that it ought to be deemed irreligious for any one to be without the image of this beloved monarch among his household gods. A fine bust of Caracalla is called, by connoisseurs, "the last sigh of the art:" the head hanging on the shoulder was what caught my eye; the fool thought, by carrying his head in this manner, to resemble Alexander the Great. Dignity and chastity adorn the head of Aquilia: a vestal compelled (probably against her will) to marry the debauched Heliogabalus; who feigned himself a priest of the Sun, and under this pretext broke her vow. The bust of Alexander Severus is very rare; there are only one in the Museum at Rome, and this lately dug out at Ofricoli. Why did not the artists of his time more frequently take the representation of this monarch; who was a philosopher, poet, great general, and (which is above all those characters) an excellent prince? The head of Tranquilla, or Tranquillina, the emperor Gordian's spouse, shews that she bore her name with great propriety; for this physiognomy is expressive of the purest gentleness of soul.

I shall now notice some of the principal statues. A satyr, or Pan, teaching a youth to blow the flute, is so fine that many believe it to be one of the satyrs of which Pliny makes such honourable mention. The statue of a supposed Vestal is worthy of notice for its perfect condition. A veil conceals her hair. Antiquarians are divided in opinion whether the vestals, after their hair had been cut off, let it grow again: this statue might perhaps decide the question, if we were certain that it represents a vestal. But such is the fate with most antiques, different connoisseurs as-

ding to them different significations and purposes. Lanzi pronounces it to be a plautina. Venus of Belvedere formerly held an apple in her hand; but when Venus of Medicis went on her late pilgrimage, it was wished to commemorate her by breaking off two arms of this Venus, and substituting two new ones with the hand of the Medicean. It now makes a droll appearance. The statue is ascribed to Phidias. Bacchus starting at a young Fawn, is extremely pretty. A flute with ten reeds leaning against a tree near him, is an addition to be seen no where else. A pretty female figure with a goose, deserves notice from no other reason than because the same representation is to be met frequently in this and other galleries, and is taken for a Leda with a swan. But a *goose* is no *swan:* and a learned man has proved that it is Venus Lamia who is thus figured. Venus Anadyomene, rising out of the water, (as in the famous picture of Apelles, of which Pliny makes mention,) is a charming woman, and the work of a masterly chissel. On the other hand, what a butcher-like idea it is, to make a flayed Marsyas in reddish marble? which looks in fact so much like raw flesh, as to excite the greatest aversion, and make us turn our eyes hastily away. A Bacchus by Michael Angelo gave me double pleasure; because it was once bought, at a high price, for an antique. I actually believe there are some weak enough to be ashamed of this error. The famous Laocoön is indeed a copy only of that now removed to Paris; but a charming copy it is. It was executed by Bandinelli, in the sixteenth century. And, in the strict sense of the word, what is the Parisian Laocoön itself but a copy? for it is joined, and the original is said to have consisted of a single block.

A fine octagon hall contains those statues which are esteemed the most valuable. The pedestal on which the Medicean Venus stood, is empty; and it is supposed that it can never be occupied again: I think it ought to be assigned to Canova only, and that in a few cen-

merits of the others; but in a garden blooming with so many charming flowers, we cannot pluck all.

I must say a word on the collection of portraits of famous, and sometimes obscure, painters. It is singular in its kind. Nearly three hundred painters have taken their own portraits, without reckoning those whose likenesses have been made by others. The gallery is no less rich also in drawings; but none except connoisseurs will be able to appreciate them, for I have observed the scratch of admiration from that intelligent class on many performances which appeared to me very insignificant. The only thing really instructive, is the observation of the changes and improvements (called in the language of artists, *pentimenti*, or "touches") which some great masters have made in their own drawings. The collection of copper-plates is not inferior to the former. All of Albert Durer's are to be found here.

With respect to the Etruscan vases, I have no taste for them; and shall therefore pass them without notice. The antique bronzes interested me much more: among these I saw a number of little household gods, and of animals; a Roman eagle that once served as the banner of the twenty-fourth legion; an open hand (*manipubus*), which served the same purpose for a cohort; a mural crown; with helmets, spurs, bucklers, rings, necklaces, mirrors of metal, innumerable lamps of all forms, household utensils, tripods, locks, keys, &c. Here is also an old manuscript in wax, containing the expenses of Philip the Fair in one day's journey. A charming Etruscan antique is the statue of an orator, in bronze; the Grecian style may indeed be more scientific, but it cannot be nobler or sublimer. Among the bronzes, the famous Mercury by John of Bologna, is worthy of notice: he is represented soaring aloft into the air, on the breath of a zephyr. From among the Greek and Latin inscriptions, and Egyptian monuments, &c. it would require whole days and weeks to extract only the most interesting; the same is the case

with the cameos, carved stones, &c. of which alone a catalogue, in ten folio volumes, is said to be extant. I did not even see the coins and medals; for indeed here is too much to be seen, and all *gratis*. By a bill on the door, strangers are requested to give nothing to the attendants; who besides, from the highest to the lowest, are strictly prohibited, by an express law, from accepting of any thing whatever. I shall very seldom be disposed to recommend the Italians as examples to my countrymen, but in this particular I must.

I visited also the theatres at Florence. The principal one is called *della Vergola*, from the street in which it is situated; and this manner of naming a theatre is universal in Italy. The inside is spacious and handsome, having five stories of boxes: but is badly lighted; and whoever buys a book of the songs at an opera, will find himself as much disappointed here as at Berlin, for he must carry it home before he can read it. I saw a serious opera: "Olympia, daughter of Statira, widow of Alexander the Great, and high priestess in the temple of Ephesus." The author of the poem prudently did not make himself known; but the composer is one Paganini, who would have done equally well to have concealed his name. The first singer, Rosa Pinotti (a very young and handsome girl), sings very prettily, but is at the same time *no prima donna*; her voice has not yet compass enough. By her side stood a bad eunuch, Marzochi, whose voice appeared to be very weak. The tenor was actually laughed at loudly. The painter, Tarchi, is justly deserving commendation for his part of the performance; the scenes were excellent: the orchestra also was very fine, though not like what we find at Paris. With every serious opera two ballets are given, to gratify the taste of the Italians for spectacles. The first follows the first act of the opera, and the second act concludes with the second ballet. I saw "Catherine of Caluga," a Russian story, in five acts; in which, however, frequent violence was done to the Russian costume. Catherine was car-

ried off in a *sledge*; but as her robber was driving over a bridge, this latter broke drown, and the whole, together with the horses, were plunged into the river, where the peasants dragged for them. The ballet-master's name was Punzieri; and he may perhaps be accounted one of the best I have met with in Italy. The first female dancer also, Chiori, received great and deserved applause. Madame Montani, or Angioboni, distinguished herself as the Columbine, or principal female of the pantomime, in a manner that I had never witnessed before. The reason of my not being able to give the name of this lady with certainty, proceeds from a singular species of vanity or jealousy among the Italian singers and dancers. When several lay claim to equal distinction, the manager, to avoid giving offence, is obliged to have their names printed in a circle or a cross, so that a person cannot know where to begin reading; and a notice is subjoined of *perfetta vicenda* ("perfectly equal"), though this is scarcely ever true. Sometimes the manager adds, that he has arranged the names according to lot. It is thus evident that managers in Italy have no less to endure from the absurd vanity of their performers, than in Germany. On the play-bills, besides, not only all members of the orchestra, not only the scene-painters and mechanics, but the stage-taylors and mantua-makers, must be named. The latter, indeed, on the present occasion, deserved this honour, for the dresses were truly fine; and the whole ballet, in fact, was of a superior cast.

Though the Italian theatres are very cheap for persons who sit in the pit, they are extremely expensive to those who possess the boxes. In the first place, the rent of the box itself is very high; but when this is paid, they have not yet the right of entering, but merely of possessing the key, which is of no use without a ticket of admittance. Nay, in many places (as in Rome), they must also pay for a servant to stand outside the box-door. At length, when they are admitted and take their seats, the chairs are so hard that it is impos-

sible to sit on them; and, in order to be better accommodated, cushions must be hired of the box-keepers, who keep them for that purpose. Hence, after having called for ices and refreshments for the lady, it is common to have laid out five Dutch ducats (2*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* sterling), only for the evening's entertainment; and on the first and second nights of the season, the expence is still greater.

In the theatre *del Cocomero* I saw a better *opera buffa* than any I found afterwards in Italy. This was *Le cantatrici villane:* which had the recommendations of charming music by Fioravanti; a tolerable poem: a female singer (Bertini), who, though not very young, sung admirably; and a buffo (Bonfanti), who is indisputably one of the most excellent on the Italian stage. All, indeed, performed their parts with so much propriety and skill, as to afford me a very delightful entertainment. The ballets were nothing extraordinary, but at the same time not bad. I had a desire to visit a third theatre, but the expence was intolerable.

As far as Sienna the country is very fine; if naked mountains, broken rocks, very little cultivation, and not a single tree for an immense distance, deserve that epithet. Asses are seen labouring with heavy and fatiguing burdens of sand, up to the highway. The poor gather the dung from the road. Beggars are here extremely troublesome, and in number surpass all conception. As soon as a carriage is seen at a distance, the shepherd hastens from his flock, and the peasant from his plough, and throw themselves, with many cries, in the way of the passenger. On fast-days, the traveller in these countries will find nothing to eat but eggs, hard cheese of sheep's milk, grapes, chesnuts, and stinking sea-fish.

The cathedral at Sienna has a celebrated floor inlaid with the history of the Old Testament. Formerly it contained also a group of the three Graces, but these have been removed on the pretext of indecorum; what,

indeed, have the graces to do in a church where even councils have been held?

We need not look for good pictures in Sienna, when we know that the French have been there. The St. Catherine of Sienna has been celebrated less by her miracles than by the poet Wieland. Her chamber is still shewn here; as also the stone which served as her cushion, the window through which our Saviour is said to have ascended in the night-time to her, her ring of affiance with the celestial bridegroom, &c. I can scarcely refrain from suspecting that some sly priest profited by the enthusiasm of the pretty saint, and acted the sylph with her.

As a warning to wine drinkers, I copy a singular epitaph from a church in this place: "Wine gives life; it was death to me. I could not behold the morning in a sober state. Even my bones are now thirsty. Stranger! sprinkle my grave with wine; empty the cups and go. Farewel, ye drinkers!"

In Buonconventu I had the good fortune to survive an earthquake, a phenomenon which in these countries is said to be very frequent. My bed was perceptibly shaken at midnight, so as to wake me out of a sound sleep. Unacquainted, however, with earthquakes, I distrusted my senses, and fell asleep again; but the next morning I was happy at learning that I had experienced once, with innocent consequences, a sensation of so peculiar a nature. Some days after my departure, the earthquake returned so strongly that many houses were damaged, and the inhabitants fled into the streets and fields. Much combustible matter is gathered under the Appennines, and threatens perhaps an eruption at no very distant period.

Radicofani lies on a hill that is an hour's walk over. Chiusi, a little place on the right hand, was formerly Porsenna's residence, and was then called Clusium. On the other side of St. Lorenzo, the road is so interspersed with ruins and caves, having a horrid resemblance to the dens of robbers, that I recommend it to

travellers not to pass this way by night. Even in the day-time its view will occasion a shuddering that none will wish to experience a second time who can avoid it. The veturinoes themselves go this road with reluctance.

Bolsena is a nest of hovels lying on the sea-shore, that exhales unhealthy vapours. Here the miracle happened which gave rise to the solemnization of Corpus Christi day, the conversion of the host into blood. This tale is to be seen painted over the church door. *Nature* performs here a more agreeable wonder, in the production of the sweet wine of Orvietto; which pleased me more than its neighbour the *Est* wine of Montifiascone. Every school-boy here knows the story of a servant's riding before his spiritual master to taste the wines, and mark with the word *est* those casks which he should find worthy of being broached for his reverence. On the casks in Montifiascone he wrote *est* three times; and hit the taste of his master with such exactness, that the latter drank himself to death here, and on his tomb was put the well-known epitaph which is still existing: "*Est, est, est;* propter nimium *est*, Dominus-N. N. mortuus *est*." I will venture to affirm that no nice palate of the present day would drink himself to death with this wine: it is sweet and flat.

Ronciglione is a poor little town: in which a third part of the houses have been shot to the ground in the last war, in revenge of a few Frenchman having been killed here, whom the inhabitants probably did not allow to plunder them, and ravish their wives, in tranquillity.

Viterbo is a dirty town, with small windows, which are all dark and filthy, consisting often of only oiled paper. The latter indeed is a common case in Italy. The women of Viterbo, when they go out, cover their heads in large red silk handkerchiefs, with broad black borders, which look very well.

At the distance of above twenty German miles from Rome, *a mephitic stench announces to us from time to time the former famous Campagna Romana; and we*

now perceive, to the very walls of Rome, nothing but traces of priestly government, and of desolation. We seldom see even the smallest piece of cultivated land: every thing lies waste and desert. Flocks of sheep alone meet us on the road, and an agreeable perfume from herbs sometimes suddenly betrays the unimproved powers of the soil. But on the other hand we are much oftener compelled to have recourse to the Florentine vinegar, as a preservative against the pestilential smell. This I experienced myself late in the autumn; in summer the vapour is destructive, and extends its baneful influence as far as the city, carrying off thousands. Anciently the monks were accustomed to render themselves truly useful and venerable, by settling in the midst of woods and marshes, in order, by their industry, to bring the rude soil into a state of fertility. It is a pity that they are not now compelled to do what their predecessors did voluntarily. In the marshes of the Campagna Romana they might in this manner more laudably and more effectually cleanse themselves from their sin, than by their present indolence.

After having heard so often, at school, of Rome being the city of seven hills, we imagine that we shall distinguish these eminences at a distance. But this is not the case: Rome appears to lie as flat as Berlin; the cupola of St. Peter's alone lifts itself above the dark mass of houses. This circumstance arises partly from the country of Rome having become fifteen feet at least higher than it was two thousand years ago.

The first memorial of antiquity which attracts the eye of a traveller here, is an old Roman tomb, usually called the tomb of Nero, though there is no proof of its being really so. I rather hope that, instead, some good man lies within it; whom we should not be obliged to impreçate in entering Rome. Further on, at Porta Flaminia (now Porta del Popolo), much tiresome ceremony awaits us, which will surely discompose our minds, if even in the best humour. Every traveller ought to be (what I, unfortunately, was ignorant of) that he

could do well to announce his arrival before-hand to the minister of his nation, who will then have the goodness to obtain, with little trouble, permission for the trunks of the new-comer to be examined at his inn. To the custom-house officers at the gate through which he is to pass, a paper is given with the name of the person expected: this is presented to him; and, if he acknowledges it, he is allowed to pass unmolested into the city. But those who are unprovided in this way (as I was), must sometimes submit to wait several hours at the custom-house. I escaped this inconvenience with great difficulty, by repairing to the chancery, and obtaining a permission; which was indeed very politely granted me, but not without occasioning many tedious registerings and writings that occupied a full half hour: during which time my wife was obliged to sit in the carriage, with no other amusement than silently to rail at the modern Romans, who have made a custom-house of the temple of Antoninus Pius, and have marred the eleven pillars of Grecian marble by putting dirty walls between them.

I am not singular in preferring the majestic ruins of the great amphitheatre called the Coliseum, to the proud church of St. Peter; though I confess that I should do so even if I were to stand alone. Immediately on my arrival in Rome, I hastened to that fallen memorial of national greatness, and left much longer unseen the papal majesty that was still existing in all its splendour. I took the precaution of not walking but of riding thither in a carriage; and of not looking about me till I alighted. I now turned my eyes around, and was perfectly dazzled by the immensity of the object. I must be pardoned any bold expression; who ever can speak coolly or sentimentally on such a subject, for him I do not write.

A sweet and gently-moving astonishment is the first sensation that seizes the beholder; and soon afterwards the grand spectacle swims before him as a cloud, for a time involuntarily obscures his sight. He is waked

out of this reverie by an object much less agreeable. The following inscription puts him in mind of the cruelty of the heathens to the primitive christians, by making them fight with beasts: "Defiled by the impure worship of the heathens: purified by the blood of martyrs."

I shall not attempt to give any adequate idea of this sublime building. My pen is so unequal to the task, that I should disgrace it. I shall therefore give only a humble description of it. It is above sixteen hundred feet in circumference: four rows of pillars rise one above another; the lowest is now sunk deep into the earth. Yet I am not disposed to charge Ammian with any exaggeration when he says, "The human eye scarcely measures its height." He has indeed spoken a little poetically here; but whom will not this subject inspire with a poetical warmth?

I almost thank the Jews for letting themselves be taken prisoners, to be employed in the erection of this vast edifice. Thirty thousand of them are said to have worked at it; and they have not discredited their forefathers, the builders of Solomon's temple, by their performance. A pond, or small lake, belonging to Nero's *golden house*, occupied the spot; till Vespasian, by the advice of some creative genius, whose name his ungrateful fellow-citizens have not retained, dedicated it to the admiration of posterity. The inside was capable of containing eighty thousand spectators; and when Titus introduced the first combats of that sort, not less than five thousand wild beasts fought here: Dio Cassius says, nine thousand. At the conclusion of that spectacle, the whole place was put under water, and two fleets (denominated a Coreyrian and a Corinthian) represented a naval engagement. To render the vapour from such a multitude of persons less noxious, sweet-scented water, and frequently wine mixed with saffron, was showered down from a grated work above, on the heads of the heads of the people. The fair sex met with but little politeness here; for the place assigned

to them was quite behind the benches, and those who would sit, were obliged to carry their own chairs with them. To the vestal virgins alone a post of honour was assigned. The religion of the christians naturally prevented them from attending games which were dedicated to pagan deities. The buffoon Nero once combated on the same scite with a lion; which, however, he very judiciously caused to be previously tamed.

The successor of the noble Titus acknowledged the high value of this memorial; Antoninus Pius was careful of its preservation; and Heliogabalus, who generally spent his time in eating cocks' combs and pheasants' tongues, repaired it after a great fire. Even the rude Goths did it no damage; but the christians, from an excess of zeal, were not contented to leave it to decay with time. Pope Paul II. had as much of it levelled as was necessary to furnish materials for building the palace of St. Mark; the cardinal Riario followed this pernicious example for the construction of the present chancery, as it is called; and Paul the Third finally erected the palace of Farnese on its ruins. Notwithstanding all these dilapidations, there still exists enough of it to inspire us with awe. Immense masses appear fastened to and upon one another without any mortar or cement; and these alone, from their structure, are calculated for a duration of many thousands of years. Occasionally, where the destroyers have not effectually attained their object, the half-loosened masses appear to be held in the air by some invisible power; for the wide interstices among them leave no other support than their joints, which seem every moment as if about to yield unavoidably to the superior force of gravitation. "They will fall;" "they must fall;" "they are falling;" is and has been the language of all beholders during the vast periods through which this edifice has thus hung together in the air.

Inside, the mixture of heathenish and polish memorials is very striking. On the walls of Vespasian, pots of holy water are hanging; and instead of the fine altar

on which the sacrifices were made previous to the combats, a crucifix is seen with these words written on it: "Whoever approaches this crucifix with a contrite heart, shall receive a hundred days' indulgence from his sins."

But we can, if we please, draw our attention from such objects by a variety of pleasing reflections on past times. Let us imagine the Roman people flocking through eighty different avenues, filling the gradually ascending seats, and waiting with impatience the arrival of their beloved emperor. I direct my eye to the middle box, where I distinguish even at this time the stucco-work on the walls. I fancy I hear a bustle:—the courtiers are coming forward: they are followed by a man of calm dignity, with the consciousness of active benevolence depicted on his countenance. It is *Titus!* the great, the philanthropic Titus. I hear the enraptured people clapping and exulting. I see the affected monarch bowing with the sweetest smile of complacence: and, transported by the scene, I am ready to join in the universal shout;—when a tap on the arm makes me turn my head, and the smile of an attendant monk tears me from the fascinating delusion. I will dwell no longer on such contending objects of the fancy, but entertain myself and the reader with somewhat more learned reflections on the building itself.

Whether the *Amphitheatrum Colosseum* (which was its ancient name) received its appellation from its colossal size, or from a Colossus which is said to have stood near it, is a matter that will be as indifferent to others as to me. One particular, however, has engaged the heads and pens of antiquarians for many years, to as little effect as the generality of such disputations. Innumerable holes are observed every where cut in the walls, the origin of which cannot be explained. That they have been cut with great pains, is evident; but what was their purpose? According to one, beams were fastened in them for the purpose of extending an awning over the spectators. This is contradicted by their whole appearance: they are too numerous, too irregu-

larly distributed, and too deep. Others think that the masses of stone were joined together by brass, and the pieces of that metal have been scooped out for the sake of their value. This hypothesis, though the most generally received, is far from being satisfactory to me. To be sure, the holes are in some places to be found where such a junction of stones is very conceivable; but there are also many others, in which this is by no means the case. If, for example, we take those cavities which are to be seen in a bas-relief under the triumphal arch, we must, agreeably to that supposition, admit this bas-relief (which is by no means large) to have been composed of many pieces: which is to me altogether incredible. Besides, there are large spaces in the Coliseum, where no holes are visible. "But in this case the metal is put internally," say the maintainers of this hypothesis: if so, a trial ought to be made to set the question in a clear light. A third opinion supposes the brass to have been blended with the lead; and that when, in the great fire, the lead melted, the metal fell out.

But still the question remains unanswered, Why did it not fall in the now undamaged places?—I have my own view of this matter, which I consider as the most natural. These holes were neither the consequences of caprice, nor of covetousness; nor in fact was there ever any metal to gratify the latter passion. The quantity of brass requisite for the consolidation of such building, must have been so immense, that writers would certainly have mentioned it. But as, for many centuries, the Coliseum has been at the mercy of every one to do what he pleased with it (for example, the French a few years ago made an hospital of it for their sick soldiers), I imagine that one person built a little house, another a booth, a third something else, and so on, as each had occasion: and for booths indeed the building may have been very serviceable, as long as the outer courts remained firm and passable; the sellers had nothing to do but to drive in the requisite beams, and erect a convenient place for exposing

their articles to sale. For this purpose they have made these holes in the stones. It is true, such holes are found even up to the height of Trajan's pillar; and this at once destroys my hypothesis. Yet why should I trouble myself with devising reasons for an inexplicable matter? Let every one think as he pleases.

A man (I believe his name is Carluccio) has received permission for having the foundation of the Coliseum dug up. The work is actually begun. I have looked down, and found the under-ground structure as admirable as that which stands above. Interesting discoveries may be here expected. I saw an old and perfectly brown human bone lying in the pit, probably the sacred remains of some martyr. It might be expected that in Rome this old bone would be taken out with great solemnity, and preserved as a wonder-working relic in some church.

I must tear myself at length from the Coliseum, and invite the reader to accompany me in a walk, which actually has not its equal in the world. We will pass up the *Via Sacra* of the ancient Romans, and proceed over the Roman forum (now unfortunately entitled the cow-field), through the triumphal arch, up to the capitol. It was here, between the Palatinian and the Capitolinian mountains, that the Sabines, inflamed to madness by the outrage committed on their women, inflicted a merited chastisement on the Romans; till, after the renewal of the engagement, the women themselves wrested the swords out of the hands of their fathers or brothers. The two kings then embraced in this street as a token of peace, and from that time it obtained its denomination of "sacred."

After leaving the Coliseum, we pass a well, from which the Romans refreshed themselves when they returned thirsty from the crowded theatre: its water once rose to some height within a hollow pillar, and spouted out from above on all sides. At present a piece of old wall marks the spot where it stood;

from which, instead of water, a shrub is rising. Constantine is no hero, and his triumphal arch is no remarkable performance; but it stands so near us on the left hand, that we cannot pass without casting a look on it. It is decorated with brass reliefs, of widely different merit: for the better ones were taken from a triumphal arch of Trajan; and the worse ones prove that, in the age of Constantine, this art, as well as every other, fell into decay. The fulsome flattery with which it is covered, is undeserving of notice. The whole was in a perfectly shattered state; and the most remarkable circumstance attending it is, that it was dug up at the expense of the pope. The labour is almost finished, and the objects thus discovered under ground afford nothing worthy of note for the artist.

We are probably here passing over the place where once the colossal image of Nero stood: at present, however, nothing but that tyrant's cruelty remains as his memorial; his pompous colossus, having entirely vanished, though it was of marble, and consequently, could not melt in the great fire, as the metal statues of Cloelia did, which also stood here. This brave girl, being delivered as an hostage to king Porsenna, swam over the Tiber, and by her courage regained her fellow-prisoners their liberty. For this meritorious action she deserves a particular place in our remembrance, after the destruction of her statues.

We now enter the street called by the Romans *Vicus Sandalarius*, and which would be remarkable enough for having been the street of the booksellers, even if the triumphal arch of the noble Titus did not stand in it. Here the Roman authors assembled; here men were once daily passing, whose names we mention with awe and rapture. The arch, which stands almost in the middle of the street, is unfortunately very much damaged. The victory over the Jews was the occasion of it; as may be clearly perceived from the candlestick with seven branches, the shew-bread, and the

trumpets. Whether it is true that the Jews living at Rome will always rather go a great circuit round than pass this arch, is a matter which I did not further inquire into. We, who are not Jews, shall make no hesitation of passing through it.

Now we have on our right hand the temple of Peace, and on the left hand Nero's golden house. Yes: here stood that splendid building, the walls of which were hung with plates of gold, and adorned with jewels. Here Nero rioted in the dining-hall, which could be turned round, and where scented balsam issued from the concealed pipes. The place now belongs to the king of Naples, and is called the Farnesian villa. The voluptuous baths of Livia lie there buried in the kitchen-garden under the shrubbery. In the year 1720, some noble master-pieces were found here, which Frederic bought to adorn Sans Souci. It is supposed that even now, by further digging, a rich store of antiquities might be found.

Let us rather turn to the right hand, where three magnificent arches of the temple of Peace are standing. The splendid multitude of pillars have indeed vanished: one only, twenty-four feet high, and fluted, escaped the destruction. And what has been done with this costly ruin? Pope Paul V. has planted it before the church of Maria Maggiore, and set a figure of the Virgin upon it! The three courts of the temple which are still extant, afford us a sublime idea of the splendour of the whole building. It was the richest in Rome: gold and silver were lavished upon it; a crown of cinnamon-wood, inlaid with gold, honoured Vespasian; here was a splendid statue of the Nile, with sixteen children playing round it, made of one large piece of black basalt; the golden candlestick of the Jews, their golden table, and their book of the law, were also treasured up in this place. Pliny mentions, besides, an excellent picture of Protogenes; the description of which does no great credit to his scientific knowledge, for his highest praise is given to the foam

issuing from the jaws of a dog. Private persons used to deposit in security their most precious valuables in this temple. It had even a considerable library connected with it; and Gellius relates, that the learned often assembled here, and deposited their writings as presents; interested presents, indeed, for they thought thus to obtain the surest immortality for them; but in vain, for unfortunately, in the regu of Commodus, the flames destroyed in one night all these treasures; and now we contemplate, with a calm melancholy, the ruins only of the once extensive walls.

A few steps further we perceive the temple of Remus, (not Romulus, as many believe.) The front and circular part are a remain of rude antiquity.

Ten paces further brings us to the noble temple of Antonius and Faustina, the sight of which produces an involuntary exclamation of wonder. The whole front is preserved: it glitters with the finest pillars of Oriental marble, and even the superscription carries us by a charm into the past: "*Divo Antonino et divæ Faustinæ*" is still perfectly legible. This temple was once presented to the company of apothecaries, who have converted it into an hospital for the sick members of their own profession.

If nothing else had ever stood in the *Via Sacra* than those buildings, the ruins of which now fill us with astonishment and admiration, how magnificent must it have been! But only a small part of its grandeur is now visible: for where are the pillars of honour, and the metal elephants, erected here by the triumphant victors? Where the temple of the sun? the colossus? the temple of the household gods? the habitation of Ancus Martius? the altar of the goddess Orbona, whose benevolent office it was to console those unfortunate persons from whom Death had snatched a wife or children? Where the temple of Venus; and that of the goddess Strenua, who hallowed the new-year's gifts? Where the palace of Paulus Emilius, close by the temple of Peace? the triumphal arch

of Fabius, a memorial of his victories over the Allobroges? Numa's house, and Cæsar's palace? Where, finally, the habitation of the high priest, and that of the vestal virgins? Of all these, which once adorned this wonderful street, not a single trace is left.

In addition to this, let us imagine the bustle of buyers and sellers; for here was the spot for all barguins for fruits and vegetables, and here all artists of any importance erected their booths. Whoever has an imagination lively enough to comprehend so many and various objects, and will take the trouble to bring them near to his view for a moment, let him choose this spot for recalling out of the distant periods of antiquity some of those scenes which were daily and yearly witnessed here. All that could excite notice, and inspire either awe or abhorrence, was transacted in this street. The living wore their trophies of victory, and the dead displayed their transitory glory. Here the looks of the mourning multitude followed the funeral pomp of Claudius: and here the raging populace dragged the emperor Vitellius.—What is the meaning of that mixed crowd proceeding slowly by the temple of Peace? They are pious country-people, who, according to their custom, are conducting their monthly offering of a lamb to the habitation of the sacrificer. But the tumultuous noise and wild shrieks issuing from the next street is a sudden commotion begun? No: the inhabitants of that street are holding their yearly frolicsome dispute with those of the *Via Sacra*, concerning the head of a horse which is slaughtered in honour of Mars. If the former are victorious, they fix the head in triumph on the Mamilian tower; but if the latter conquer, they adorn the house of the sacrificer with the bleeding trophy, and continue shouting and exulting till a venerable train of vestals, or augurs, pass up the street, and clear it of the noisy rabble.

But we will not stay here any longer: let us range over the market-place, which formerly boasted its curiosities, and still can boast of some noble remains. The three beautiful pillars which are all that is left of

a temple of Jupiter Stator, catch the eye immediately on entering. Romulus vowed this temple when *his* Romans, braver in ravishing women than in fighting with men, retreated from the Sabines. Jupiter heard his supplication: the Romans *stood* firm; and the name of *Stator* was, in consequence, annexed to that of the assisting deity. Two high and very massive walls wedged in between modern houses, still point out the situation of the senate-house of Hostilius; but the steps from which Tarquin precipitated Servius are no more. Further on, a single pillar rivets the eye of the observer: it remains alone, to announce for ages the fate of its companions. It once lifted its proud head among those surrounding the temple of Jupiter the Preserver, which Domitian vowed and built after an escape from the dangers of war. The triumphal arch of the Emperor Severus is still in a sound state. The large letters only (a foot in length, and of gilded Corinthian brass) have been broken out and plundered by the barbarians. Till lately it was deep sunk in the ground; but the present pope has had it completely dug out, and surrounded by a wall, from which we can look down to a considerable distance; a proof how much the soil of Rome has been gradually raised by perpetual additions. On the top of this arch the Emperor himself was once to be seen between his sons, in a triumphal car drawn by six horses. Alas! how little of its former splendour have time and the fanatic rage of the early Christians left to the ROMAN FORUM! The covered passage with a flight of steps, founded by Tarquin the Elder, is no more here to shelter us from bad weather, or to serve for the spectators to entertain themselves with mountebanks in the market-place. Not a single one of the statues collected here after the conquest of Greece now exists, though the number was so great that they more than occupied the vacant spaces of the building. The gilt statues of the twelve superior gods are, however, conspicuous among those remaining. And where are the arches, adorned with the

beaks of the conquered ships, called from that circumstance *rostra?* It was there that the prosecutor and the orator ascended; from them justice was distributed, and heralds announced the most glorious victories to the people. To these *rostra* Sylla nailed the head of the murdered Marius; and from them Cicero thundered down his eloquence. The speaker was obliged to turn towards the Capitol, to call the Capitoline Jupiter (as it were) to witness the truth. Here the consuls laid down their offices. Here likewise the licentious Appius endeavoured to rend from a free father a free daughter; and perhaps on this very spot, where we are now standing, Virginius seized the knife, and plunged it in despair into the breast of his child: the temples of Fortune and of Concord stood in vain on each side, while the undefiled blood flowed from the dying maiden.

Near the place of meeting for the people *(comitium)*, we see a fine building dedicated to the nations in alliance with the Romans. This was the place where the foreign ambassadors waited for a solemn audience with the senate. It is a grand structure; but, notwithstanding, we will not look down with contempt on the old fig-tree adjoining; under which, according to the ancient tradition, Romulus and his brother were suckled by the wolf. This tree was nurtured with great care, and is said to have stood seven hundred and sixty years; when time at length proved its enemy, and brought on its decay: but at the moment when this event caused an universal lamentation among the people, new sprouts are reported to have shot out from the old trunk, and converted the popular sorrow into raptures of joy.*

On the left of the Hostilian senate-house, the Portian Palace, built by Cato the Censor, was formerly conspicuous. The stones of it have served for a corn-warehouse in the present day. The Penates, who had

* This is, at least, the story which Tacitus relates.

a small temple near it, were not able to protect the habitation of Cato.

A temple of Castor and Pollux once stood in the neighbourhood, to the outer courts of which the tyrant Caligula's palace extended. He was so blinded by arrogance, as to call the youthful deities his brothers, to put himself between them, and desire an equal worship to be paid to himself. It, however, was not veneration for him, but gratitude to Cæsar, that erected a temple near that of Castor and Pollux; where a fountain spouted forth, called the well of Juturna. Perhaps its clear water served for the Vestal virgins; whose temple, at the distance of a few paces further, towered above the sacred grove that encircled it. It was covered with copper plundered from the Syracusans. A spring that rose up through the figure of a serpent, stood before the Basilica Julia, which had been erected by Augustus to the honour of Julius Cæsar. A hundred men used to sit here in judgment. Their benches were often carried out into the public market, where they openly pronounced their sentences. The emperor Caligula would sometimes entertain himself with throwing money from this palace among the people.

Shall we turn from this subject to view the triumphal arch of Tiberius? It will be no very great gratification to the national pride of my countrymen; for it is the memorial of the re-conquered colours, and ensigns of victory, which had been lost in the famous battle of Varus against the Germans. Close by this, stood the temple of Saturn, the public treasury, and archives of the Roman state. Here we see the gilt mile-stone, on which the distance of the principal towns of the empire from Rome was marked. This stone was (very wittily) called "the navel of the town," from its standing nearly in the middle. The temple of Vespasian, some ruins of which are supposed to be still visible, stood almost on the Capitoline hill; as also did the *Schola Xanthæ*, in which the public documents were drawn up, and the copyists of books carried on their trade.

On the east [illegible] forum, the temple of Adrian presents itself to our view. It was the offspring of filial piety. It must have afforded a grand spectacle while its pillars and the old door still existed. Here stood also the colossal statue of marble, representing a stream, perhaps the Tiber. The middle of the forum was not empty. Seats for the people rose before the *rostra*, of which Cicero makes frequent mention. Olive-trees and vines, growing wild, spread their shade around, under which the Roman people enjoyed themselves. This was the quarter in which Galba was murdered. Here, by the side of a sun-dial, stood the pillar on which the valiant Horatius hung the spoils of the Curiatii. Not far off we preceive, as a foil to this picture, the figure of Marsyas, constantly surrounded by loose women offering their charms to sale. If they were fortunate, they decorated the statue with flowers. Even Julia, the daughter of the emperor Augustus, so totally renounced the modesty of her sex, as to repair to this statue, and, by fixing a crown on its head, proclaimed her shame to the public. Let us stay a moment at the foot of the Capitoline mountain, before the temple of Harmony, erected by the consul Camillus, as a memorial of the reconciliation between the patricians and the plebeians. Some noble remains of this temple still exist: eight Ionian pillars, of Oriental granite, each forty feet in height, support entablatures, the ornaments of which afford us a grand conception of the splendour of the fallen structure.--Here ends our walk. The reader must confess that I have kept my word in describing a spot that has not its equal in the world; none so rich in sublime materials for the eye or the imagination, and in awful memorials of the past. And how trifling the compass in which all these wonders are collected! A quarter of an hour is amply sufficient to us for wandering from the ruins of the Coliseum to those of the temple of Harmony. Let no traveller visiting Rome neglect to pass over this unparalleled piece of ground: but in this case I earnestly recom-

mend to him not to forget taking thirty or forty bajochi, (about 1s. 6d.) in his pocket; that, during his intercourse with the ancient Romans, he may get rid, as fast as possible, of the mendicant Romans of the present day.

But I ought not to conclude so hastily. There is another class of readers who may also, in travelling to Rome, be eager to see *all* the wonderful things: I mean the pious catholics. For them here is also ample gratification. It was here, in the *Via Sacra*, that Simon the magician ventured to rival St. Peter by the power of his sorcery; and, as a just punishment, was precipitated down headlong by the Devil. Here too pope Sylvester curbed a dragon, and indeed in the easiest manner imaginable; for with his seal, on which of course the cross was stamped, he closed the jaws of the monster as expeditiously as we seal a letter. Hence arose the church of St. Mary the Deliverer, in which this miracle is still to be seen painted. The faithful will be greatly pleased with observing the temple of Remus converted into the church of St. Cosmo and St. Damian. They need also have no scruples at passing through the heathenish door of brass between two Corinthian columns of porphyry, for pope Adrian the First has purified it by his blessing. In the inside there are all sorts of pious pictures to be admired. A new triumph awaits the good believer at the temple of Antoninus, now sacred to St. Lawrence: for his edification, he finds the saint here broiling on the gridiron, painted by Pietro di Cortona; and also an altar-piece by Dominichino, which may have been very fine before it was re-touched by an unskilful pencil. A delicious treat is prepared for him when he steps into the church of St. Theodore, formerly the temple of Romulus. Instead of the wolf of metal, which was the object of veneration formerly as the nurse of the twin founders of the Roman state, he may contemplate a picture of Julian the Martyr, by Baccio; may view St. Theodore in the flames, painted by Zuccharo; and may bring his

epileptic children to be miraculously cured. The temple of Saturn (or, as others think it is, the palace of Paulus Emilius) is converted into a church of St. Adrian, in which is to be seen a picture of St. Peter Nolasco, who performed the meritorious action (in 1334) of erecting the order of monks *del Riscato*. Meritorious it may indeed be termed, when we consider the object of this order; for they were bound to ransom Christian slaves from the Turkish captivity. This picture is said to be the master-piece of Guercino! The church of St. Luke was also erected on the ruins of heathenism, in the temple of Mars. It is one of the oldest in Rome; and was formerly dedicated to St. Martina, a name perfectly unknown to me: but pope Sixtus the Fifth presented it to the academy of painters, who rebuilt it according to the sketches of Pietro di Cortona, and naturally dedicated it to St. Luke, who is universally known to have been a painter. A statue of St. Martina, by Mengs, and the magnificent subterraneous arch of the church, are worth seeing.

Having now, I hope, satisfied the curiosity of all classes of my readers, I shall return to my inn, situate on the *Collis Hortulorum*, a spot where once the gardens of Sallust smiled.

The Appian Way, called by the ancients "the Queen of Roads," was made by the censor Appius Claudius, in the four hundred and twenty-second year of the city. It was paved with stones of five or six square feet each, not joined together by cement or mortar, but let into one another so close and ingeniously, that the whole appeared to consist of one piece only. Whence the stones were brought is unknown: there is not now a quarry of this kind in the country round Rome. Though the traffic over this road was so immense, yet in Procopius's time it had not suffered any damage; and even now we meet with some spots where it is perfect. It is not good to travel over it with shod horses; and I imagine, from this circumstance, that the ancients never shod their's. The Appian Way leads to Capua;

and in the end as far as Brundusium. On leaving Rome we perceive a great number of old monuments for many miles along the road, some of which are now only shapeless heaps of stones.

It is well known that it was customary among the Romans to choose for their burial-places, in preference to all other situations, the ground adjoining the highway; where many noble mausoleums were erected, which proved indeed a haunt for thieves, and rendered travelling very insecure. This latter is equally the case at the present day; and the vetturinoes take care never to pass it in the dark. Milo, who was defended by Cicero, killed Clodius in this road. Besides these monuments, there are also many ruined aqueducts of immense length, that afford objects very interesting to the observing traveller. About forty miles from Rome, the city of Albano gratifies the eye. It was built by Ascanius, the son of Eneas, forty years before Rome. It has many remarkable old monuments in its vicinity; one of which has the form of a square steeple; and, because every thing must have its name, is called the grave of Ascanius. Another passed for the monument of the three Curiatii, who fell in the celebrated contest with the Horatii: it supports five pyramids, and discovers a rude taste, yet has a sort of commanding aspect from its size. Albano is visited by many of the natives of Rome; who here seek a healthier air, and the pleasures of a country life. The origin of Riccia, not far distant, is lost in its extreme antiquity. It is said to have been built five hundred years before the Trojan war, by one Archilous; and that Orestes brought hither the statue of Diana of Tauris. Velletri, which is now a dirty hole, was formerly the capital of the Volscians. The emperor Augustus was born within its walls; and the only tolerable public inn there now endeavours to recommend itself to us by the name of that fortunate monarch. Velletri contains many remains of temples and villas of the emperors. The cardinal Borgia, who was obliged to travel to Paris, and died on the way,

had a palace here, which still possesses a rich museum of antiquities and pictures. Beyond Velletri, the country becomes so notorious for depredations, as to render an escort of huzzars necessary.

I am now approaching the Pontine marshes, which are in almost as great discredit as the banditti of Velletri. I cannot, however, confirm that judgment; for when I passed through them the air was pure, and I found the precaution of bathing my handkerchief in vinegar totally unnecessary. Those marshes are supposed to have been a delightful country in the time of the Romans, and to have assumed this miserable appearance since the establishment of the papal authority: but this is not exactly true; and, without it, enough may already be laid to the charge of the ecclesiastical government. This country, in fact, was at all times exposed to inundations. Cornelius Cethegus and Julius Cesar caused it to be drained at a vast expense; but one or two sudden floods would, even at that time, often destroy, in a few days, what the industry of years had effected. As the Appian Way led through the middle of it, every possible effort was made to keep it constantly in a proper state. Trajan drew off the water afresh, levelled the hills, filled up the cavities, and made bye-roads, one of which bore his name. Antoninus Pius followed his example. The pains which pope Pius the Sixth has taken in our days to drain these marshes, are well known. This he thought to have effected so perfectly, that he built a cloister at the spot where the marshes begin; placing in it an inscription which boasts the completion of this labour, and adds: "This temple is erected for the benefit of the colonists, who would otherwise have no opportunity of performing their devotions." The cloister was given to the Capuchins; but now it is filled with vermin, the inhabitants having been long since driven away by the pestilential air. The post-house is the only spot where we find human beings; the rest is quite a desert.

Pius the Sixth had the good fortune to find the

Appian Way again, which to this moment runs in a straight line to Terracina. On this occasion, too, a number of pillars, old mile-stones, and other ruins, were found; which now lie scattered about, and swarming with millions of lizards. The whole of the arable land which the floods have spared, is not to be met with till many miles further on; the country for an immense distance immediately around this spot being nothing but marshes. As the land improves, we begin to see herds of buffaloes. In the marshy district the quantity of wild-fowl flying about is almost incredible: he must be a wretched sportsman who could not shoot ducks and snipes here by hundreds.

The further we go southward in Italy, the dirtier we find the people. On their arms and hands they have the Madona, and other holy images, burnt in. In their holiday-dresses they wear large silver shoe-buckles on the waistbands of their breeches. The dress of the women is very ugly, particularly a bodice that presses the bosom quite flat. It had been raining, and I found the road by Terracina very much overflowed. No one thinks now of stopping the progress of the waters on such occasions, which, in a short time, must surely swallow up all the dry land remaining. The site of Terracina, by the Mediterranean, is very noble. The steep rocks bounding the sea; the gardens of citron, and even of palm-trees, intermingled with the handsome town; the busy haven, swarming with fishermen; and the Islands of Ischia and Capri, with Vesuvius at a distance; form an enchanting collection of objects resembling a scene of magic. The fascination continues after leaving Terracina, and carries us on through blooming myrtle shrubs, and endlessly varied bushes, with their many-coloured berries, to the frontiers of Naples.

Here the usual ceremony of passes and examinations wakes us out of our delightful reveries; but in passing a little further on through the towns of Itri and Fondi, the ugliest and dirtiest places in the world,

we are relieved from this trouble. One trifle only served here, in some measure, to contrast with this disgusting filth. This was the Spanish pepper, which is sold here strung on myrtle stalks. It looked exactly as if it had been prepared for the decoration of a ballet; yet there were neither Arcadian shepherds nor dancers, but merely beggars and vagabonds.

Not far from Gaeta, my carriage was suddenly overtaken by dragoons, who, with drawn swords, commanded me to stop; because one of the king of Sardinia's children was approaching in a carriage, and either the road was not broad enough for it to pass, or the dignity of the child demanded this humiliation on my part. I thought of the children of the king of Prussia, who always ride out alone, and incommode nobody. I shrugged my shoulders, and smiled.

When I arrived at the haven of Gaeta, some hours of day-light yet remained, which I resolved to spend in a walk. The delightfully warm weather (on the twenty-seventh of October) enticed me out of doors, and the golden fruits of a lemon and orange grove drew me to a garden situated by the sea. I went, and found the door locked. A poor man received us in a friendly way: he was the occupier of this villa. We wandered, I may truly say, as if in Elysium, under the loaded trees; and took up a lemon here and there, which the wind had shaken off. When the man observed that the surrounding luxuriance of nature was a novelty to us, he plucked a fine double fruit from an orange-tree, and presented it to my wife with a good-natured gallantry. Thus we reached the extremity of the garden, which ran far into the sea; and where, on the rugged acclivity of a rock, a table and benches of stone invited to repose, observation, and enjoyment. A little hut stood close by, at the door of which a young woman, surrounded by children, was busy about a basket of olives. From the survey of these charming scenes nothing could have attracted our attention but the many ruins scattered round the garden, in which, at first sight,

the old Roman architecture was manifest. Arched passages and walls, and deep vaults, were every where overgrown and covered with shrubs. But a bath in particular caught my eye, from its perfect state of preservation. The stone steps which led downwards were not destroyed, but only damaged a little by the weather; and even the pipes through which the water ran into the cistern were still partly open. We stood immersed in contemplation; scarcely hearing the narative of our loquacious host, whose vulgar Neapolitan dialect rendered him very unintelligible, when suddenly the name of Cicero caught my ear. The blood thrilled in my veins. We now listened attentively; and what a sensation did we experience when we learnt that we had been walking in Cicero's garden, and eaten of its fruits! Every thing now seemed to assume a new aspect; every broken wall received a splendour in our eyes, and the grove became sacred to us. Here Cicero bathed; here he wandered; on that rocky point he sat, and perhaps wrote a chapter of his "Offices," which would alone be sufficient to immortalize his memory. Alas! here too it was that the murderers found him, and sacrificed him to the sanguinary ambition of the triumvirate.

This exquisite spot, with all the fruits and ruins, was let for forty-five ducats (23*l.*) Cicero's villa for forty-five ducats!—But I think I hear some cautious criticizing antiquarian exclaim, "Was it in reality Cicero's villa? That Cicero had a villa here, is indeed certain; for the haven of Gaeta (called Mola) is built on the ruins of the town Formiæ, within the walls of which the *Formianum* of the philosopher was situated. But on which spot? Meyer places in it a lemon-grove before the town: and many inhabitants, on being asked, will direct you to that; while many, on the other hand, know nothing of the matter. Yet the unsuspicious declaration of our host, who spoke of it merely in a casual manner, proves at least that vulgar tradition agrees that the place where I stood is the venerable spot. Add to this its delightful situation, which seems perfectly

suited for the residence of a Cicero; on the right hand the castle rising as it were out of the waves, of the sea straight before it the island of Ischia, and on the left hand Vesuvius. No! till the contrary can be clearly proved to me, I will never abandon the delightful persuasion of having passed over Cicero's villa.

I saw also, out of the town, a lofty monument said to have been erected by his grateful freedmen to mark the spot where the immortal man fell under the blows of his murderers.

I shall take this opportunity of rectifying another error of Meyer. This excellent traveller relates that he passed over to Gaeta in a boat, and saw Vesuvius for the first time from that town. This is almost impossible; for had he only stepped to the window of the public-house in the haven, Vesuvius, a little on the left hand, must have caught his eye. It is a common error among travellers to assert that Vesuvius is not visible before we reach Gaeta. It is, however, very distinctly to be seen at Terracina, in clear weather: though this indeed may perhaps be rare, for even an inhabitant of Terracina endeavoured to convince me that I did not see Vesuvius, while it evidently lay before us in smoke; but a skipper just landed from the island of Ischia decided the dispute in a moment. We must not, however, inquire for *Vesuvius*, for by this name the mountain is not known here; every one calls it merely *Somma* or *La Montagna* ("the mountain.")

The whole road between Gaeta and Naples appears to lead through a garden. Lemons and oranges grow here as common as apples and pears with us; and aloes, such as I have never seen before, stood on both sides of the road. Nothing was to be seen but green leaves, fragrant blossoms, and ripening fruit, though it was near the end of October.

Just before we reach the Garigliano, the respectable ruins of the old town of Minturni present themselves to view. I cannot conceive why all the travellers whose descriptions I have read say so little respecting this

place. There is a conduit remaining, that pursued its course with us for many miles; as also a large circular building, with a smaller concentric circle in the inside, which was perhaps a theatre. Besides these objects, the whole country is covered with ruins to a vast extent. The antiquarian would find here ample scope for investigation, if he would consent to spend a few days at the miserable post-house here. I cannot explain to myself the universal silence of writers on these noble remains, otherwise than by the propensity for passing over with indifference the finest objects, and those for which we have the greatest ardour of attachment, when they are too abundant. It is certain that here the most enthusiastic antiquarian will find gratification even to satiety; for literally we cannot go ten steps on this road without perceiving a tomb-stone, a conduit, or a piece of ancient wall; which is instantly distinguishable by the reticular work, as it is called, or the stone case in the form of a net.

A wretched conveyance takes us over the Garigliano. This is the river on which once Bayard, "the knight without fear or reproach," achieved an heroic deed which only wanted a Livy to have rendered it equal to that of Horatius Cocles. With equal courage he defended a bridge, alone, against a whole army. Every school-boy knows the story of Horatius Cocles; but Bayard's exploit is almost forgotten: so little can heroes dispense with good writers, though they sometimes affect to undervalue them!

Capua is a dirty town, and situated in a very unattractive country. If Hannibal's troops got drunk, the wine of Capua must have been better than I found it; and if their licentiousness enervated them, the Capuan fair of that day were probably prettier than they are now. The ruins of the old town lie at some distance from the new. From this place it is only four German miles to Naples. I here heard, for the first time, a very characterestic national oath: "I wish you were murdered." Such compliments the Neapolitans pay each

other every moment, on the slightest occasion; and scream out upon every trifling dispute, in a manner that would make us actually fear that fate.

I must conduct the reader a little about Naples: for every thing here is so perfectly different from all that an inhabitant of a more northern climate conceives of a town, that he would imagine himself at first to be in the moon.

I may describe Naples as one large house with a vast number of inhabitants, and the particular houses as mere chambers: for, sleeping excepted, every thing passes in the streets that is, in other countries done within doors. All artisans and mechanics not merely have open stalls, but they carry out their tables, and whatever else they want for their trade, and work in the public streets: so that we see and hear knocking, hammering, sewing, weaving, filing, planing, frizzing, shaving, and a thousand other processes, the whole day. The eating-house keeper plucks and roasts, chickens and boils and fries fish, in the street: while his hungry customers stop, and gratify their appetites. To quench their thirst they need only go a few steps further to one of the numerous water-sellers, who have their stalls also in the street. These last stalls are so singular, as to deserve a particular description; but to make the subject very clear, I am afraid, will not be in my power.

Before the table where the man stands to serve his customers, four painted and gilt stakes are fixed up at the corners, joined on the top by cross bars, and the extremity of these bars towards the street, is decorated in various manners, some of which would elsewhere be thought rather licentious, but are here passed with indifference. They bear also the images of saints, and have a couple of small flags on both sides, with spaces filled up with bouquets of lemons nailed on, or even with flowers. The first sight of this puts us in mind of the Chinese. The taster has on each side of him a long cask in the form of a drum; through the middle of which an iron rod runs, so that it may be inclined

upwards or downwards, as he pleases. These casks contain fine clear water, and ice. The fore part of the table is covered with glasses and lemons. Round such booths there are always customers, more or fewer; but they are sometimes so numerous as to inclose it in a double and triple circle. The extraordinary ease with which the sellers dispatch this crowd, is truly admirable. They tip their casks to the right, and to the left, fill the glass, squeeze a little lemon-juice into it, give it to the person, take the money, and lay some of it out again, &c. all in an instant. In observing them for a long time, they appear almost a sort of machine worked by springs. In hot weather the crowd is said to be indescribable, notwithstanding the immense number of these booths. They are lighted in the evening by eight, ten, or twelve lamps each. The price of this beverage is one of the smallest copper coins. It has a pretty appearance to see the crystal water pearling in the glass, and the ice cooling it. There is also much cleanliness observed, which is a thing very unusual in other matters; the seller rinses the glasses always beforehand. Besides these men with booths, there are many water-sellers who cry about their commodity the whole day, and have in like manner a constant supply of clean glasses.

Eating and drinking are the first and most important concern of the populace. In Naples this is so carefully provided for, that we cannot go ten paces without meeting with some arrangements fitted up to supply these two necessities in a moment. Here stand large kettles full of dressed macaroni, with cheese scattered over it, and the surface decorated with small pieces of golden-apple, as it is called. The mode of consuming a great portion of this article must be learnt from the Neapolitans; for as the macaronies are an ell in length, they must be held by the thumb and fore finger, with the neck bent back, and the mouth stretched open, and thus let down into the throat. Strangers usually cut them in pieces with a knife and fork, and

then eat them with spoons; but this is quite against the national custom. The macaronies are here very simply prepared, with broth and cheese; and taste incomparably better than those which I have found in other places. They are here, however, as through all Italy, generally too little boiled: the rice, peeled grain, &c. are all hard, and scarcely eatable by a foreigner. I once stopped as a taylor's wife was boiling her macaroni in the street. She had turned a mortar upside down, and placed a pot on it that held a fire of burning sticks: over this flame stood her kettle. When the water began to boil, she seized a parcel of macaronies, thrust them to the bottom of the pot, and kept them down till they were rendered flexible by the hot water: she then let the whole swim about. I looked at my watch. She left it to boil up for five minutes, poured off the water, put broth to it, and cheese upon it, and the dinner was then ready. In the mean time a neighbour had risen from his seat of work, and without asking permission, lighted his pipe at the little fire. The whole apparatus was also threatened for a moment with total destruction by a hog and a loaded ass. It is truly entertaining to witness this medley of scenes in the street.

Epicures sometimes mix livers of chickens with their macaroni, which render it delicious in the extreme. But I have confined myself at present to the populace, who have also other favourite dishes besides this grand national one. Among these must be reckoned beans and peas, which are in like manner boiled in large kettles that invite the passengers to turn aside; and also maize, the ears of which are boiled in water just as they grow, without any preparation. This last is indeed the most common diet, and in the least repute; but it must be very nutritive, and I have frequently seen beggars devouring it eagerly. Not only the grains of it are eaten, but the part that encircles them, which is softened by boiling.

A second very rich source of nutriment is found in

the endless number and variety of sea-fish; which are sold and consumed in the streets either boiled, or roasted, or raw. I cannot describe all the grotesque forms they present. Some shell-fish are in the form of a horse-chesnut, with prickles; and others look like knife-handles of agate. Both sorts were eaten raw; and I think it must require some courage for consuming the latter when eaten in the following manner: their shells are first squeezed from the back part, when they immediately put out their heads and half their bodies, in a manner somewhat similar to snails, and twist themselves about like leeches, which they very much resemble in form, but not in colour. When held to a plate, they attach themselves to it with their heads, which then become broader. Two small eyes are clearly to be distinguished on the head. Whoever is disposed to eat this fish, must bite directly into its head, as soon as that part comes out of the shell; and, holding it fast in this manner, draw out the whole body. I confess that I have never been able to overcome my aversion for performing such an operation. Some, however, stew them in their shells like oysters; in which state I have attempted to taste them, but found their flesh of a very sickly sweet. The oysters here are also in immense numbers; but they are very small, and their taste is by no means fine. The fishermen have a custom of opening them, and putting four or five into one shell to make a mouthful; but this practice is neither cleanly nor inviting.

It is usual for these men to sit with their stock (called *sea-fruit*) for sale on the beach; where fashionable companies assemble on the summer evenings to eat fish, sitting down to small tables which they find ready spread. The fisherman has then his variety of *sea-fruit* set out for shew, from which every one may suit his fancy. But as the space used for this purpose is not very large, it is necessary to order a table beforehand to prevent a disappointment. A friend related to me a singular accident which happened here lately: A smart, consequential youth, once arriving too late, found all

the tables empty indeed, but every one already taken. He began to expostulate with the fisherman; but finding that neither his arguments nor his blustering were of any effect, he was at length silent: yet determined on gratifying at least his resentment, as he could not his appetite, he tied a cord secretly to the table (which was now filled), and then waited till a carriage accidentally drew up to it; when he fastened the other end of the cord to the carriage-wheel, and made off himself in haste. As the carriage drove on, it took the table of course with it; and all the fine dressed fish were suddenly seen rolling in the mud and dirt.

Another principal article of provision consists of vegetables, which are here to be had green, fresh, and cheap, the whole year through. Young kidney-beans are now (in the middle of November) very abundant; and I am assured that peas are almost every where to be seen at Christmas. All sorts of cabbage, and among others the proper brocoli of Italy, are piled up in a pretty manner to the height of six or seven feet, against the sloping walls. No vegetables to be found in the north are wanting here: and the Italians have also many sorts unknown to us; including the golden-apple, which I before mentioned, and a violet-coloured fruit in the form of an egg (the name of which I have forgotten), besides white and red brocoli, &c. There is a very great quantity of gourds, mostly of the kind called Hercules' club, which grows to a monstrous size. Not only the cattle are fed with it, but the inhabitants boil it up also with rice for themselves, and find it very palatable. A favourite dish of the Italians is the Spanish pepper, the red and green pods of which, sometimes strung on myrtle-stalks and softened in vinegar, burn the mouth, and produce a ferment in the stomach.

Amidst the numerous superior advantages which the Neapolitans enjoy in the articles of eating and drinking, I must not pass over those gifts which Pomona has so liberally bestowed. I hear complaints that the present season has proved bad in this respect; and yet fruit is

so plentiful and cheap, that chesnuts are more abundant here than potatoes are in the north: the latter, on the other hand, are very scarce here. The grapes are piled up in the baskets to the height of pyramids, and ornamented with rosemary-branches. Lemons and oranges, green and yellow, are to be seen in millions: they are sold with part of the peel off. The large pine-nuts are roasted in the street, for the purpose of stripping the husks from their delicious kernels. Pomegranates are exposed either whole or in slices, and allure the eye by their numberless purple seeds. The figs are either fresh, in large baskets, or half-dried and put on wooden spits. Apples, pears, medlers, and nuts, are quite common. Pine-apples gratify the palate of the rich only; for there being scarcely any hot-houses, they are more rare than even in Berlin or Petersburg. The lazzaroni satisfies himself with melons; which are every where cried about the streets, cut into pieces, and fresh-watered. "*Ah, che bella cossa!* O, how charming!" is to be heard at every corner; and indeed the sight of such a melon cut and watered nicely, is very tempting in warm weather.

Neither do the populace of Naples want for greater delicacies, or at least such as they perhaps think so. Under my window, for example, a man stands with a table before him, to one corner of which a pole is fastened, with a thick iron nail of about six feet long projecting from it. The man kneads on his table a dough of maize flour, and sweetens it plentifully with black honey. He then pulls out the dough, which at this time looks very black, into a long roll; seizes the ends with his two hands, and strikes it with all his force over the thick nail till it becomes first yellow, and by degrees perfectly white. He now cuts it into small pieces, throws them into a pan with boiling oil, and in a few minutes the delicious substance is fried. The rabble catch up every morsel with avidity; and a number of greedy customers commonly surround the stall, watching the whole process with eager expectation till it is

finished. A stranger might indeed find some difficulty in making an instantaneous trial of this dish; but he need only go a few paces further to the booth of a gingerbread-maker, and he will at all times find excellent little cakes filled partly with fruit and partly with *ricotta*, which I can assure him, from experience, would not disgrace a princely table. Ricotta is a sort of curds, or soft cheese, which is sold in small baskets with vine-leaves put over them.

It is well known that cheese is an article of importance with the Italians in general; but all sorts of Neapolitan cheese are good for nothing. Some are very sharp-tasted; but most of them are quite insipid. The commonest are in the form of a small round pilgrim's flask; and are hung on packthread, in which manner the whole booth is usually garnished with them. On cutting into this sort, it looks exactly as if it were enclosed in a bladder, for it has a tolerably thick skin over it resembling that membrane. The inside is very tough, and has no taste. The buffalo cheeses are very similar to these, and will stretch like leather.

The cheesemongers here deal in nothing but cheese, which answers very well; a proof that the consumption is considerable. They have a singular custom of setting out their shops, which I believe to be peculiar to them. Their principal ornament, which must in no case be wanting, is a large white marble table; in the middle of which a smaller one is supported by pillars, or by the figures of Genii with horns of plenty, and similar decorations. In this article, indeed, the taste, and even the wit, of the cheesemonger finds opportunity for exertion. The fore-part of the smaller table is adorned either with bas-reliefs; as, for example, representations of the Lord's supper: or, still more frequently, with proverbs and sentences, spiritual or temporal, and mostly ludicrous. In one place we read a warning, which, it is very probable, may equally concern both the buyer and seller: "The wicked fall into their own snares." In another, some Latin sentence:

as, '*Dilata os tuum, et implebo illud*—" Open thy mouth, and I will fill it;" and *Butyrum de armento, et lac de ovibus*—" Butter from the herd, and milk from the flock." Elsewhere the Genii are pouring ducats from horns of plenty, with the inscription: *In te, Domine, speravi*—" In thee, O Lord, I have put my trust." Nor are the inscriptions universally so religious or sentimental as those which I have just quoted. One dealer is a humourist, and on his stand we read: "No credit given here to-day, but to-morrow." I am very desirous to know how it happens that the cheesemongers should be the only tradesmen who set off their merchandize in this manner; it is certainly very commendable that so dirty an article as cheese in general externally is, should be sold from marble stands.

Another laudable custom, which I have met with no where else, is the manner of selling milk. The cow is led by its owner from house to house; and whoever wants milk sends out a servant, who milks from the cow before the door as much as the family has occasion for.

Besides these cows, there are also a number of calves that wander about the city, but for a very different purpose. They belong to the monks of St. Francis; who not only, in idleness, get their own bellies filled by the people, but also commit the protection of this live-stock to their good-nature. For that purpose nothing more is necessary than to put a small square board on the forehead of the calf, with the figure of St. Francis painted on it. Provided with this, the animal walks about uncontrouled, devour as much as they can, and sleep where they choose, without any one venturing to prevent them. On the contrary, if one of them should happen to enter a great house, and lie down there to sleep, the occupier thinks it a fortunate omen. It is incredible to what a height the monks carry their impudence here; which is, in fact, exceeded by nothing but the stupidity of the people.

The meat in Naples is good, and is even sold with

out hesitation on the fast-days. Buffaloes are very frequently slaughtered. The Apulian sheep, which are often to be seen here, are very striking to a foreigner on account of their general size and their large heads. The swine are no less an object of curiosity, for they are all dark grey, and quite without hair. They are excessively fat: partly from being fed with maize, but still more from having the permission of wallowing about the populous streets the whole day; where, amidst all the preparation and consumption of victuals, they do not fail to obtain their full share: especially too as they are no more deficient in impudence than the monks; for they care for neither horses nor carriages, and run between the legs of the foot-passengers. The hens have likewise the freedom of the streets; and chickens are to be seen all the year through. Ducks and geese are seldom or never seen in the crowd; probably because they are very rarely eaten by the Neapolitans.

The bread is tolerably good: for the more wealthy it is made of wheat; and for the poorer classes, of maize. There is no rye bread.

Wine is, of course, cheap; but is seldom good: it has in general a certain sickliness without being actually sweet, which makes it very unpleasant to a stranger. But there are some sorts which are free from this quality; particularly the famous *lachrymæ Christi*, which comes from the foot of Vesuvius: this affords indeed the best table wine; but is very spirited, and cannot well be taken without water. Yet whatever its goodness may be, it by no means answers the extraordinary reputation which it has acquired, and is scarcely to be compared with moderate Bourdeaux. The wine from the island of Ischia is also in great esteem here at table. It is, however, a good rule never to drink foreign wines here; for if they are not actually adulterated, they are at least ill suited to the climate. In fact, the rule may be extended to all wine countries, to recommend their native productions in preference to all others; health,

taste, and economy, will all be benefited by such means. Though cork is easily to be procured here, as being the staple commodity of Italy, yet the tyranny of custom forbids its use for stoppers as in other countries. The Neapolitans content themselves with tying list dipped in oil round their well-known thin-necked bottles, which are afterwards very imperfectly cleaned with cotton or flax. Sometimes they use instead of this a miserable stopper made of a flimsy cane. The quantity of wine at a meal is never considered; we may drink as much as we please, without adding to the amount of the bill. The lovers of beer would here be ill accommodated, for I saw none of any kind.

I have now indulged my readers with a description of the meat and drink which they have to expect here, and shall only add a word or two on the preparation of the former. The Italian cookery can bear no comparison with the French; though, at the same time, it is not actually bad. In boiling and roasting, it resembles the English; as also in eating the vegetables dressed plain as they come out of the water. But those who do not find this latter agreeable, may have recourse to the exquisite oil: and whatever prejudice they may have entertained against that article, it will vanish here. The Italians are fond of a variety at their tables. Twelve dishes are reckoned a perfectly plain meal.

But to return from this epicurean dissertation.—The city of Naples has a singular aspect. The tops of the houses are provided with a terrace of free-stone; where the occupiers can enjoy very fresh and agreeable air, walk about, chat with the neighbours, or overlook them. It is a pity only that the stone often flies, and thus admits the rain: they then are obliged to stop up the cracks with pitch and sand mixed together, by which means this pleasant promenade on some houses is spoiled. I might also say that Naples has no windows except on the ground floor; for all the other stories open only by doors into baloonies. Not a single chamber is without its balcony. A gallery often runs the length

of a whole story; but there are mostly small balconies, distinct from each other, and decorated with flowers. The gourds, capsicum, bunches of grapes, and service-berries, form a singular ornament on the fronts of the houses, and particularly over the doors, which are very generally hung with them in autumn.

Fine buildings are very numerous in Naples; but they look so smoaky, and lie in such dirty narrow streets, that the whole effect of them is lost. There are very few good streets, and no regular squares. They are in a great error who imagine Naples to be altogether a fine city. It cannot be compared with Berlin or Petersburg. The only proper street (that called Toledo) is certainly handsome: it is broad, and very long; but is bent, and consequently admits of no perspective like what we find in Petersburg, or the line-walk in Berlin. The numberless booths and the vast bustle afford here the greatest amusement. But persons with weak auricular nerves will do well not to take a walk in this city. The Italians are confessedly not speakers, but bawlers; and are distinguished from the French in this particular only, by laying aside that characteristic when they sing: but the uproar in Toledo street is worse than any where else. We are told that it is a great relief of deafness, for those who are so afflicted, to reside in the neighbourhood of a great noise; and for this purpose mills and waterfalls are recommended. But what are mills and waterfalls to the cries of Italians, and the never-ceasing clamour of their throats? Whoever cannot distinguish sounds in Toledo street, is doomed to an everlasting exclusion from the faculty of hearing.

Were all the streets of Naples like this one, and the grand buildings doubled in number and magnificence, it would still deserve the name of a wretched city as long as it is crowded with beggars, whose number defies all calculation. I feel it indeed a fruitless task for my pen to attempt a description of the scenes I have witnessed; and I lay it down in despair. But no;

what I can tell, is as much as need be known of human misery.—As we step out of our house, twenty hats and open hands are stretched out towards us. We cannot take ten steps in the street without meeting a beggar, who crosses our path, and, with groans and piteous exclamations, solicits our mite. Women, often dressed in black silk, and veiled, obtrude themselves impudently upon us. Cripples of all sorts suddenly hold their stump of an arm or a leg, close to our eyes. Noseless faces, devoured by disease, grin at us. Children quite naked—nay, not unfrequently, even men—are to be seen lying and moaning in the dirt. A dropsical man sits by a wall, and shews us his monstrous belly. Consumptive mothers lie by the road-side, with naked children in their laps, who are compelled to be continually crying aloud. If we go to church, we must pass between a dozen such deplorable objects at the door; and, when we enter, as many more fall down on their knees before us. Even in our dwelling we are not free from the painful spectacle. If we open the balcony door, the sighs re-echo in our ear from below. Monks intrude themselves into our chamber, and beg of us while they offer us a plate of fruit; and the king's gardener will do the same under the pretext of giving us a singular fruit purloined from the royal hot-houses.

On taking a view of all these horrors, one cannot restrain a smile of bitter contempt at the proud Neapolitan proverb: "You must see Naples, and die." Some years ago an attempt was made to abolish the system of beggary; and for this purpose a command was issued for taking up all beggars, and carrying them to the great poor-house, which is large enough to hold many thousands. But the maintenance of so many people when brought together, was a small circumstance which had been overlooked. Much, no doubt, had been calculated on the charitable and voluntary contributions of the Neapolitans; which, in the beginning, was indeed very liberal. But this scheme ex-

perienced the fate of all similar projects, founded only on the precarious support of individuals; for nothing wearies so soon as charity. The contributions fell off. The unfortunate wretches were shut up by five-hundreds in large halls, without victuals or occupation: diseases gained ground among them: one ran away after another, without obstruction: the beggars were no where apprehended; and every thing returned to its former state.

Besides what usually passes in all streets, as riding, driving, buying, selling, begging, stealing, &c. every town is also accustomed to have its peculiarities, which do not appear remarkable to the inhabitant, but are very striking to a foreigner. There is no more a perfect resemblance between any two towns, than between two men. A specific likeness is, of course, to be perceived among the Italian towns at first glance; but the shades of difference in them are notwithstanding very obvious. This remark is particularly applicable to Naples.

I have already mentioned the vagabond calves. I do not believe a similar thing is to be found any where else.—Another Neapolitan curiosity is to be found in the public lecturers on the Mole. This mole is in general a very agreeable walk, built into the sea; which, however, is not free from the universal horrid stench. To the left hand, the ships are rocking at anchor; to the right, the waves of the sea are broken on the pieces of rock; and in the front we perceive the beacon. Though the mole is very broad, and is also paved with large flag-stones, yet no carriage can drive over it; and, if this were allowed, it would not be possible, on account of the crowd, which is not easily passed through on foot. Here are to be found all sorts of men who speculate on the credulity of the populace, and others who profit by their curiosity.

Among the latter description I observed two men advanced in years, but still stout and robust in appearance. Their miserably-patched but not ragged clothes, pronounced them to be in the first order of beggars.

They erected a square for themselves, of a single, and sometimes of a double, row of benches, pretty wide from each other; they then seat themselves with a manuscript in their hands, and wait usually but a short time for a numerous assemblage. I have often found fifty or sixty round them: their audience consists of skippers, servants, mechanics, and lazzaronies. These last commonly plant themselves in the middle of the square, on the bare ground. Those who cannot procure a place on the benches, form a circle standing. The manuscript which is so irresistibly alluring, is always the history of a certain prince Rinaldo, who is a great favourite with the Neapolitans. This prince was of course a hero; who overcame robbers, monsters, giants, and Amazons, and was also occasionally gallant to the ladies. The most remarkable circumstance to a stranger is, that all these wonderful things are detailed by singing. The melody of this song is very monotonous, and something similar to a recitative. The singers or readers accompany their narrative with the most vehement gesticulations, which often affect the nearest by-standers in no very gentle manner; who, to the great entertainment of the other auditors, have to sustain pretty hard blows. When a combat for life and death is to be described (as is commonly the case in every page of this murderous history), the speaker brings the scene home to the senses of the audience by a pantomime in the best manner possible: he draws his sword with the left hand, holds his book as a shield to his breast, plunges and cuts at the enemy, is wounded, writhes and twists his face in a comical manner, or sings and laughs triumphantly. It is sometimes difficult to say which is the most worthy of observation, the grimace of the reader, or the air of astonishment in the hearers; who, with fixed looks and open mouths, hang on his lips. Most of them, at least, are extremely attentive and serious; though there are indeed some bolder and shrewder spirits who allow themselves the liberty of a jest, or otherwise attempt to sport their

clumsy wit. The reader often stops in his song to explain what was said; and this he does with so much circumlocution and loquacity, as pretty clearly manifests the very low estimation in which he holds the understandings of his audience. This continues many hours, till he or they are tired. The former is most frequently the case, for the company is always changing by individuals leaving or joining it. During the readings, he casts a glance round, by which with the greatest celerity he sees whether there are among his hearers some who can and will give him any thing. When he perceives that there are, he directly (without interrupting his narrative) offers a hat to a lazzarone sitting near him; who, knowing what this means, takes the hat, and goes round the circle with it. No one is compelled to throw any thing in, and therefore most of them give a nod as a sign to be passed over. The amount of such a collection never exceeded a few halfpence as far as I could observe, and from these the reader gives one to his collector. At last, when the poem is concluded (which is shewn by the man's shutting his book and rising), the whole assembly is dispersed on all sides with the quickness of lightning. As the reciter attends daily in the same place, this small sum will in general serve for his subsistence.

Another peculiarity in Naples consists in the street-preachers. A flag is seen flying in one of the streets, and behind it a crucifix is carried, which is followed by the venerable divine in his robes. He approaches the Mole, looks for a place that he thinks suitable, gives a signal, and the flag is planted at some paces from him. He himself mounts the first stone he meets with, or a bench fetched from the nearest booth for his use. The people immediately assemble round him with their hats off. I have heard one of them speak actually very well; his arguments were perfectly adapted to the narrow conceptions of his audience, and he indulged himself in no jesting. Every one who was not disposed to listen, went past with his hat off. These ministers have a very

great influence on the lower orders, and it is said that the government make use of them to produce any particular spirit among the populace. Some time ago one of these men lived here, who, if I mistake not, was called father Rocco. He was much esteemed at court; and had a carriage kept for him, so that he could go expeditiously from one part of the city to the other when necessity required it. He was more feared than beloved by the people, for he was a furious zealot. He was once offended at seeing a puppet-shew with Punch and his wife more numerously attended than his pulpit; from which he jumped down in haste, and driving the shewman from the spot with his cross, took his place. This man has, however, done much good, and brought about many beneficial regulations by his influence and indefatigable efforts. Among other things the public are indebted to him for many lamps which burn before holy images in the streets; and as the city has no other lights, it is unquestionably a very great benefit.

Lecturing and preaching are here infectious: the youth also ape the practice. A boy of about twelve or thirteen years of age goes about in priest's clothes, and preaches under the balconies for a farthing or two when desired. On such occasions he very emphatically exhorts all wild children; but his sermon generally concludes with battles between him and the low boys in the street.

I must not forget mentioning a man who daily pursues his trade on the Mole. He has a commanding figure, is dressed like an Hungarian hussar, and also wears some medals about him. His name sounds very grand, being Maura Guerra Camba Curta. He professes himself a Prussian; and declares that his family has for five hundred years been provided with a balsam, which was invented by one of their ancestors. When he stands on his stage, displaying and extolling his medicines, he produces by the firm and positive tone with which he speaks, the same effect as I have observed in the auditories of the modern philosophers from a similar cause.

"My good Neapolitans," he exclaims, "I know there are excellent physicians and surgeons here, and that I am but a worm compared with them; but, by the grace of God," (here he takes off his hat, as do also the by-standers) "by the grace of God, I possess a balsam which heals the deepest wounds in a moment. Do you think that I wish to be taken at my word? By no means. Observe!" He now takes off his coat, shews his naked arm, draws his sabre, makes an incision in his flesh, and lets the blood gush out plentifully; he then pours in a few drops of his balsam, and invites the hearers to come the next day and view the wonderful effect of it.—"Here," he continues, "is a water against the scurvy; and if all your teeth were so loose as to be shaken by the wind like the hair of your head, you need only wash your mouth with this, and they will directly stand as fast as palisadoes in a fortification. This water is, as it were, the *cardinal* among my medicines; this salve, on the contrary, the *pope* himself." Here the hat is taken off again, and indeed somewhat lower than on the mention of God. "If you have an eruption, let it be ever so bad, rub yourselves with this salve to-day, and to-morrow, or the day after, adieu to your complaint! Do you think that I would cheat you of your money? Far from it: I labour merely for the honour of God. This medicine costs me four carolines (6*s*. 6*d*. sterling), and I give it to you for one only. Yes, I give it to you *gratis*: there! take it; I desire nothing for it. Try it beforehand, and then come and bear testimony whether Gamba Curta has spoken true or not." I was once actually witness to his refusing money of a well-drest man, who could not prevail on him to accept it without the most urgent entreaties. "Trust me not," he would often say at the close of his harangue: "inquire about me; go into the palace of his excellency General so-and-so, and ask what I have been in his regiment. Perhaps only a common hussar. But I have cured the whole regiment of all possible diseases. When death sat on the lips,

and there was no one to help more, then honest Gamba Curta was called for; it was known that he let nobody die." Thus did the man pour a torrent of eloquence that was inexhaustible. Had he been born in some other parts of Europe, he would surely have formed a new epoch in the philosophy of the day; but here his merits are grown rather stale and out of date. A year ago he is said to have had a great crowd after him; and even now he is not without a considerable number of followers: but he often cuts his arm in vain, and roars himself hoarse for hours to no purpose; we seldom see a hand with a copper coin stretched out to buy his miraculous specifics. At present the trade of a surgeon, who, to the no small grievance of signior Gamba Curta, has taken up his station very near him, appears more productive. This man has at the same time a little puppet-shew of Punchinello, by which he attracts great crowds of spectators. When the circle appears large enough, he steps forth from behind the curtain, and harangues, with less sublimity than his rival, but in softer and more persuasive accents.

All sorts of games are likewise played in the streets. That in which the parties throw their fingers above each others' heads is the most common, but the most difficult to describe. Two or more persons stand together, bend their fists, and then stretch out such a number of fingers at the same time as they please, and instantly cry another number. He that hits on the right number of fingers stretched out from both or all the hands added together, and cries it out first, is the winner. For example: I stretch out three fingers of my hand towards my adversary, and he two to me, and I call out at the same instant Five; I have then won. When neither of the parties, or each, has hit on the right number, the fists are instantly bent again, and the hands opened and shut afresh. All this passes with great rapidity; and at the same time the players bawl so violently, that strangers unacquainted with the game would suppose them to be engaged in a violent quarrel,

which must end in a battle. Another very favourite game, that is also common with us, is the tossing up copper coins, and guessing which side will fall uppermost.

What with us are only the amusements of boys, are here common among young, and even grown-up men. In the public places we very often see persons catch up a top while it is spinning, hold it in their hands for a time, and then pass it from one to another, or put it on the ground again without its stopping. The lazaroni are also particularly clever in the management of kites, which are to be seen flying by hundreds in the air. Many let them rise from the flat roofs of the houses; and are not satisfied with the usual entertainment, but actually give it a species of interest by endeavouring to catch the breeze from others, and make one kite pounce at another like a bird of prey, in which case they succeed in driving their neighbour from his post. Cards are also very frequently played in the streets, particularly on sundays. I have seen, in the road to Portici, eight or ten card-tables set before a public-house. I am aware that these are only trifles that I am relating, yet I think they belong to the delineation of national manners. I will now conduct the reader to some more serious scenes in the streets.

A funeral train is passing. How!—Do not living men bury the dead here? Is every corpse consigned to the grave by spirits? The question is pardonable, for every one surrounding the coffin is muffled up in white from head to foot, without excepting even the face; a few small holes only being cut out for the eyes. When twenty or thirty such spectres, moving along in a dark night with torches in their hands, and muttering to themselves, precede a splendid coffin of crimson velvet, which also goes onward without any visible force to carry or draw it, the scene will startle any one who is not grown familiar with it from custom. This, however, must soon be the case with those who live at Naples, where similar scenes are passing daily. There are many

pious brotherhoods whose duty it is, among other things, to inter the dead. Why this masquerade is used for the purpose, I have not been able to learn: but imagine it may arise from pride; for I am assured that many young people of quality are among the followers, who would not wish to be seen by the populace in performing such a menial office. The cause of the coffin's motion not being perceived, is that the richly-embroidered pall hangs down to the ground, and conceals the bearers completely under it. It is not improbable also, that when the bier reaches the place of interment, some of the persons under it may be drawn out almost in a state of suffocation; for the thick velvet pall that is heavily worked with gold, can never admit sufficient air for a free respiration. It is worthy of remark, that this coffin, so grandly adorned, is a mere shell for the purpose of parade, and serves for repeated funerals. Of the brotherhoods which I have just mentioned, there are several descriptions that differ in their colours. Another train, for example, which I saw, were muffled in red; and thus had the appearance of bloody spectres. All, however, wear the image of a saint on their breast, like the badge of an order. On certain days they wander singly through the streets, and collect money to pray for the souls in purgatory: on which occasion they do not speak, but shake the money-bag at the ears of passengers.

I once saw also a genteel funeral, as it is called. The coffin and pall were of blue velvet, with embroidery no less rich than the former; and the coffin was followed by thirty or forty ragged fellows, carrying flags with the arms of the deceased. For this magnificent parade the very first lazzaroni were taken that came in the way, who walked in procession, not by two and two, but eight and eight. The contrast of their squalid appearance with the magnificence of the other parts of the ceremony, was truly comical. The eye looked in vain for relief in a variety of colours at least, but perceived only the same arms incessantly multiplied

Indeed, the love of pompous heraldry is an hereditary disorder among the ancient nobility. I once had the honour to dine with an old knight at Mentz, when the first object that presented itself to me on the front of his house was his coat of arms; then they appeared supported by two lions, on each side of the stairs; they were, in the third place, painted over the door of the apartment; fourthly, they were embroidered in the chairs on which we sat; fifthly, they were engraved on the silver spoons; and sixthly, they were worked in the table-cloth. When I cast my eye upwards, I perceived them in stucco-work in the four corners of the saloon; and downwards, on the little work-stand of the lady, where they were very curiously inlaid with coloured wood. The servants wore them on the lace of their liveries, and they were very neatly sown into the edges of the infant's frock.

But to return from Mentz to Naples.

One pernicious and disgusting custom is fortunately almost obsolete: namely, that of carrying the dead uncovered through the streets. I say almost, but I am sorry I cannot say entirely; for this is still practised with respect to priests and children. The latter are adorned with flowers, and have nosegays in their hands, and often in their mouths. Some low boys from the street are also put into a sort of opera-dress, that they may represent angels; and thus whimsically masked, they surround the corpse, and attend it to the grave.

Another striking spectacle in the streets is, when the Host is carried by the priests to dying persons. We should, if possible, see this in an open place; for, in the narrow streets, I suppose, it produces much less effect. I live in the Largo del Castello, a very large square, which is covered from morning till night with buyers, sellers, animals, carriages, popular exhibitions, and spectators. Close by me is a puppet-shew, at the entrance of which the owner stands and entertains the people with his droll remarks. Some steps further is a fish-market; and directly opposite to me, the main

guard-house. I do not exaggerate when I say that upwards of two thousand persons (besides the cattle) are usually assembled in this place. Suddenly the procession I have just mentioned appears: colours flying before announce it to the eye; and the perpetual tingling of little bells, to the ear. It is surrounded by finely-dressed priests, and often also by a military guard of honour; and clouds of frankincense ascend into the air before them. All the pious whose road leads this way, consider it a duty to follow the train; which, like a snow-ball, thus enlarges in its progress. The shew-man is directly silent; even the fish-women are perfectly still; not a sound escapes: all hats fly off, and thousands fall on their knees, beat their breasts, and cross themselves. The guards shoulder their arms, and a solemn tune is played as long as the procession is in sight. In the night the spectacle is still grander. At every balcony (and let it be remembered that there is no window without a balcony) a light suddenly appears, and the darkness is converted, as it were by magic, into broad day; for every story is illuminated: and below, in the street, a number of rockets are lighted, which, with a whizzing and loud report, salute the solemn procession. As I pursue it into the next street, the sight varies in its singularity. At one moment, all is perfect darkness; and the next, as the procession enters, the whole street on both sides assumes a brilliant aspect: and thus the light appears to fly from house to house, and from balcony to balcony, in the most rapid succession, till in the same order it by degrees vanishes again, and every thing returns to its former darkness. I have frequently put the question to myself, Whence comes it that this spectacle should fill me (who am a heretic) with a sort of awe, since I esteem it the greatest of all absurdities to believe that God can be carried in a box in the streets? I know not how to answer this otherwise, than by the observation, that most things affect our weak minds which occupy and influence such a vast multitude of people at the same time. Who, for ex-

ample, feels much pleasure in seeing a single soldier exercise only for five minutes? But put twenty thousand soldiers in a row, and it amuses us for hours.

More various costumes, and those too all of the same nation, are to be seen no where than in Naples. The country-people dress themselves in almost every village differently; which may have originated in the early periods, when they were so many distinct colonies. The inhabitants of the islands of Ischia, Procida, Capri, &c distinguish themselves by their peculiar habits. But these varieties are carried still further in the capital, among the people of different classes. I have already mentioned the brotherhoods, who wander about like spectres: there are unfortunately many thousand monks of all orders and colours, with and without a beard, with and without shoes, in cowls, hats, and bonnets, of one, two, or three colours. With the exception of some directors of useful institutions, they are confessedly mere idlers; who lounge about the streets in companies of six or seven, or entirely alone. There is a sort of nuns also, called domestic nuns; who do not properly belong to any order, but have merely taken a vow among themselves to wear all their lives nun's clothes, not to marry, and (if they can) to live also chaste; in other respects, however, they propose not to renounce the wicked world, but rather, by their mummery, indulge their spiritual vanity openly. I imagine that the Neapolitan females take refuge in this coquetry on the loss of their youthful attractions; for I have never seen a young domestic nun. However, the ordinary habit of Neapolitan women in the middle rank, is no better than that of a nun; as they not only all dress themselves in black silk, but wear likewise on their heads an immense black hood, which veils their faces; and, when a breeze catches them, gives them the appearance of balloons walking about on human legs. We often meet men who look like chaplains to the Prussian army: these are lawyers; whose number is, in like manner, monstrously great. In another part, we see many youths in long robes,

sometimes blue, and sometimes white, or red. They belong to the different conservatories in which music is taught; and many directly betray, by their awkward growth, that they are of the class of unfortunate beings whom the perverted taste of the Italians prefers to hear singing. A body of Arnauts, lying in garrison here, are to be distinguished by their dress and features. The guard of the king wears red and blue; another regiment, white; a third, dark blue; and others, yellow and black. Let me only mix with this party-coloured multitude, some Armenian merchants, and Algerine slaves, and it will be confessed that it is not possible to put together a greater variety of dresses.

In the above respect the streets of Naples afford more diversity than those of Paris; but in another particular, the latter are far more entertaining. In Paris we find the walls covered with every kind of writing, and printed bills; but at Naples not at all. *There* every one has to propose, to offer, and communicate, something to the public; but *here*, nobody. The French endeavour to bring, as much as possible, men of all ranks and descriptions into connection with each other; the Italians try to individualize them. The Frenchman's restless mind must have food every where, if it be only *en passant*; the Italian, on the contrary, seeks merely food for the body, and never feels the weight of time. A small printed paper on the church-doors, is the utmost that we sometimes find in Naples. And what does this contain?—A spiritual invitation to attend some pious festival, or a new beatification of some devout idler. Yes, indeed; there are always new saints fabricating: and it will come to such a pitch, that, as in China, a mandarin is thought learned who knows all his letters, so a catholic priest will, in like manner, have a claim to that honourable epithet, when he can rehearse the whole catalogue of saints in his church. The only bill which I ever saw on the walls during my stay in Naples, was in Toledo street; and an absurd one it was; a master of languages offered to give "Christian moral

instruction" in Italian. The government has also very seldom any thing to say to the people.

If the walls of Naples are, however, deficient in temporal novelties, they are amply supplied with spiritual ones, which exhibit the absurdest objects as religious images. Of this description, in particular, are the naked souls in purgatory. In the street leading to Portici, we see on the wall a very remarkable picture of the Entry of cardinal Ruffo with his Calabrians. He himself commands on horseback; St Antony, with the royal arms, hovering over him. Opposite to them is the burning lake: in it a monstrous dragon stretches open his horrible jaws, into which the troops drive all the French without mercy. It is a pity that the tooth of time makes rapid inroads on this caricature, and threatens to rob the stranger of a very innocent and hearty laugh.

I am of opinion that the streets of a city are the proper places for discovering the character of the inhabitants; and I hope, therefore, that I have performed no unacceptable task in having attempted to describe them to the reader. He is now as familiar with the city of Naples as I am.

Every part of the kingdom of Naples abounds with curiosities more or less important. The two most distinguished are, according to my feelings, the town of Pompeii, and mount Vesuvius. When I came to Naples, Vesuvius had ceased to emit fire; its eruptions consisted now of lava, which afforded me a sight sufficiently grand, though by the inhabitants it was totally disregarded. Vesuvius lay opposite to my window. When it was dark I could clearly perceive how the masses of fire rolled down the mountain. As long as any glimmering of light remained, that part of the mountain was to be seen, on the declivity of which the lava formed a straight, but oblique, line. As soon, however, as it was perfectly dark, and the mountain itself vanished from the eye, it seemed as if a comet with a long tail stood in the sky. In eight or ten days the brilliancy became gradually less, and at last totally died away, leaving nothing but smoke.

I waited long for a perfectly serene day, in order to take a near view of this workshop of Vulcan. At length the thirteenth of November arrived, and invited me, by clear, but rather too hot, summer weather, to this fatiguing excursion. I set out in the company of some friends, with some bottles of wine. We drove to the little town Resina, situated beyond Portici; where we alighted, and were immediately surrounded by a crowd of men, who offered us their asses and mules, and even their own arms and legs. We were soon mounted. Instead of a bridle every ass had a cord, and that too only on the right side: the saddle was tolerably convenient. A *cicerone* led the van, carrying the provisions; each ass also had its leader by its side, who exhorted it in encouraging words to hold up bravely. His principal expression was a single syllable, resembling, in sound, *au* or *aum*, which he uttered very hastily. When that was ineffectual, he goaded the beast with a stick behind; and in steep or rough parts he helped him as well as he could. Thus we proceeded a tolerable distance upwards through the town. The inhabitants, accustomed to such cavalcades, did not laugh at us; but we could not help laughing at ourselves. The asses are tolerably sure-footed, but not so much so as the mules. One of my companions fell, with his poor beast, on the slippery pavement of the town; but, very fortunately, received little hurt.

With much pleasantry and good humour we reached the open country, and began to climb. The way winds amidst vineyards, encompassed by walls of lava, and interspersed with little cheerful houses. Here is produced the renowned wine called *lachryma Christi*, which will probably survive its reputation. Now and then the men halted, to shew us a stream of lava, which had flowed in a particular year.

We had scarcely ascended a quarter of an hour, when we began to hear the roaring of the mountain. The cicerone assured us, that a new gulf had opened in the preceding night. The smoke did not appear consider-

ble. The higher we came, the more scanty the vegetation became; but the decrease was so gradual as not to be perceived. The tendrils of the vineyards continued to interweave with one another; and I found, to my astonishment, at a very considerable height, even poplars, which I had not expected to see on this dry mountain.

We continued to climb for about an hour, while Vesuvius opened more clearly upon our view. The road now turned to the left, towards the *Somma*, its neighbour, which, in very distant periods, formed a united gulf of fire with it, and is now externally separated from it. Here we see the proper cone of Vesuvius, called the cone of ashes, which has a horrid sea of dross for its basis. Every thing on our right hand was black, or dark-grey. Here and there a small parched plant alone discovered itself; but not a single bird fluttered over this desert, nor a lizard crept through the sharp stones; while, on our left hand, the summer was still in all its freshness. Thus we wandered on the borders of the kingdom of destruction, till we wound up through a steep rock of lava, to the well-known hermitage on the Somma. Here the friendly tenant received us, and offered us refreshments; but we staid only a short time to enjoy the charming view, which (according to my custom) I shall not describe, and then hastened to attain our grand object.

We trotted on about another quarter of an hour, up the narrow passage of the Somma, without much inconvenience; but were then obliged to descend into the lake of dross, where a narrow foot-path, in the ashes, wound through the jagged masses of lava. These were merely steep hillocks, stretching forth their rough points, and our asses made their way up and down them with great facility. We here heard a rustling, like that of a high wind, which latter, however, we did not feel. Nature appeared around us to have died in hoary old age, amidst the convulsions; and the sight of her corpse caused a cold thrilling through our veins.

We were now at the foot of the cone of ashes; and at this spot we left our wearied beasts, in order to execute, with our full and undiminished powers, the last and most difficult part of the task. The heat of the sun, though on the thirteenth of November, invited us to throw off our clothes. Each guide hung a strong strap over his shoulder, which we took hold of. The cicerone went on before, and we followed in pairs.

At first the way was easy. The crumbled, but hard lava, was trodden on with facility; and, as I am no novice in climbing mountains, I began to flatter myself with finding the difficulties and fatigues of this journey far below my expectation. But our ground was too soon converted into mere ashes; the road, though inclining obliquely along the surface of the mountain, became more and more steep; the pace forwards very often slipped back into the track of the preceding one, or, at least, it was always taken more than half in vain; the hollow rumbling in the crater on our left hand, and the precipice yawning on our right, and which grew deeper as we advanced, discouraged us a little, and we were often obliged to halt, in order to collect strength. But these very resting-places afforded us little ease; for the soil on which we stood was so loose, that in a few moments we sunk, by our own weight, above the ancles in the ashes; and whoever was subject to be giddy, was obliged to take care that he did not look into the abyss on his right hand: and to direct the eye to the top of the mountain was by no means consolatory; for, alas! it was still at such a distance. However, our indefatigable guides incessantly inspirited us; we continued climbing assiduously, and in three quarters of an hour we were so near the mountain, that we could clearly distinguish a company of travellers who had already attained the summit.

This sight gave us new courage; and by a few minutes more of tedious climbing, we hoped to accomplish our object; when suddenly we saw a wall before us, which the volumes of fire, by some late operation, had

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of our shoes, and was even plainly felt
as. The lava had various crevices, which
; and when we put a stick into them, the
immediately burst out. It was too hot and dan-
erous to stay long here; yet as we were only about
fifty steps from the crater, one of my companions wished
to go further on, over the thinly-covered sea of flames.
But this was impossible; we were obliged to return the
same way, and wind round the coldest masses of lava. I
was the first of our company; and followed my guide,
who led me to the top by a foot-path of ashes.

Here I stood on a narrow spot of mountain, sepa-
rated by a smoking cavity, at the utmost ten paces in
breadth, from a similar one which served as the border
of the crater. How shall I find words to delineate all
that I saw and heard? Yet the simplest description is
fitted to the sublimest objects. From the middle of the
crater, ascended the sulphureous yellow cone which the
eruption of the present year has formed: on the other
side of it, a thick smoke perpetually arose from the
abyss opened during the preceding night. The side of
the crater opposite to me, which rose considerably
higher than that on which I stood, afforded a singular
aspect; for it was covered with little pillars of smoke,
that broke forth from it, and appeared almost like ex-
tinguished lights. The air over the crater was actually

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As [illegible] spread its ho[illegible]or. An [illegible] sulphur, the black dross, [illegible] had [illegible] the grey pumice-stone, the moss [illegible] the [illegible] the metallic spangles—all seemed collected [illegible] to form this infernal mosaic floor. The [illegible] opening smoked close before me in several places; and where the smoke broke out, small stones were loosened every now and then from the sloping wall, and rolled down; the only noise which, besides the roaring of the mountain, met the ear.

I did not contemplate this awful and sublime spectacle without emotions of terror, but I felt as if enchained to the spot. Two of my companions had ventured to press still nearer, over the rugged points of lava and burning crevices, and through clouds of sulphureous vapour. They did not, however, observe any thing more than I did, except a greater portion of the sulphureous cone. The most remarkable object they met with, was a *lady* (the duchess Della Torre) walking on this dangerous spot. Her husband, who was making scientific observations on the mountain for the purpose of publication, stood near me, very much occupied with his experiments; and appeared as perfectly at his ease as if he had been at home in his study.

Full of the sensations inspired by the sublimest spectacle of nature, and happy at having accomplished our object, we commenced our journey back. This is usually represented by travellers as very easy and commodious. For my part I confess it was more difficult to

me than the ascent. It is indeed more expeditious; for at every step voluntarily taken, we slipped downwards two paces further; but the knees soon begin to totter, and on reaching again the crumbled lava, the progress is very painful. I was obliged to hold my guide by the collar, to prevent my falling twenty times. We at length, however, reached our asses in perfect safety, richly laden with the plunder of the mountain, and accompanied by its hollow groans.

But before I mount my beast, let me say a few words on the general subject of this pilgrimage; which is described by some travellers as very painful, and by others as very easy.—It is neither. Whoever, indeed, does not concern himself about human torture, may render it even convenient to himself; he need only do as the hereditary prince of this place lately did; who had two stout fellows to draw him along by his arms, while two others pushed him behind, so that he went up easily enough. Or, he may cause himself to be carried in a sedan chair by eight men (as the princess did); and may then read a novel on his way. But it is not every one's talent to be able to derive enjoyment from ease, thus purchased by the excessive exertions of others. I confess that the ascending would be a mere trifle for any one accustomed to climbing, if the whole path did not consist of ashes; this alone makes it fatiguing. Yet if a lady ever ventures up (and many have already ventured) at a time when the mountain rages as now, I should pronounce her to be a female of tolerably stout nerves.

The last eruption of Vesuvius was very *gallant*. The ladies formed parties by hundreds for Porre dell' Annunciata, directly opposite the mouth from which the lava flowed. There they walked composedly to the foot of the mountain, stood on the border of the fiery current, wantonly jumped over its narrow arms backward and forward, and actually placed themselves before the stream, and waited its coming: all this was unattended with danger; as it rolled on very slowly, or

rather drove its great scaly waves deliberately over one another, till they lost their equilibrium by being piled up, and rushed down again like a cataract—which afforded full time for escaping in safety.

We reached the friendly hermitage, cheerful, but wearied; and did not a second time decline the invitation to enter this humble dwelling. We found one chamber, that contained the welcome luxury of a tolerably soft sofa. The decoration of the walls, as it now appeared, may probably not remain long in that state; I hasten, therefore, to give it durability on paper. An expert artist had been there some time before; and had sketched, with charcoal, over the chimney-piece, the good-natured face of the host, as large as life. He had probably been in company with Lucian Bonaparte; for the latter, with his wife, and several other *French* faces, were drawn round about in great medallions on the walls, with charcoal. I found this *princely* pair, as well as the hermit, great likenesses.

Here is, of course, a sort of memorandum-book kept, in which every one who wanders thus far inserts his name, and adds at pleasure any thing else, whether stupid or clever. What a mass of nonsense did it contain! Many of the writers had been seized with a troublesome sensibility, and these were the most intolerable: they had expectorated the whole of their sensations on "the grand prospect," and "the monstrous volcano." One had even maintained, that the flames had contemplated him with gaiety. Others had recorded sorry jests, and disgusting witticisms: one, for example, related, that his sly chambermaid, Lisetta, had fallen from her ass in the journey; it is a wonder that he did not describe her posture. This medley was to be found in all languages; but I confess, that on a slight perusal, it seemed to me, that the Germans had written the most nonsense; at least, they affected the greatest sensibility. Yet the perusal of these books is a pleasant pastime for people who have nothing else to do in the desert habitation which they here

find. It is a pity only, that the volumes already filled, are no longer extant, but have been disposed of. There is now but one full, and a second which is just begun.

The hermit set before us bread and cheese, and very good *lachryma Christi* of his own growth. He was very communicative, but the circle of his ideas did not extend beyond the gulph of Naples. The most interesting part of his discourse was his description of three shocks of an earthquake in the preceding night, which had shaken his house to such a degree, that, to use his own expression, all the teeth chattered in his head. Upon this occasion a new gulf had opened in the interior of the crater, and the rustling and roaring in the inside of it (but which had already ceased) led to an apprehension that the eruption of this year was not yet at an end, but that a more dreadful return was to be expected. We could not resist the selfish idea, that the sooner this should happen the better for the gratification of our curiosity. After having refreshed ourselves, we left the hermitage, and descended the mountain on foot; for the riding down is far more troublesome than up, and often prevents the traveller from yielding with perfect freedom to the current of his feelings. At Resina we resumed our station in the carriages; and after seven hours of real enjoyment in this pilgrimage, returned, very comfortably disposed both in mind and body, to Naples.

A burning mountain is certainly a grand spectacle; but nature has produced it in many places. On the other hand, a town, a great and rich town, that, after lying eighteen centuries in a deep grave, is again shone on by the sun, and stands amidst other cities, as much a stranger as any one of its former inhabitants would be among his descendants of the present day;—such a town has not its equal in the world. The feelings which seized me at its gate may be very faintly expressed by words, but admit, indeed, of no adequate representation. A melancholy, a dark and depressing horror, a stupor, a propensity to shed tears, such as

every one feels on hearing of any thing great and noble; these were the sensations which I would here in part describe. There are moments in human life which have a stamp of distinction on them above all the rest: they form no part of the common chain of recollections which occupy our minds; they ever retain their original brightness, unclouded by any of the mists and darkness of time; they are the last objects on which the eye dwells when ready eternally to close on every thing sublunary. Such has Pompeii afforded to me, this Epimenides of cities. What I saw there in a few hours will often, in a calm retrospect, withdraw my mind from the world around me.

The road from Naples to Pompeii, not much above ten English miles, is an uninterrupted chain of flourishing towns, which, mocking the malignity of the volcano, covers its foot, and adorn the bay. We pass Portici and Resina in our way to Torre del Greco, that unfortunate town, which bears every where vestiges of hideous devastation, where the eye pursues the black stream of lava as far as the sea, and beholds, in astonishment, the new habitations amidst ruins that appear to serve as a fruitless warning. The elements, and human industry, have not yet levelled the lava here; its sharp points rise up every where, and monstrous masses of black stone, formed of fire and ashes, present themselves continually to our eyes. We feel our respiration freer when, leaving the heaps of dross, we see Torre del l'Annunziata, with its bustle of inhabitants passing and re-passing. Thence we proceed, between vineyards and cotton plantations, through a smiling country, formerly the bottom of the sea.

In a short time afterwards, to the left hand, amidst the hills of vineyards, the town itself breaks on our view, which, throwing off its shroud of ashes, came forth from its grave. The buildings are without roofs, which are supposed to have been destroyed by the enemy in an ungarded state, or torn off by a hurricane,

The carriage now stops. I tremblingly alight, and proceed through the gate of that Pompeii, which Seneca and Tacitus once called "the famous Campanian town." Yes: at that time, when surrounded by the sea, a forest of masts stood in the now-vanished haven; trade flourished; luxury raged; buyers and sellers thronged in at this gate, which, at present, leads only to desert streets. My foot now steps on the same pavement as was trodden on eighteen hundred years ago: the tracks of the wheels are still visible, which then rolled over it. An elevated path runs by the side of the houses, for foot-passengers; and that they might, in rainy weather, pass commodiously over to the opposite side, large flat stones, three of which take up the width of the road, were laid at a distance from each other. As the carriages, in order to avoid these stones, were obliged to use the intermediate spaces, the tracks of the wheels are there most visible. The whole pavement is in good condition; it consists merely of considerable pieces of lava; which, however, are not cut (as at present) into squares, and may have been, on that account, the more durable.

This is supposed to have been the main street of Pompeii, which, however, I very much doubt; for the houses on both sides, with the exception of some few, were evidently the habitations of common citizens, and were small, and provided with booths. The street itself too is narrow; two carriages only could go a-breast: it is also very uncertain, whether it ran through the whole town; for, from the spot where the moderns discontinued digging, to that where they recommenced (and where the same street is supposed to be found again), a wide tract is covered with vineyards, which may very well occupy the place of the most splendid streets and markets still concealed underneath. But without wishing to investigate what the envious bosom of the ashes still conceals, let us dwell for a time on what lies before us; and eternal be the memory of the virtuoso who di-

he was about to plant fifty years ago, gave, by the first stroke of his spade into the earth, the signal for the resurrection of a town!

We will stay a moment before this booth in which liquors were sold. We feel disposed to call for the master of the house; he appears only to be absent for a time on business, perhaps to fill his casks again, which stood in these niches; for the marble table bears the very marks of the cups left by the drinkers, who are just departed. Is no one coming? Well then, we will go into the next house. The tenant here has had a salutation of black stone inlaid in his threshold: we are therefore welcome, and may, without hesitation, satisfy our curiosity. On entering the habitations, we are struck, at the first glance, with the strangeness of their construction. The middle of the house forms a square, something like the cross-passages of a cloister, often surrounded by pillars; cleanly, and paved with party-coloured, pretty mosaic. In the middle is a cooling well, and on both sides are little chambers, about ten or twelve feet square, but high, and painted a fine red or yellow. The floor is of mosaic, and the door is made generally to serve as a window, there being but one apartment which receives light, through a thick blue glass. Many of these rooms are supposed to have been bed-chambers, because there is an elevated broad step, on which the bed may have stood, and some of the pictures appear most appropriate to a sleeping-room. Others are supposed to have been dressing-rooms, because, on the walls, a Venus is being decorated by the Graces, and all sorts of little flasks and boxes were found in them. The larger served for dining rooms, and in some suitable accommodations for cold and hot baths are to be met with.

The manner in which a whole room might be perfectly heated, was what particularly struck me. Against the usual wall, a second was erected standing a little distance from the first. For this purpose, large square tiles were taken, having, like our tiles, a sort of hook,

so that they kept the first wall, as it were, off from them: a hollow space was thus left all around, from the top to the bottom, into which pipes were introduced, that carried the warmth into the chamber, and rendered the whole place one stove, as it were. The ancients were also attentive to avoid the vapour or smell from their lamps. In some houses there is a niche made in the wall for the lamp, with a little chimney in the form of a funnel, through which the smoke ascended. Opposite to the house-door we see the largest room, which is properly a sort of hall, for it has only three walls, being quite open in the fore-part. Perhaps, this was the place where the good woman sat at her work, surrounded by her children, enjoying the coolness of the water before her, and welcoming all the guests who entered. The side rooms have no connection with each other, they are all divided off like the cells of monks, the door of each leading to a fountain.

Most of the houses consist of one such square, surrounded by rooms. In a few, some decayed steps seem to have led to an upper story, which is no longer in existence. Some habitations, however, probably of the richer and more fashionable, were far more spacious. In these a first court is often connected with a second, and even with a third, by passages: in other respects their arrangements pretty generally resemble the rest. Many garlands of flowers and vine-branches, and many handsome pictures, are still to be seen on the walls. It was formerly permitted for the guides to sprinkle these pictures with fresh water in the presence of travellers, and thus revive their former splendour for a moment: but this is now strictly forbidden; and indeed not without reason, since the frequent watering might at length totally rot away the wall.

Over one of the house-doors a Priapus or phallus is carved, the signification of which is a matter of doubt and speculation. Some imagine it to have been the habitation of a woman of pleasure: others consider it as an emblem of the god of gardens, under whose patronage

fruits were perhaps sold in this street. But for that it appears too narrow. It is more certain that another of these houses belonged to a statuary, for we find his workshop still full of the vestiges of his art. A third was probably inhabited by a surgeon, whose profession is equally evident from the instruments discovered in his chamber.

A large country-house near the gate undoubtedly belonged to a very wealthy man, and would in fact still invite inhabitants within its walls. It is very extensive, stands against a hill, and has many stories. Its finely decorated rooms are unusually spacious; and its terraces airy, from which we look down into a pretty garden that has been now again planted with flowers. In the middle of this garden is a large fish-pond, and near that an ascent, from which on two sides six pillars descend. This is usually called an arbour; but I know not why, for it has not the smallest resemblance to one. The hinder pillars are the highest, the middle somewhat lower, and the front the lowest: they appear therefore to have propped a sloping roof. A covered passage resting on pillars incloses the garden on three sides: it was painted, and served probably, in rainy weather, as an agreeable walk. It has a fine arched cellar underneath. It receives air and light by several openings from without; and consequently its air is so perfectly pure that in the hottest summer it is always refreshing, and agreeable for a ramble. A number of *amphoræ*, or large wine-vessels, are to be seen here, which are still leaning against the wall as the butler left them when he fetched up the last goblet of wine for his master. Had the inhabitants of Pompeii preserved these vessels with stoppers, wine might have been still found in them; but, as it was, the stream of ashes rushing in, has of course forced out the wine, and the king of Naples is thus deprived of the pleasure of drinking that delicious liquor eighteen hundred years old. Instead of this we found more than twenty human skeletons, of fugitives, who thought to save themselves here under ground and cer-

tainly experienced a ten-fold more cruel death than those suffered who were in the open air.

Ah! when we wander through the desert streets and houses, the question every moment recurs, What became of all these inhabitants, who appear to be just gone away for a moment only, leaving every thing lying or standing about as they had used it? Their destiny was dreadful. No stream of fire encompassed their abodes; they could then have sought refuge in flight. No earthquake swallowed them up: they would then have endured nothing of the pangs of death, from the sudden suffocation. *A rain of ashes buried them alive* BY DEGREES! Read the delineation of Pliny: "A darkness suddenly overspread the country; not like the darkness of a moonless night, but like that of a closed room, in which the light is on a sudden extinguished. Women screamed, children moaned, men cried. Here children were anxiously calling their parents; and there, parents were seeking their children, or husbands their wives: all recognized each other only by their cries. The former lamented their own fate, and the latter that of those dearest to them. Many wished for death, from the fear of dying. Many called on the gods for assistance: others despaired of the existence of the gods, and thought this the last eternal night of the world. Actual dangers were magnified by unreal terrors. The earth continued to shake; and men, half-distracted, to reel about, exaggerating their own and others fears by terrifying predictions."

This is the dreadful, but true picture, which Pliny gives us of the horrors of those who were, however, far from the extremity of the misery. But what must have been the feelings of the Pompeians, when the roaring of the mountain, and the quaking of the earth, waked them from their first sleep? They attempted also to escape the wrath of the gods; and, seizing the most valuable things they could lay their hands upon in the darkness and confusion, to seek their safety in flight. In this street, and before the house that is marked with the

friendly salutation on its threshhold, seven skeletons were found: the first carried a lamp, and the rest had still between the bones of their fingers something that they wished to save. On a sudden they were overtaken by the storm that descended from heaven, and buried in the grave thus made for them. Before the above-mentioned country-house was still a male skeleton standing with a dish in his hand; and as on his finger he wore one of those rings that were allowed to be worn only by Roman knights, he is supposed to have been the master of the house, who had just opened the back garden-gate with the intent of flying, when the shower overwhelmed him. Several skeletons were found in the very posture in which they had breathed their last, without being forced by the agonies of death to drop the things which they had in their hands. This leads me to conjecture that the thick mass of ashes must have come down all at once in such immense quantities as instantly to cover them. I cannot otherwise imagine how the fugitives could all have been fixed, as it were by a charm, in their position; and in this manner their destiny was the less dreadful, for death suddenly converted them into motionless statues, and thus was stripped of all the horrors with which the fears of the sufferers had clothed him in imagination. But what then must have been the pitiable condition of those who had taken refuge in the buildings and cellars? Buried in the thickest darkness, they were secluded from every thing but lingering torment; and who can paint to himself, without shuddering, a slow dissolution approaching, amidst all the agonies of body and of mind? The soul recoils from the contemplation of such images.

We have visited the inhabitants in their private houses: I now conduct the reader to the public edifices. —The temple of Isis is yet standing here, with its Doric pillars. On these altars victims were offered, and from these white marble steps flowed the blood of the sacrifices. From that vault issued the voice of the oracle. The walls of this place were painted with emblems of

the service of Isis; the hippopotamus, the cocoa-blossom, the ibis, &c. We still found here the sacred vessels, lamps, and tables, of Isis. From a little chapel still existing, a poisonous vapour is said to have arisen formerly, which the heathen priests may have used for every species of deception. Seneca makes mention of it in his time; and after the violent eruption of Vesuvius, this vapour is said to have increased: but I did not observe the slightest smell.

A small Grecian temple, of which only two pillars remain, had been probably already destroyed by an earthquake, which, in the reign of Titus, preceded the dreadful eruption of the volcano. On the opposite side of this temple there is still an edifice named the Quarter of the Soldiers, because all sorts of arms, pictures of soldiers, and a skeleton in chains, were found there. Others considered it to be the forum of Pompeii.

Two theatres are in an excellent state of preservation; particularly the smaller one, which might be fitted up for representation at very little expense. The structure of it is such as was usually adopted by the ancients, but is unfortunately out of date with us. Whoever has seen the theatre of the Hermitage at Petersburg, in the emperor Paul's time, and figures it to himself uncovered and without boxes, has a true image of the theatre at Pompeii. I cannot conceive why this mode of building is not usual in the present day. The spectators require commodious seats, a free view of the stage, and facility of hearing, as much now as ever. All this is obtained in none of our modern theatres to such perfection as here. I have gone over the little theatre at Pompeii from top to bottom, and seated myself in different places, but have never had occasion to complain of any one as not affording a good view. Though it is large enough to hold two thousand persons, yet the rabble standing in a broad gallery at the very top, were just as able to see all that was passing on the stage as the magistrate in his marble balcony. In this gallery the arrangements for spreading the sail-cloth over the spectators were still visible. The

stage itself is very broad, as it has no side walls; and appears less deep than it really is. A wall runs across it, and cuts off just as much room as is necessary for the accommodation of the performers. But this wall has three very broad doors; the middle one is distinguished by its height, and the space behind it is still deeper than before. If these doors, as I conjecture, always stood open, the stage was in fact large, and afforded moreover the advantage of being able to display a double scenery: if, for example, the scene in front was that of a street, there might be behind a free prospect into the open field. I should very much like to see a piece performed in such a theatre.

A walk through a town, that was itself but lately under ground, cannot be finished at a better place than the graves of the inhabitants. These are before the gate on the high-road. The tomb of the priestess Mammea is here very remarkable; which, according to the epitaph, was erected here by virtue of a decree of the decemvirs. I shall not speak, indeed, of the little boxes in square piles of stones, in the midst of which stood the urns on a sort of altar surrounded by the urns of the family in niches; nor of the hideous broken masks which are still affixed on the outside of this pile: but I shall never forget the beautiful seat which forms a semicircle before the grave by the road-side, and will hold twenty or thirty persons. It was probably overshadowed by trees eighteen hundred years ago; under which the women of Pompeii sat in the cool evenings, while their children played before them, and viewed the crowds that were passing through the gate. Here I also sat, wearied both by mental and corporeal exertions, and surveyed once more, with pensive looks, the corpse of Pompeii. What a throng of people once swarmed in this place, all actuated by their necessities and passions! and now, how dreary and desolate! My eyes grew moist at the affecting scene, as I walked along the ruins; and reflections on our transitory condition, drew tears from me on leaving them.

The smallest part of the city only is dug out, more than

two-thirds of it still remaining under the ashes. One single street, and part of a narrow bye-street, are the only passable quarters. On going through the house on the right to the opposite ones, we come to a wall of ashes, from which pieces of buildings every where project, and appear to supplicate the removal of their burden. But little or no progress is now made in digging. The queen has lately (as it is said, at the instigation of the prince of Wirtemberg) ordered the work to be continued, and I actually found twenty men employed at it. But what is the labour of twenty men here! It is objected, that the damage occasioned by the destruction of the vineyard above would be too great; but the value of such a vineyard is little in comparison with the treasures which it conceals. It is objected also, that it is difficult to dispose of the earth that is dug out. These are all flimsy pretexts to conceal the want of inclination. Thirty or forty thousand idle lazzaroni are begging and starving in the streets of Naples; and all the prisons are filled with galley-slaves, who (inconceivable as it may be) are used for no purpose whatever. These are hands enough, and at trifling expense; for the latter would not be paid at all, and the former would work for very low wages. Severe measures might be adopted against the beggars, who in that case would have a good opportunity of earning their subsistence in an honest way; and thus Pompeii would still be the benefactor of Naples.

The French, during their stay here, dug out some pretty houses: and prince Leopold has also had some others uncovered at his own expense; for every prince and princess will have the honour of contributing his or her part to the work, that it may be related to foreigners visiting the court. The buildings which have been brought to light within these few months, have fine marble fountains, with borders of the same material: and in the chambers are found handsome pictures, in a tolerably good state of preservation, the signification of which will occupy the antiquarians. On one stands a naked female figure, holding up a veil behind her. Opposite

to her sits a youth, in whose lap two long spears lie inverted, and a star is hovering over his head. Between the two stands a winged boy with a burning torch. The cicerone is instantly ready with his explanation. "That," said he, "is Venus, Apollo, and Love." He might as well have named a dozen other gods, or demigods, and I should have been just as wise. The second is still more enigmatical: A naked man is standing, with the arms of a pretty female figure (veiled) very familiarly thrown round him. Both appear to contemplate a dragon very tranquilly. A spear descends through the air, directed not against the dragon, but against them; and behind the young man is a sword leaning against an eminence. The cicerone was here too not at a loss for a reply: he had fully acquired the art of these people, in answering something, let it be what it will: for silence is not allowable among them.---On the third picture a Hercules is very clearly to be distinguished, but the rest is much damaged.--Some pretty arabesks are also to be met with in these new chambers.

The view of Pompeii is even now truly impressive; but how much more so would it have been if the king had left the statues, household furniture, holy utensils, &c. standing in the places were they were discovered while digging! Even the skeletons might have been left standing and lying, and what they held in their hands should not have been taken from them. The form of the old roofs had been clearly imprinted in the mass of ashes: this form might have been imitated, and such roofs have been replaced. What would have been the sensations of the stranger on viewing the utensils for the sacrifices still on the altars, the household furniture in the apartments, the half-drest victuals in the kitchens, the flasks of oil and ointment in the baths, and the busy skeletons each at his occupation! He would have thought himself in a city inhabited by departed spirits; and, absorbed in awful contemplations of the past, would have left Pompeii as the frontiers of the lower world.

It is urged that this was not possible; because every thing would have been stolen in a few weeks that could have been removed. But what is the use of the soldiers, who do very little else than dance at the opera? How easy it would have been to erect guard-houses at the gates of Pompeii; and with one or two companies of invalids all the passages might be conveniently secured. They might then have saved themselves the trouble of dragging to Palermo all the antiquities as they were dug out. I will venture to say that the French would not have plundered a nail out of Pompeii itself, but would have respected every thing in it as the property of the skeletons.

No traveller should be induced to descend deep in the ground for Herculaneum. The money which he must give his cicerone he may as well throw into the street; for his curiosity will be only wearied with a perpetual sameness in every cellar. Great preparations are made; torches lighted up; a burning wax taper given into every one's hand; after which we descend an incalculable number of steps. We hear the carriages rolling in the streets over us, like distant thunder; and what do we see remarkable? Immense masses of lava, which once buried the city. For all the rest we must take the word of the guide. We are dragged up and down through damp cold passages, that resemble subterraneous labyrinths, and are totally without fresh air. These walls are said to have belonged to the theatre. A small specimen of the marble is still to be seen. Those stairs lead down into the pit; here the unfortunate inhabitants sat witnessing the performance while Vesuvius was brooding their destruction. We gape at the wall and the stairs, nod our approbation to the cicerone, remain as wise as before, and are at length heartily glad to get out of this cellar, and see the daylight. Formerly this passage was very rich in curiosities, temples, theatres, pictures, statues, &c. were then in abundance to be admired: but now almost the whole is again closed, for want of room to dispose of the lava

taken out at present; and there is, properly speaking, nothing to see. The magnificent works of art which have been brought to light, are, in one assemblage, to be found in the museum at Portici.

Unfortunately, much the smaller part only is still there: for whatever was supposed to have any superior value from its materials or construction, was sent to Palermo; where it rests in fifty-two chests, till the burning *French* lava is a little cooled.

Yet this remaining part has, however, its full value. Who can behold, without the strongest emotions of admiration, the relics of the most transitory things, which, for eighteen hundred years, have braved the ravages of time? There are still bread, corn, dough, which was just to be put into the oven, soap with which they had washed themselves, figs, and even egg-shells perfectly white, and in as good a state as if the cook had broken them an hour before. Here is a kitchen provided with every thing necessary: trivets and pots stand on the hearth; stew-pans hang on the wall; skimmers and tongs in the corner; a metal mortar rests on the shaft of a pillar; weights, hammers, scythes, and other utensils of husbandry; helms and arms; sacrificing bowls and knives; a number of pretty-shaped glasses, large and small glass bottles, lamps, vases, decorations for furniture, a piece of cloth, nets, and even shoe-soles; all sorts of female ornaments, necklaces, rings, and ear-rings; a wooden chess-board, reduced indeed to a cinder:—all these things are more or less injured by the fire, but yet all distinguishable at first sight. Every apartment of the museum is laid with the most charming antique floors; partly mosaic from Pompeii, and partly marble from Herculaneum. Statues, vases, busts, chandeliers, altars, tables of marble and bronze, are all in as good a state as if they had just come from the hands of the artist. Thousands of coins fill the different cases. On short fine chains hang medallions of marble down from the cieling, in the same manner as our chandeliers or bird-cages do. These medallions have on both sides

bas-reliefs, which appear to be of no considerable value as works of art. They hang so as to be reached with the hand, and of course may be conveniently turned about and examined. I cannot decide upon the effect which such ornaments may have had formerly. As all that were found were crowded into one room, and thus formed a cluster hanging from the cieling, the whole appearance of them was very bad.

Most of the pictures in Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabia, were sawed from the wall; and a long row of apartments in the museum is now set out with them. I cannot say that a very careful selection of them has been made: many of them are almost obliterated, and many are extremely bad. It appears as if the object had been to fill a great number of rooms, without paying any regard to the tediousness of such a scene for the spectator, who perhaps would not wish to look at more than a twentieth part of them. They have carried their puerile conceit so far, as with infinite difficulty, to loosen the scratches made by the soldiers at Pompeii in their barracks, and to adorn a large apartment with them. All that took up too much room has been placed in the court; which is crowded with tomb-stones, inscriptions, cisterns, pillars, statues, &c. In the middle, a fine horse of bronze is set up. The modern inscription informs us that there were four, but only this one has been saved. It would have been wiser not to have said any thing; for the other three were hacked to pieces through the negligence of the government in not using proper measures for their preservation, but at last they thought proper to secure the fourth.

The most remarkable objects in the museum at Portici, are the manuscripts found in two chambers of a house at Herculaneum. Though they have been so frequently described, they must be seen to furnish a correct idea of them. They resemble cudgels reduced to the state of a cinder, and in part petrified; are black and chesnut-brown; lie in many glass cases; and unfortunately are so decayed, that under every one of them a quantity of

dust and crumbs is to be perceived. Being rolled up together in the manner of the ancients, and perhaps also gradually damaged by the moisture penetrating through the ashes, it appears almost impracticable ever to decypher a syllable of them. But for the industry and talent of man nothing is impossible, and his curiosity impels him to the most ingenious inventions.

The machine by which the manuscripts are unrolled, is of such a nature that I despair of describing it clearly. It resembles, yet only in the exterior, a bookbinder's frame on which he usually sews his books. The manuscript rests on some cotton in the bow of two ribands; with one end fastened above in cords, exactly like the curtain of a theatre. Goldbeater's-skin is then laid on with the white of an egg in very small stripes, by means of a pencil, in order to give something to hold by. To this skin silk threads are fastened; which, together with the riband, wind above round the peg, in the same manner as the string of a violin. When the workman has, with the skin, laid hold of however small a part of the manuscript; and, by means of a sharp pencil, has loosened the first leaf as much as possible; he turns the peg with the greatest precaution, and is happy if he succeeds so far as to unroll a quarter of an inch: upon which he begins the operation afresh. It must not, however, be imagined, that this quarter of an inch, which was undone with such infinite difficulty, remains a connected whole. Not at all: it rather resembles a piece of tinder that is full of holes.

After the workman has gained thus much of the flimsy leaf, he carries it, with his breath held in, to a table, and gives it to the copyists. These men must be very expert in distinguishing the letters. Their task is not only transcribing, but drawing: for they copy the whole leaf, with all its vacancies, in the carefullest manner; after which a man of learning tries to supply the parts that are wanting. These supplements are, of course, very arbitrary. There is scarcely a line in which some letters, or words, are not wanting; often whole lines,

or whole periods, must be filled up. What a wide field for conjecture! What is thus supplied is written in red ink, between the black; we may therefore instantly perceive, at first sight, how much belongs to the original, and how much as been added. It is said that the manuscripts are also to be printed: in that case I anticipate how the linguists of Europe will employ themselves in cavilling, each in his way, at the interpolations which have been thus made, or substituting others in their room.

The endless trouble which the whole must occasion, may be conceived. It was some time ago nearly laid aside, as every thing else is here; but the prince of Wales has taken it upon himself; and defrays the expenses without giving offence to the royal sportsman of Naples. Eleven young persons unfold the manuscripts, two others copy them, and a meritorious and zealous Englishman named Hayter, has the direction of the whole. He assured me that the persons employed began to work with greater skill and expedition than some years ago. He by no means despairs of decyphering all the six hundred manuscripts still extant; and does not doubt of finding a Menander and an Ennius, as he flatters himself with having already found a Polybius. The very day before I visited the museum, he had discovered an unknown author, named Colotos.*

His business requires a philosophical temper. As the name of the author is always put on the last page, he cannot know whose work it is till that leaf is unrolled. Seven Latin authors have fallen into Mr. Hayter's hands: but unfortunately all in such a state that it was not possible to open them whole. He complained the more of this, as there appeared to be among them a work of Livy's; at least, it was certainly an historical work written in his style, and began with a speech in which much was said of a family of Acilius. Unfortunately no more could be made of it. Mr. Hayter lamented that the first person to whom the manuscripts

* Κολοτης.

had been entrusted (a Spaniard named Albuquerque) had thrown them all together; for he himself thought that they might have been of various merit in the different chambers in which they were placed.

At present five writers have been discovered: Philodemus, of whom the most works have been found, and among others a treatise on the Vices which border on Virtues—certainly a very copious subject if it has been discussed with ability; Epicurus; Phædrus; Demetrius Phalereus; and now Colotes. Mr. Hayter is not perfectly satisfied with finding nothing but philosophical works; yet he says that even in these many historical notices yet unknown are interspersed. There is, for example, a treatise on Anger, containing an instance in which Bacchus punished Cadmus for indulging that passion; a circumstance of which we were never before informed. All travellers interested for the sciences, will catch (as I did) with eagerness every word from the mouth of the meritorious Hayter, and join with me in wishing him health. He is fully possessed of every other requisite qualification.

In a fresh conversation with Mr. Hayter, I have learnt that the manuscript of Colotes lately found, contains a refutation of Plato's treatise on Friendship. Mr Hayter has also traced the name of Colotes in Plutarch; who has written against him, as he has against Plato. Thus it was the same with the ancient philosophers as with those of our times.

A new and important discovery has been made within these few days. The writings of Epicurus have hitherto been found only in detached parts, but now they have been met with all together. This manuscript is in the best state of preservation, and Hayter will now be able to rectify his own former supplements by the original. It must be extremely interesting for an intelligent man, to be able to ascertain in such a case whether he has properly supplied the sense. A hundred and thirty manuscripts are either actually unrolled, or unrolling.

On my return to Rome I was as little incommoded as

before, by the noxious exhalations of the Pontine marshes; on the contrary, I passed some of the most agreeable hours during my residence in Italy on their borders. It was about the end of December; the sky was serene, and the air pure and warm. The vetturino baited his mules near the deserted convent of Capuchins which I have already had occasion to mention in the first volume. We spread our cloth on the great flight of steps before the church, in the mildest sun-shine, and took our cheerful repast in the open air. After dinner I strayed alone behind the convent, where, in silent transport, I forgot all Europe, for I was actually in Arcadia. The verdant turf was decorated with innumerable flowers. Long trains of gossamer waved here and there over the plain. The larks, rising from the grass at my feet, chanted strains heard in other countries only in the spring. Flocks of ducks, snipes, and lapwings, hovered over the marshes; solitary hawks uttered their harsh cries aloft; buffaloes bellowed; and the tinkling of the bells of pasturing sheep was heard at intervals. Small birds of every kind chirped forth their joy. A shepherd at a distance sung a *Russian* air. On the opposite mountains was situated a town, the faint sound of whose bells, now and then interrupted by the report of a musket at a still greater distance, broke upon the ear. These various tones, which animated nature, were not, however, when combined, sufficiently strong to form a noise: a melancholy stillness reigned around, and I could hear the rustling of every lizard in the grass. What a contrast with the tumult of Naples, where only two days before I was stunned with the harshest discords! Here all was so tranquil, so innocent; the earth appeared to be a paradise, and the sky an arch of corn-flowers. What a horrible idea I had always entertained of the Pontine marshes, and what an agreeable one I carry away with me from them!

St. Peter's church is esteemed a wonder of the world by every one; but my usual fate at the sight of wonders attended me here also; I felt no sensation of satisfaction

in beholding it. I did not find it elegant, nor even imposing: for its immense size is lost in endless little decorations. But I must describe it with regularity.

The church is built on a spot which formerly made part of the circus and the gardens of Nero. Its ground, however, has been consecrated by the blood of martyrs. Its origin is dated more than three centuries ago; but it has been frequently altered, and at times entirely neglected by one pope, or zealously pursued by another. Bramante, the celebrated architect, took it into his head to put an immense dome on it; yet, dying soon after, he could only erect the four capital pillars, which were subsequently found too slender by Raphael Urbino, and therefore better secured in their foundation. The church was to be built in the form of a Latin cross at one time, and like a Greek one at another: yet this unfortunate cross was adhered to by every one, even by Michel Angelo Bonarotti; and this is the cause why all endeavours at producing a grand effect have proved abortive. Michel Angelo took the famous Pantheon as a pattern for the dome; he intended to copy its front also, but he died too soon. James de la Porte finished the dome, and Charles Maderno the rest of the building. Bernini (who acquired his fame, nobody knows how) has been pleased to put a steeple on it; but he was compelled to take it down again, as the walls began to burst in several places. During the pontificate of Pius the Sixth a sacristy was added.

More than a dozen popes, and several dozens of architects, have been busy at the building; mending, ornamenting, and spoiling it. Towards the end of the seventeenth century the expenses already amounted to seventy millions of Roman dollars; and they now perhaps exceed twice that sum. The front is grand; yet the last pope took a fancy to modernise it, and placed there two dials, which have spoiled the whole. Every writer gives an account of its dimensions; yet, to furnish an idea of its magnitude, I shall only mention that the height of the body of the church from the ground to

the upper part of its cieling, is 432 feet, and that sixteen persons may find sufficient room for themselves in the globular top over the dome. On the 29th of June annually, the dome is lighted by four thousand lamps and two thousand fire-pots: this must be a fine spectacle. The pope also bestows his blessing annually, on Maundy Thursday, from the middle balcony.

The vestibule of the church is grand and beautiful. Over the second entrance we admire a mosaic from Giotto, executed in the year 1303. At the corners to the right and left we see the statues of Charlemagne and Constantine on horseback. We, however, need not approach them; for neither of them is worth examining. Charlemagne appears in the act of riding through a triumphal arch, from which *a curtain* descends. What an idea! to treat a triumphal arch like an alcove. Yet this invention of Comarchini delighted the pliant Bernini in such a manner, that he has made his Constantine in the act of riding through a sort of *tent*, where the horse must necessarily be entangled at the first step.

Of the five doors leading to the church itself, one is generally shut up by brick-work. This is called the holy door; and is opened only at a jubilee, and not then till the pope has knocked at it with a hammer. The middle gate is of bronze, with *bas-reliefs*; which do not add to the true dignity of a temple, but shew the vanity of the popes. Among other subjects represented in these, we find the ceremony of an audience which was given by some pope to the ambassadors of several nations. The absurdity is made complete by the heathenish decorations of these pieces of workmanship.

I expected to find the church more narrow at first sight than from its outside it appears to be; yet I doubt whether the great art of keeping up due proportions be, as is said, the cause of this. I rather ascribe the effect to the childish theatrical decoration at the high altar, where the Holy Ghost waves in a transparent glory; and especially to the accumulation of ornaments

of every kind. If nothing were to be seen within the church but the white marble sparingly decorated with bronze, the eye would ease itself by an involuntary tear of admiration: but these angels with holy-water pots; these marble flourishes of every colour; these tombs every where interspersed like swallows' nests; this gaudy gilt cieling; these escutcheons of the popes without number, the marks of their vanity;—are together sufficient to destroy all the grandeur: and this famous church now appears like a handsome woman of the seventeenth century, who has taken all possible care to counteract her charms by a hoop-petticoat and a preposterous head-dress. Such, at least, was the impression which it made upon me.

I shall speak, however, of its different parts. The tomb of a pope, by Canova, ought to be particularly noticed. Religion is certainly represented here as a very formal lady, though indeed that may be its genuine, yet displeasing character; but the Genius on the opposite side makes amends; it is of unspeakable mildness, and the two majestic lions refute the envious calumny which accuses Canova's chissel of wanting energy. A statue of St. Peter, seated, is said to have been re-cast from a bronze Jupiter Capitolinus. The pious catholics take every possible pains to kiss away its feet. A hundred and twelve lamps are burning continually round the tomb of this saint; and this is the most important remark I can make on it. The high altar close to it, on which nobody reads mass but the pope, is overshadowed by a cieling which exceeds that of any palace of Rome in loftiness. This, however, might pass; but the act of disfiguring the Pantheon, by taking away nearly two thousand pounds weight of bronze, for the sake of this pitiful work of Bernini, is a disgrace to the memory of Urban the Eighth. The great and truly awful dome is only two feet less in diameter than that of the Pantheon, being 137; but it exceeds the latter in height by twenty feet, being 159, besides the lantern, the basis pedestal of the top, the globular top itself, and the cross above

it, which measure together about 120. Notwithstanding all this, no pleasing nor grand impression is made like that we irresistibly feel in the Pantheon; yet, to compensate for this deficiency, a remnant of the holy cross, and another of the spear that pierced the side of Christ, with many more relics, are preserved here, and locked up within pillars. An immense cross is suspended under the dome every Good Friday, and lighted up by above three hundred lamps. In the back-ground of the church we ascend on steps of porphyry to the altar, over which the pretended pulpit of St. Peter presents itself. This we may easily suppose to have been in reality nothing but a sorry wooden chair; we see, however, a large bronze arm-chair, surrounded by indifferent colossal pillars of the same metal. Quite close to it, on a papal tomb, is the famous statue of Justitia, done by James de la Porte.

Of the hundred and thirty statues placed in this church, there is none which I should be inclined to take particular notice of. Its greatest ornaments are the excellent mosaics; all copied from the most renowned pictures, which thus are guarded against oblivion. Most of the originals are now at Paris. It seems as if the Romans had felt a presentiment of their loss, and taken every means to prepare for it. A bas-relief by Algarde, representing pope Leo the Great in the act of forbidding Attila king of the Huns to approach Rome, is particularly remarkable.—Among the sepulchral monuments I saw one by Bernini, which, like many other works, betrays the utterly unpoetical mind of the artist. A colossal skeleton is raising a marble curtain, having caught it with a hand like an eagle's claw. Another is erected in honour of the Swedish queen Christina. On a bas-relief we see this strange woman renouncing Lutheranism. The nose and the hands are mutilated, which may perhaps be the effect of the just indignation of her countrymen who have travelled hither. One should do the same to the scene which is represented on the sarcophagus of the famous countess Matilda. We cannot

help recollecting how the emperor Henry IV. has been abused in her presence. The sovereign pontiffs should tear out the leaves from their history on which such transactions are recorded; but they endeavour to eternize them by marble. There is but one monument in the church that represents a sensible action of a pope; it is the correction of the calendar by Gregory XIII. the rest are devoted to remind us only of miracles, or revolting cruelties. I could certainly fill a much greater space by descriptions of the contents of this church: but at every new visit to it I felt as if I saw only a collection of goods and articles of inferior workmanship brought together without regularity for some future sale; and I heartily wished they were disposed of, that I might be permitted to admire the building itself.

Underneath is the spot where the martyrs were interred formerly, and which has been carefully preserved with the new splendid temple. It contains so little deserving of notice, and exhaled so foul an air, that I thought better not to descend into it. Several emperors, kings, and popes, lie buried here: and many inscriptions, paintings, and mosaics, of the primitive church; some of which may be sufficiently interesting. The splendid sacristy was built by Pius VI. and as it is of so recent a date, the critics have a great deal to say against it; for with them nothing can be good but what is ancient. We ascend the roof of the church by easy steps; and delicate ladies may even be carried up by asses. We here seem to have entered a small town; for we suddenly find ourselves among a number of houses which either serve as repositories of implements and materials for repairing the church, or are inhabited by the workmen. The dome, at the foot of which we now arrive, seems to be the parish-church of this town; and the inferior domes appear as if intended only for ornaments, to fill up the vacuities. Add to this, that we cannot see the streets of Rome, on account of the high gallery surrounding, and its colossal statues; and a strange

may easily conceive how singular such a scene must be. I was assured besides, that sometimes there is a market here of provisions for these aerial inhabitants.

Though we are now on the roof, we have still a great height to ascend before we reach the summit of the dome. Previously to entering on this adventurous enterprise, we are conducted to the inside gallery of the dome. From this spot the people within the body of the church appear like children. The higher we go, the more uncomfortable we find it, on account of the oblique walls over the narrow staircase; and are often compelled to lean with our whole body quite to one side. Several marble plates are affixed in these walls, informing us that some persons of distinction have had the courage to mount this dome, or even to climb up to the lantern, and the top. The emperor Joseph II. is mentioned twice; and Paul I. as grand-duke. At some places, where the stairs are too steep, more commodious steps of wood have been prepared for the king of Naples: by these we can walk to the lantern with greater ease. The view which awaits us there, may be imagined without the aid of description. It is an immense panorama bounded by the sea. The storm that always blows in these high regions, spoils this grand scene. I advise every one to guard against catching cold, though the air may be ever so warm and mild below. I have found the necessity of this caution, from my own experience.

I must say a few words respecting the noble Place of St. Peter, which, in my opinion, exceeds in beauty the church, and all its appendages. It is elliptic. The church appears in the back-ground; and on both sides we see a row of quadruple arches resting on two hundred and eighty-four pillars, and eighty-eight pilasters: the arches support a hundred and ninety-two statues, each twelve feet high, representing (to my sorrow) nothing but saints. For the sake of this Place, I can pardon Bernini many incongruities. Two noble fountains, throwing a mass of water to a height of nine feet, from

which it falls in a very picturesque manner, add to the beauty of the whole in a very great degree. Those who consider the obelisk in the middle as an ornament, do wrong, in my opinion. It is nothing to me that it was transported by the emperor Caligula from Heliopolis in Egypt to Rome; that its removal to this place by Fontana, at the command of Sixtus the Fifth, is an astonishing exertion of mechanism; that its erection cost nearly seventy thousand dollars: I insist that its massy greatness hurts the effect of the noble front of the church. Any one who will try, by forgetting for a moment the obelisk, will instantly find the whole improved, and much grander than before. We are disgusted too at the pitiful inscriptions by which this monument of remote antiquity is profaned, informing us that a papal blessing has cleansed it from all its impurity. But I have done with these insipidities, which disgrace all the pillars and obelisks here.

THE VATICAN PALACE.

Who was the founder of this palace, is still a matter of dispute: to me this is quite indifferent; but that Charlemagne inhabited it a thousand years since, when he crowned himself emperor, is not so. Pope Julius the Second presented it with its greatest ornaments by means of Raphael's pencil. This divine painter's galleries, as they are called, are so well known, and their cartoons and arabesks so frequently copied and multiplied, that I have no need to speak on the subject. Yet I cannot omit to observe, that those which have been finished by his pupils are of very different degrees of merit, and that some of them have greatly suffered by their exposure to the weather: fifty, or a hundred years hence, there will be hardly any trace left of them.

These galleries are not painted by Raphael exclusively. One whole upper story is executed by less celebrated masters. We even find here geographical charts, daubed on the walls by some friar, which betray their performer's ridiculous ignorance. Along these galleries are the chambers in which the cardinals are shut up when the

election of a new pope takes place: they are very small and narrow. The four saloons of Raphael, with their invaluable paintings *al fresco*, do not require my description. They have been so frequently drawn on paper, canvas, and tapestry, as to be familiar to every class of lovers of the arts. The mere mention of the Battles of Constantine, the School of Athens, and the Parnassus, will be sufficient.

If the weather is fair, we may take a walk through the garden; but we may also omit this without much loss. Here we see a vast pine-apple of gilded bronze, which formerly closed the top of a mausoleum of the emperor Adrian. The pedestal of the pillar of Antonine, with its inscriptions, and mutilated bas-reliefs, is remarkable. On the front the apotheoses of Antonine, and of Faustina, his consort, are represented. The winged Genius is not badly done, but it is by no means of Grecian workmanship. On both sides are seen soldiers on horseback, who used to ride round the funeral piles of the Roman emperors. They are riding in files one above the other; an idea which no Grecian artist would have admitted. We may stop also, if the sun should happen to shine, to behold a great plaything—a ship with three masts, of metal, on a bason. By means of water-works it ejects water from its masts and guns; and a fine rainbow is produced over it by the reflection of the sun.

THE LIBRARY IN THE VATICAN.

My pen is certainly not wanted to add to its fame. We have been accustomed for centuries to look upon this as the most valuable collection of literary treasures. A few years since, it contained nearly three thousand manuscripts. The Parisian library has now certainly the preference, but only by having robbed its rival. The former possesses above eighty thousand manuscripts, yet the most valuable among them have been carried away from the Vatican by the Goddess of War as the prize of victory. The French would have liked, no doubt, to transplant that noble edifice also; which still

serves here as a temple of science, and is indeed worthy of harbouring the effusions of genius and wisdom at all times. It was built under Sixtus the Fifth:—who could have foretold this when the poor boy had the care of a drove of swine?

The portraits of the cardinals who have been the principal trustees of the library, are hung up in the anti-room. They are but indifferently painted in general, and their clerical red uniform hurts the eye. A grand saloon, more than two hundred feet in length, and divided by a row of seven pillars, does not announce a library, for we see not a single book. The books and manuscripts are kept in large cases, which are shut to preserve them from dust.

During the short period of the Neapolitans having possession of Rome, a notice was fixed up on the door of the library, by order of general Mack, threatening death to any one who should attempt to steal any of its contents. This, however, served only as a greater temptation. Some Neapolitan soldiers broke into the rooms, took from a shelf the oldest manuscript (being attracted by its gilt covering, which they mistook for pure gold), broke off the supposed gold in the street, and ignorantly threw away the real treasure. An honest gardener, passing that way, discovered the manuscript; and thinking the book of some value still, carried it to his master, who happily proved to be a tolerably well-informed abbot. By him it was delivered to the librarian in the Vatican palace, who had shed many tears on account of its loss.

The paintings *al fresco* on the walls of the saloon are too much chequered, though they are from the principal masters of that time; and their subjects are besides often insignificant. They were meant to represent the achievements of Sixtus the Fifth: but his having ordered the erection of four obelisks, his having placed on the pillar of Trajan a statue of St. Peter, and on that of Marcus Aurelius another of St. Paul, are set down here as exploits of this pope. On the

right hand we see, between the windows, paintings of the first eight councils. The pictures on the left are said to represent the most ancient libraries, among which are the Antiochian library, founded by Pisistratus; the ill-fated Alexandrian, by Ptolemeus Philadelphus; and the Palatine, by the emperor Augustus: then follow the holy libraries of Jerusalem, of Cesarea, and of Rome; which latter is pretended to have been founded in the time of St. Peter. On the seven pillars are represented the sages who have taught their countrymen the art of writing, or have added new letters to the existing alphabets. By reflecting how much room all these pictures must take up, it may be easily conceived that little is left for books in this saloon. Book-cases indeed cover the sides, but they are very low. The Vatican library is the only one where we have no need of steps.

Two very fine marble plates are fixed up here, with frames of gilt bronze, in bas-reliefs, representing the achievements of Pius the Sixth; for instance, his journey to Vienna, &c. I should not have mentioned this but to add that the Neapolitans greatly damaged the bronze by breaking it off, thinking it to be gold. "The French respected these plates," said the librarian; "but our friends, as they are called, the Neapolitans, did not." "Indeed," I replied, "if it had been real gold, the Neapolitans would not have found any thing left." A pillar somewhat bent, made of a single piece of Oriental alabaster; and a sarcophagus of white marble, in which a piece of abestos was found, which is still shown, are worthy of remark.

We now enter a gallery of four hundred yards in length. The cases on both sides contain the most scarce editions of books. A great number of Etrusean vases, which are said to be very fine, but in which I did not perceive any beauty, stand on the top of these book-cases. I would not give a handsome set of Berlin or Dresden china for the whole of them. The marble statues of Aristippus and Saint Hippolitus, stand

opposite each other. If they were alive they would be at a loss how to converse together. Multitudes of relics are likewise shown; instruments of torture used for the first Christians; little images saved from the fury of the Grecian iconoclasts; carved work, medals, and other rarities of this sort. In the walls we discover some indifferent bas-reliefs, from the ancient sarcophagi of Christians.

This gallery leads, on the left, to a handsome room, the walls of which are covered by manuscripts on Egyptian paper instead of tapestry-hangings. Though these refer only to some donations formerly made to the church, and therefore are of no value at present, they are still venerable on account of their great antiquity, for they all are of the date of the fifth and sixth centuries. This room boasts also of a noble performance by Raphael Mengs, representing History recording the most remarkable events in a large book, which is supported by Time on his back. This allegory, however, is very exceptionable. To represent Time in the attitude of repose, and even on his knees, is something more than a boldness.

We now turn from this room to the other half of the gallery. Here we find a number of open book-cases, containing about seventeen thousand volumes, which have been collected from convents and communities lately abolished. "Thus," said the keeper, "the great loss of the Vatican library has been fully repaired:" but this is to be understood with regard to number alone. The gallery ends here again in a handsome room; which is called the Profane Museum, from its containing only heathen antiquities. Among these are a very ancient heathen idol of the Hetrurians, which does not reflect dishonour upon their unpolished taste; and also some pretty mosaics.

The collection of prints, in a side room, is not very great for such a library. Of the book and manuscripts I do not say a word, as the printed catalogues are in the hands of the learned.

THE VATICAN MUSEUM.

This is undoubtedly the noblest object in the palaces; and, at the same time, a temple of the Muses, as there exists no other any where. The mother of the new French emperor, when she visited it, is said to have exclaimed: "I thought we had something at Paris, but I see we have nothing yet." It is certain, she could not find any thing like it either at Paris or in Corsica. Even now, after its having been robbed of many ornaments by the French, it is, and will ever be, the first museum in the world. Whatever was produced when the Grecian and Roman arts were in the highest perfection; whatever adorned their temples, baths, palaces, tombs, market-places, and circuses, is collected here. I cannot recollect all, but I will briefly mention what made the strongest impressions upon me.

In the noble anti-hall is the sarcophagus of Cornelius Scipio, an ancestor of Scipio Africanus, venerable by its remote antiquity; for this Scipio was consul in the year 466, after the building of Rome, or two hundred and eighty-seven years before the Christian era. It is not above twenty years since this was discovered in a vineyard, with many stone tables, containing inscriptions and verses to the praise of his family, which have also found a place here. The celebrated *torso* is only to be seen here in a gypsum copy. I saw the marble at Paris, but I felt there the same indifference. He must absolutely be a connoisseur like Michael Angelo, who can discover the perfection of art in a statue wanting a head, legs, and arms. I hurry through this handsome room, as it contains only fragments of statues. I have no objection to believe that they are all precious fragments; but I think that the Greeks and Romans would laugh heartily if they saw us anxiously displaying every broken puppet of their's, which most likely they would have thrown away.

In another room there is a beautiful group of Bacchus leaning on a Faun. In the octagon colonnade of

the yard are seen, besides a multitude of remarkable sacrophagi, *bas-reliefs*, &c. the celebrated Mercury (otherwise Antinous) of Belvidere; and (which was Poussin's study of beauty) a Venus with a Cupid, the former being a portrait of the wife of Alexander Severus; a gypsum copy of the Apollo of Belvidere, and another of the Laocoon; and lastly, a capital statue of Perseus by Canova, which, in my opinion, makes up for a great deal of what has been taken away, and may boldly assert its place among the best works of antiquity.

One gallery is principally filled with animals, excellently copied from nature. Here we find lions, wolves, tigers, wild cats, eagles, owls, &c. with the colossal statue of the Nile, surrounded by sixteen children; for this river must rise about sixteen inches to produce a sufficient inundation. In a second gallery, also containing animals, is a statue of the Tiber, which corresponds to that of the Nile. In both these galleries are some handsome fragments of antique flooring. Then follows a long gallery, richly stocked with excellent statues. Some of them seated, are (as the Greek inscription informs us) portraits of the two Greek poets, Menander and Polydippus. Of three saloons filled with busts I say nothing, but that the Gladiator, a master-piece of Canova, may be found in one of them; and in another, a majestic Jupiter, seated on an eagle. A saloon, built by Pius the Sixth, has an antique floor, that was found in Adrian's villa. It frequently draws the eye from the statues of the tender Ganymede, and of the beautiful Venus, and several other enchanting master-pieces here. The saloon of the Muses is magnificent, but the Muses are changed into gypsum. Yet we willingly stay to examine the busts of celebrated orators, philosophers, and poets, which surround them. The adjoining saloon, a handsome structure likewise of Pius the Sixth, strikes us by the appearance of ten colossal busts, and an immense cup of porphyry in the middle. This latter is forty-one feet in circumference,

and has nothing like an equal in the world. A saloon built in the form of a Grecian cross, with a most beautiful dome, is crowded with monuments of ancient art.

We now ascend to the upper story by a noble staircase; and find there, to our astonishment, another range of saloons, chambers, and galleries, filled with antiquities. Here are a valuable collection of Egyptian curiosities; and an antique car entirely of bronze, and the best preserved of any that exist at present; it has but lately been discovered.

All these treasures are daily augmented in number; and a rich collection of antiques, dug up at Ostia, awaits only the careful hand of an artist for arrangement, to be set up. I have been brief; for I am sensible how tiresome a mere description will always be, and how unable it is even to give a shadow of the reality. No traveller can ever go through the examination of all that is remarkable here; for if he should even stay for several months, he would have nothing to do but daily to visit the Vatican Museum, in order to impress his mind with every beauty he meets. Pius the Sixth had done a great deal for this museum; but he did not fail to attach the words, *Munificentia Pii VI.* ("By the munificence of Pius the Sixth") to every monument erected by his order. The present pope shews a little more modesty; for he writes only *Cura Pii VII.* ("By the care of Pius the Seventh"); but it would be better to omit these inscriptions entirely.

We cannot enjoy the pleasure of an excursion to Tivoli without undergoing much trouble. We should not, however, leave Rome without having visited that place, anciently the celebrated Tibur; which was anterior to Rome by five centuries, and the most pleasing place of retirement when the fortune, power, and luxury of Rome were at the highest pitch. It stands at a distance of eighteen miles from the capital; but the road is very bad; and in winter we cannot return the same evening without the hazard of breaking our

neck, or falling into the hands of the banditti inhabiting the *Campagna Romana*.

We proceed on what was anciently called the Salarian road; which has been mentioned so early as the year 359 before Christ, at which time the Gauls encamped near the third mile-stone on this road. Now and then we still discover the ancient pavement. It is very inconvenient, for horses with shoes can hardly stand on its large and flat stones; but (as I have said before) I think the Romans did not shoe their's. We also pass some bridges resting on antique pilasters. If it should be the traveller's misfortune to have the wind against him, and if he is of a delicate sense of smelling, he will suffer greatly by a stench that begins close to the gates of Rome, and, increasing by degrees, will almost take away his breath when he approaches the sulphur stream, as it is called. I advise every one to provide himself with spirit of vinegar; for it is much worse here than in the Pontine marshes. Not far from the road we discover a lake formed by this adjacent sulphurous fountain. The lake continually throws up bubbles, and little islands swim on its surface. The water looks like thin and indifferent milk, but the ancients ascribed great sanative powers to it. It was formerly surrounded by a grove, the residence of an oracle that was consulted by king Latinus on the marriage of his daughter Lavinia with Æneas.

After having passed this lake, we meet the tombs of the Plautian family; a most noble monument of antiquity, and not much decayed, though it once served as a fort to the Goths. In the walls of this building we see a great number of holes, the origin of which cannot be explained. My guide assured me that they had been made by persons seeking for the iron, or other metal, by which the stones are cemented; but nobody knew of any being found.

The villa of the emperor Adrian lies near. We must now leave the road, and go a bye-way; but we shall be rewarded for our pains. We walk, if I

may use this expression, in a desert of ruins. Rome itself cannot boast of greater riches. Adrian intended to assemble here whatever might be found beautiful or curious in Greece, Egypt, and Asia. His unlimited gigantic designs; but a torrent of barbarians, worse than the torrent of ashes that buried Pompeii, has destroyed these excellencies, yet could not annihilate them. How magnificent are these remains of antiquity that defied the fury of the Goths! How many noble ruins are still left! Here we see a theatre, the interior of which now serves for an orchard; but the situations of the seats, the stage, and the orchestra, are still distinguishable. In another place we discover a circus, enclosed by long walls and arched walks. In a third, a temple of Wisdom, where the statues of the seven sages of Greece probably once adorned the empty niches, which are still visible. There are a naumachia (a theatre for representing sea fights), and a dome which served as a library, on the summit of a rock: several temples of Apollo, Diana, and Venus; the imperial palace itself; the lower halls of which I should have wandered through with awe, if the names of a thousand travellers, scrawled on the walls, had not interrupted the pleasing illusion; the quarters of the imperial guards, now called the hundred chambers; grottos, which are now mistaken for prisons; bathing-rooms; a temple of the Egptian god Canopus; and numberless ruins, the ancient use of which nobody can ascertain:—this multitude of objects offer themselves at once to our view. They are interspersed with trees and shrubberies in so picturesque a manner, that we are tempted to stop every moment to take a drawing of them. On many arches we still discern the ancient decoration in stucco; so well preserved, and so neat, that they seem to have been finished by the hand of the artist only the day before.

These ruins now serve as a retreat for innumerable blackbirds, whose chatter in their flight disturbs and greatly enlivens this solitary spot. No human voice is

heard here huntsmen shouting through the thickets in silence, and by the report of their guns suddenly awak the traveller from his melancholy dreams. The mountain now serves for a vineyard, the circus is covered by a grove of olives, and the entrance to the remainder of these ruins is mostly shut up by thorns. Many noble monuments of antiquity, which are now the ornaments of different museums, have formerly been found here. An anecdote of a person who was walking through these ruins one day, I cannot omit reporting. Some of the arches having fallen, from the effects of a torrent of rain, he discovered a small opening in the ground, looked into it, and saw a grotto filled with statues. He closed the aperture instantly, marked the spot, and purchased it for a vineyard. As the Italian law now enacts, that the half of whatever may be found on a newly-bought ground shall belong to the seller, he had the patience to wait above a twelvemonth. At the expiration of that period, he feigned a design of building; and in digging on the well-known spot for a foundation, he drew up, among other valuable things, the nine Muses, which are now the principal ornament of the Museum at Paris, and which repaid him ten times the sum expended for the purchase.

After passing a few hours in viewing these remains of ancient magnificence, we take leave of the vine-gardener, the only solitary human being that dwells here. His pale cheeks, and his melancholy account of an illness which he has to go through every summer, may serve as a commentary on the pernicious effects of the vapours exhaled by the neglected Campagna Romana.

Arriving at Tivoli, a tolerably large, yet very dirty town, though on a hill, we must have as little connection as possible with its inhabitants; for they are either the most impudent beggars, or bold and bloodthirsty miscreants. On our asking them, half in jest, whether any had been assassinated during the last

Christmas, they, answered in earnest, only one person had been stabbed.

We hasten to the cascade, as it is called, and here discover the fall of the river Teverone, anciently called Anio. It is as high as that of the Rhine, near Schaffhausen; but not so large by far, nor interspersed by small rocks in so picturesque a manner. The bottom of the bason consists of rocks, deeply excavated by the torrent precipitating itself with a howling noise into it, and throwing up a foam which wets us thoroughly at a considerable distance. The aspect of this fall is still more magnificent from the grotto of Neptune, but we must climb a very difficult foot-path for this purpose. Here the torrent appears to be engaged in a dreadful conflict with the cliffs, and the deep furrows of the latter evince that they have not resisted its fury without a great loss, which, daily increasing, predicts their future dissolution. In one of the rocks we discover the marks of a large wheel, formerly hemmed in here. I doubt its antiquity. An earthquake happening here of late, some buildings on the hills were destroyed or swallowed up. A wheel from a water-mill was surrounded, when, probably the water of this river incrusting it (such being a well-known effect), the wood decayed, and the marks remained. In the same manner we may explain the many holes visible in the cliffs; they are most likely the traces of trees inclosed between the rocks, and decaying afterwards. On the summit of the rock we see two well-preserved temples of Cybele and Vesta. The view from one of them (a rotunda with Corinthian pillars,) is particularly grand and picturesque; but its walls are soiled, as usual, by the scrawls of those who think to immortalize their unknown names, by joining them to these proud remains of antiquity, which loudly pronounce the instability of the most magnificent works of man.

The antiquarian ought to visit, on his return to the city, a house which is remarkable on account of the

walls of its yard. They are covered with frament of bas-reliefs, and inscriptions, found near Tivoli. The learned will be puzzled to discover the sense of some of the latter. I have copied one for the sake of trial, which runs thus:—

THEPTO
INSECTORUM. ME
CAPOLLINIS ABIECTO
ONIA. DAPHNE
OPTIMO.

Should he still have an hour left, he may visit the villa D'Est, which does not at all bespeak its having cost its constructor three millions of scudi. It looks quite empty and deserted inside. The grand view from the balcony, and a tradition that Ariosto composed his Orlando Furioso here, are all that can interest us. The want of taste, in the first proprietor of this villa, is visible every where, and betrays itself particularly by one object which we meet in the garden. This is a collection of all the beautiful remains of ancient Rome, of the Pantheon, of several ancient temples, &c. in diminutive copies; not above five feet six inches high. It looks like a toy-shop, or a set of antique little figures, placed on a table for the sake of show. The duke D'Est spent several thousand scudi in the purchase of these trifles, often repaired them, and always shewed the greatest predilection for this plaything. The lofty cypresses overshadowing the uncultivated part of the villa, the oldest trees now to be found near Rome, pleased me much more.

If our excursion to Tivoli happens to be made in winter, we must delay the view of the remaining curiosities till the next morning; when, should the sun shine, we shall be gloriously repaid for our trouble. Ladies generally make use of asses to ride; but the company of these animals is never agreeable, and the road is not very difficult. An easy walk of an hour and a half will agree with the most tender constitution,

and even paint roses on the pale cheeks. The road encircles the narrow deep valley into which the Anio precipitates itself. A steep foot-path to the grotto of the Sybils, close to the fall of the river, from which we might have looked down the precipice into the basin, has been closed by the fall of some excavated rocks; but though denied admittance here, we find ample amends in the rich treasures which Nature has spread before us. The rock, crowned with two temples, at the feet of which the foaming Anio darts into a cavern of rocks; on the ridge of the mount, a city; the narrow valley, and the steep ascent, covered with hanging vineyards and olives, enlivened by cheerful children climbing to gather the fruit, and with smiles looking after the small stones, loosened by their footstep, which darts into the precipice; on the right hand, a grotto formed by rocks, shaded with ivy, and immense aloe-trees planted here and there on eminences: these are the objects which present themselves till we reach the cascades concealed hitherto by a thick cloud of water proceeding from the fall. Sportive nymphs seem to have chosen here their seats: some are discovered higher, some lower; some here, some there; but they all have thrown down their urn. Streams and rivulets, falling from precipice to precipice; either angrily embracing a small piece of rock that opposes their course, or gliding over it, and in their sudden fall spreading a fan painted with rainbows by the reflection of the sun: such are the pleasing scenes of this beautiful spot. I shall not attempt to describe the whole of it: this would be impossible, on account of it's varying at every step. Now we have a full view; then we see only the silver stream stealing from behind some pale green olive-trees; now we discover, between the crooked branches of a tree, the water falling, with a dreary appearance, from a hill; or view the combat of the waves with the rocks in the abyss. We should proceed but slowly here, for by every step we lose an enjoyment. Some of the nymphs

seem to have quarrelled with their sisters, and have chosen a distant and more sequestered spot. One of them opens her fountain near the villa of Mecenas, on the ridge of the mount. We are tempted continually to exclaim—"Oh, that we could fix our habitation here!". But what pleasure would even a palace afford, if destitute of good and worthy companions, or neighbours! for I cannot let it pass unnoticed, that, while enjoying these scenes, we are continually pestered by the odious *Date me qualahi cosa* ("Give me something".) They are not beggars in rags that assail us so; the decent labourers in the field, as soon as they see a stranger, instantly leave their work, and surrounded by their healthy, well-fed, children, (that have also quitted their play), pursue him with shameless impudence.

On our return we past the ruins of the ancient villa of Quintilius Varus, and a temple, which is a well-preserved rotunda. Some bigot had painted a Madonna on its walls. I hastened away, and returned to the humble capitol of the world.

All the painters of landscapes who travel to Italy, seem to have agreed in copying the cascade of Tivoli. I had seen a hundred of these copies before I arrived there, and was sorry for it, for I feared it would take away from the surprise at viewing the scene itself: but I was greatly mistaken. No pencil will attain the beauty of nature; and I have been confirmed in my former opinion, that a landscape painter may be able to paint a calm at sea, or a quiet river, but will never succeed in a water-fall, in which he can express neither the noise, nor the continual motion, which are its greatest beauties.

By the same gate, which three months before I had entered with anxious expectation, I now quitted the ancient metropolis of the world, with a light heart and gratified curiosity. I passed over the *Pons Milvius*, now *Ponte Molle*, a bridge which was destroyed in the battle between Constantine and the tyrant Maxentius,

and was afterwards rebuilt by one of the popes. An ancient tower that is still standing, is said to have been constructed by Belisarius to defend the passage of the Tiber against the Goths. Here it was that Maxentius precipitated himself into the waves, and put a period to his life, which has probably been represented in too black colours. Proceeding along the *Via Flaminia*, formerly lined by a great number of splendid mausoleums, we arrived at Citta Castellano, a wretched place, and interesting only to those who bring with them recollections of antiquity. Here once stood Veii; here dwelt the proud Veientes, whose achievements would probably have been as highly celebrated as those of the Romans, had they possessed historians like the latter. Three hundred years they struggled with the Romans for their liberty; beneath their walls fell the three hundred generous Fabii, who quitted Rome unaccompanied, in order to immortalize their race by their magnanimity. Furius Camillus at length overcame this martial people. The place now contains nothing but mean-spirited beggars, of whom Volkmann even asserts, that they live in caves. Since he travelled, they have probably built houses, which it is true are miserable enough, but are not at all like caves.

Narni has an extremely romantic situation, on the brow of a lofty hill. Just before you come to the town, the road is bordered by precipices; where the rugged craggs, rent asunder in the most picturesque manner, form defiles so narrow, so dark, and so frightful, that I wonder the ancients did not place there the entrance into their hell. An Orpheus climbing up the side of these abysses, would indeed stand a chance of being precipitated into the subterraneous empire of Pluto. The ancient inhabitants of Narni were a brave and resolute people. The Romans, being unable to conquer their hill, resolved to starve them out. This they actually accomplished: on which the Narnians having first killed their wives and children,

afterwards dispatched themselves; and the awe-struck conquerors entered over heaps of dead bodies into the desolate city. On account of this circumstance they thought proper to call it Nequinum, *from nequitia hominum*, the wickedness of men. Had the same occurred in a Roman city, would not their historians have extolled the deed to the skies? I know a modern nation, that acts precisely in the same manner; declaring it to be the most atrocious of crimes, if people do not immediately give up to them all their substance, and relinquish all their possessions. Close to Narni, but on the other side of the town, are the ruins of a bridge, built by the Emperor Augustus, for the purpose of connecting two mountains, and rendering the road to Derugia more easy. This road is so extremely rugged that it can be travelled only on foot; I would, therefore, advise ladies not to suffer themselves to be led thither by curiosity, particularly as there is not much to be seen. A single large arch is still standing on the left bank, a piece of another on the right, and the ruins of two demolished arches may be perceived in the middle of the stream. The bridge was built of free-stone, and must have been magnificent. An agreeable valley reaches from this place to Terni. But when travellers assert, that the grass is cut once a-year, I shall not believe them; and the reason of this incredulity is because the valley produces no grass. Corn-fields, interspersed with mulberry-trees and vines, extend without interruption to Terni. It may, indeed, have been otherwise in the time of Pliny; on whose authority this assertion is made.

I have likewise made a pilgrimage to the blessed Virgin at Loretto, and have been in the house in which she never lived. Every one knows that the kind angels took the trouble to remove this house entire from Jerusalem, and to carry it on their wings to Dalmatia. But not liking that country, they only reposed for a short time, probably took some refreshment, and packing up the house again, flew with it across the

Adriatic sea. They first placed it in the shade of a forest; but on account of the wickedness of two brothers in that neighbourhood, they posted away to a third station; and carried the house, in safety, to Loretto, where it remains to this day. It is a pity that the good angels had not paid more regard to travellers and pilgrims; and had reflected that we mortals have not wings like them, and that it must consequently be extremely inconvenient to the children of men to climb such a confoundedly steep hill. When you have reached the top, you are tolerably well pleased; for Loretto is a very pretty little place, and is distinguished by its broad and straight streets from all the towns of Italy that I have yet seen. We found there a tolerably good inn, a fire-place that did not smoke much, and (what drew from me expressions of joyful surprise) a lock to the door. We slept soundly under the protection of the Madonna, and hastened the next morning to survey her habitation. In all the streets through which we passed, millions of rosaries and crosses were exposed for sale; they are manufactured of every kind of coloured glass and stones, and, after being starred about in the Virgin's soup-dish, are consecrated by the priests. The canons, who have the honour to attend upon the Madonna, are distinguished by a grey patch on their shoulders; and reside in a spacious edifice, which is connected with the church by a magnificent, wide, open colonnade. Beneath this colonnade are legions of beggars, who, being unable to move the heart of the Madonna, try whether travellers will be more compassionate than she. At every step the stranger is stopped by a dirty extended hand, or an old greasy hat. Before the church stands a metal statue of pope Sixtus V. The papal costume is so absurd, that a statue thus clothed, must necessarily be a disgrace to any place: but the physiognomy of this old rogue is faithfully represented: such he undoubtedly looked, when he deceived all the cardinals in the conclave by his cough. Though it was early in

the morning, we found the church filled with believers, kneeling and walking on their knees, and most of the altars were attended by loquacious priests. We immediately advanced to the *Santa Casa*, a small quadrangular building in the middle of the church, and covered on every side with *bas-reliefs*, among which, besides other things, the history of the laborious removal of the house is represented. Marble steps and brass doors lead to the interior. One of the latter was brought with the building by the angels, and is never opened. To make amends, a *bas-relief* of the scourging of Christ, is exhibited upon it. No person, indeed, would ever conceive that this shapeless piece of metal had ever represented a Christ, it has been kissed so smooth by the lips of the pious. Not less astonishment is excited by the view of the marble steps, and the whole marble floor round about, for both contain furrows as deep as those of a newly-ploughed field. These have been imprinted by the knees of believers. If we reflect for a moment how many millions of kisses and of knees it required to produce this smoothness, and these furrows, it is enough to make us weep (if we could for laughing) at the silly blindness of men who fill the short span of life with such ludicrous exercises. We first entered the kitchen of the blessed Virgin, which is now situated behind the altar. Probably the altar itself served for a fire-place: but this apartment now contains nothing to remind the spectator of a kitchen, excepting the Madonna herself; whose face is so black, that she must, like a good housewife, have been a good deal in the smoke. It is well known, that, during the last war, she made a little excursion with the French army, which pleased her so highly, that she accompanied it to Paris; where she was stripped of all her superfluous finery, and was at last sent back, not long since, stark naked, to Rome. The modest pope, ashamed of this exposure of her virgin charms, ordered her to be newly clothed from head to foot, and to be again decorated with all kinds of trinkets, well knowing to

fond, even sainted females are, of such finery. She now wears diamond ear-rings not worth much, great numbers of *genuine* pearls manufactured at Rome, and many glass stones, which glitter surprisingly by candle-light. Her former jewels, after receiving a modern form, now probably impart lustre to the French court. It is not unlikely that those who are decked with them, may likewise carry in their pockets the golden lamps which were once suspended here in hundreds. Their places have, indeed, been supplied by others, but these are only of metal gilt.

On quitting the kitchen, I went to pay a visit to the Madonna in her parlour. It is an apartment with naked walls, and an arched ceiling, which is now used as a chapel. It was crowded with people on their knees. At the back of it is a casement window, at which the Angel of the Annunciation entered: he must have been very slim, for the window is extremely small. The architecture betrays the modern date of this building. The story cannot have been manufactured more than three or four hundred years ago. The house was probably a chapel originally, and growing too small for its inhabitants, they built over it a church of larger size; resolving not to pull down the chapel before the latter was completed. When it was completed, and the next consideration was to provide it with relics, some ingenious priest conceived that one of the most precious relics could not be obtained in a cheaper way, than if they were to declare that the old crazy chapel was the habitation of the Virgin Mary. That this story would find believers was never doubted, and indeed it has.

It was one of these whose bowels the Turks once tore out, and told him, with a sneer, to carry them himself to Loretto. He immediately packed up his intestines, took the bundle under his arm, and cheerfully proceeded with it to this place. The journey cost him nothing, for without entrails he wanted neither meat nor drink: as soon as he had arrived, he laid himself down in a convenient grave, and this mi-

racle was perpetuated in a painting. This painting the French, filled with veneration, have left where it was; but on the other hand, they have taken away one by Raphael. Some other good pictures have likewise remained: not originals, as Volkman asserts, but only copies in mosaic; which would, indeed, be equally beautiful with the originals, if the two parts of which they are composed fitted exactly to each other. I saw, too, among other things, the celebrated treasury of the Madonna. It is a large handsome apartment, the walls of which are covered with vast splendid presses, that have been totally emptied by the French. They formerly contained effects valued at thirty millions of scudi. Scarcely any thing was thought of gold and silver, for they had here diamonds by bushels. Why the ecclesiastics of Loretto were not as wise as the canons of Mentz, who removed their treasure in time to a place of security, I cannot comprehend. Did they imagine that the French, who drew a prostitute through the streets of Paris as the goddess of Reason, would pay respect to the antiquity of the Virgin? This is best known to themselves. I saw many of these silly gentlemen sitting to hear confession: each of them held in his hand a long stick, with which they tapped upon the head those who came to confess. On inquiry, I learnt that this tapping on the head is a valuable privilege peculiar to the ecclesiastics of this place, by which they alone are able to forgive sins. As they possess, besides an immense cellar, well furnished with prodigious casks, too numerous for me to count, and all of which are full of wine, it is to be hoped that their reverences will never hear confessions just after they have come out of this cellar, otherwise this kind of play with the stick might not be the most agreeable to the confessed. But perhaps a collection of above three hundred vases is more worthy of notice than any thing I have yet mentioned. They are nothing but Faenza ware; and their forms, destitute of taste, betray the manufacture of the middle ages: but they were all designed by Raphael: and many of them,

for example the twelve apostles, were likewise painted by him. This performance, unique in its kind, executed for his sovereign, the duke of Urbino, the latter presented the whole of them to the laboratory of the blessed Virgin of Loretto, where they form a kind of gallery, but no other kind of use is made of them. I inquired of the young apothecary who shewed us them, how it happened that they were not carried off by the French; and he, without hesitation, declared this oversight a miracle. It is, indeed, the only miracle, in my opinion, at Loretto. The vases are of various dimensions, and form an extraordinary medley of scriptural subjects, and stories of the heathen gods. Of the latter, some were of such a nature as to make me doubtful whether they were the productions of Raphael; among the rest, the Rape of Europa, which indeed betrays an imagination too voluptuous. A Venus, perfectly naked; and other subjects of the same kind, are so indecently expressed, that I wonder the blessed Virgin did not throw the present at the head of the donor. After we had abundantly provided ourselves with rosaries, we arrived, by the most dreadful roads, which I can compare to none but those of Saxony, at Ancona, a port rendered so celebrated during the late war, by the French, the Austrians, the Russians, and even the Turks. Its situation in the Adriatic resembles that of Naples, and affords a delightful view. Ancona is a handsome large town, surrounded by mountains, whose summits are crowned with picturesque castles.

The superior industry of the inhabitants of the late Cisalpine republic is very striking. The fields are every where well cultivated, and covered, till late in the evening, with active labourers. That we have made considerable progress towards the North, is likewise perceptible: the pomegranate-trees cease after we have quitted Rome. The laurel and the evergreen oak soon disappear too. The olive becomes more rare, and the poplar and mulberry-tree supply its place. It

is in vain to look for the aloe. On the other hand we observe in the inhabitants a greater resemblance to the Germans: they no longer disfigure themselves with brown cloaks with red borders, and ugly sharp-pointed hoods, which give the Romans and Neapolitans the air of Samoides.

Before the traveller reaches Bologna, he passes through two fine large towns, Faenza and Imola; but as I merely passed through them, I have nothing to say concerning them, but that trees of liberty are still standing in their streets.

Bologna is a large city, so regularly built, that its perpetual uniformity is almost disgusting. Almost all the streets have on each side covered foot-ways, supported by columns and pilasters. For pedestrians this is extremely convenient; they are sheltered from all weathers, and for this reason very few coaches are to be seen: but the ground-floors and shops must naturally be very dark, and the stranger, who wishes to see houses, seeks them in vain. The Bolognese must be passionately fond of these covered ways; for, not contented with having concealed the houses with arches, so that they can scarcely find their own, they, about a century and a half ago, built a covered passage from the city to a Madonna on a hill, which is not less than two good German (about nine and a half English) miles in length, and is in many pieces hewn through steep rocks. It must not be imagined that this idea originated with the government: no, it was the people, the pious people, that constructed all these countless arches at their own expense. He who was rich enough, engaged to execute one or two arches; the poor, on the contrary, contributed jointly to the holy undertaking. No rank, no class, exempted itself. With piety, vanity was, as usual, associated. The names of the donors were inscribed upon the arches erected by them, and it is well known, that men love nothing more than to see their names scrawled any where upon a wall. Hence it is that we here find in-

scriptions perpetuating the memory of the pious donations of here, a regiment of cavalry; there, the inspection of a church; in this place, of the grocer's company; in that, of the livery-servants. Many have decorated their arches with wretched paintings, for every one was at liberty to follow his own taste in that particular: hence the inside of one arch is seldom like that of the next, and you meet here and there with the most extraordinary fancies. One of these pious contributors, for instance, who probably thought, that by constructing three arches, he should establish a three-fold claim to heaven, dedicated the first to the Virgin Mary before child-birth, the second to her in child-birth, and the third to the same after child-birth. Each arch is about nine feet in length, and nearly as much in breadth; and the whole area is well paved. A few years since, this singular road was repaired and white-washed. The scribbling race could not possibly resist such a powerful temptation of scrawling their names in a thousand ways upon the walls. A board has, therefore, been fixed up in a conspicuous place, on which is inscribed a severe admonition, by which the people are reminded that this path belongs to the blessed Virgin, to whom such scraws are intolerable. This admonition has hitherto produced very little effect. Scribbling is an hereditary sin, from which it is utterly impossible to deliver mankind.

In spite of the emulative piety of the Bolognese, many arches still remained to be constructed (it may be imagined how many thousands were required to fill such a space); and that the work might not be left unfinished, these were added out of the public exchequer; and many of these are now to be sold. Instead of a native you frequently meet with the words, *da vendere*. For twenty-five or thirty guineas, a pious Christian may still acquire the extraordinary merit of having contributed to this highly-beneficial work. How sweet a remuneration is the reflection that every year two hundred pilgrim-idlers will be enabled, by the sacrifice of this trifling sum, to go five paces under shelter! With the sums

expended on this undertaking, a noble hospital might have been founded; but would there have been in this hospital a wonder-working black Madonna, and painted besides by St. Luke himself? *Heretical* foreigners used to perform a pilgrimage to a beautiful Guido Reni; but the French have saved them that trouble in future. Many of the arcades in the city itself exhibit paintings of the most absurd miracles, and excite compassion for these poor people, who cannot so much as look up without meeting with some object or other that confuses their weak imaginations.

As a recreation after such fooleries, let us hasten to the manufactories: where many thousand spindles, covered with glistening silk, crown the large wheels, which fill several vast rooms in three different stories, and are nevertheless all turned night and day by a handful of water that falls from a certain height on a single wheel. There you will be delighted with the industry of more than fifty poor children, who are continually running to and fro to join the threads that may happen to be broken; there you will be astonished by the simplicity of the mechanism, when you observe how the whole gigantic machine is suddenly stopped by the movement of a finger, and as easily set in motion by the slightest pressure. It is a cheering spectacle to observe industry and genius so intimately combined.

Whether the same may be said of the once-celebrated university of Bologna, I am unable to decide. There was a time when twelve thousand students, among whom were many Germans, were assembled here at once, and when a person was scarcely regarded as a man of letters if he had not studied at Bologna. Bologna was then denominated mother of the sciences, instructress of nations, nurse of the laws; and on her ancient coins was read this inscription: *Petrus ubique pater, legumque Bononia mater.* They still relate, with great exultation, that a king of Denmark, in the fifteenth century, declined the throne prepared for him, and declared that he thought himself sufficiently honoured by being permitted to sit

among the wisest of men. These times have long been past; but there is still an opportunity of acquiring learning at this place, and I saw a great number of students in the passages of the vast building of the university. Nay, even in the library, reported to contain 140,000 volumes, I found, notwithstanding the coldness of the day, at least twenty or thirty, who, with benumbed fingers, were turning over the leaves of books, and making extracts. Here you meet with every thing that can facilitate a knowledge of the sciences: a cabinet of natural curiosities and of minerals; a large collection of physical instruments; anatomical preparations; antique inscriptions, and utensils. The French have, it is true, carried away with them the best articles in every department; for with them, the temple of Minerva was not held more sacred than the church of the Madonna. It was of no avail that the good-natured professors with the greatest dispatch proclaimed Buonaparte a member of their university, and perpetuated this event by a pompous inscription.

The portraits of all the living and deceased teachers, are hung upon the staircase, and among the rest that of Galvani. Many of them are by the hands of celebrated masters. The most remarkable object, however, that I met with at the university, was a kind of miraculous personage, professor Mezzofanti, who, without having ever travelled farther than Verona, can speak twenty languages fluently and correctly, and understands three others extremely well. Of his knowledge of German, Russian, English, and French, he gave specimens on the spot, with such accuracy, as to excite a favourable opinion of his pretensions, especially as he is a very modest unassuming man. A tall robust lady likewise resides here, who reads Greek lectures; I know not her name, but it is of little consequence.

The cathedral is an imposing Gothic edifice, the principal embellishment of which is a meridian, drawn by the celebrated Cassini, 1653. It is 174 feet in length, and in its time passed for a wonder, because two co-

lumns seemed to stand in its way; and it was not only the general opinion, but was likewise asserted both in writing and print, that they would prove an infallible obstacle to the completion of the work. But Cassini did not come in contact with the columns, and his line has been several times carefully renewed. The skull of St. Petronius is preserved with the like care, and, indeed, under three locks, the keys of which the oldest senator, the oldest canon of the church, and the oldest member of the house of Aldrovandi, have the honour to possess; consequently, if I had wished to see the hollow skull, I should have been obliged to trouble all these distinguished persons. In this church Charles V. was crowned by Clement VII. The canons enjoy all kinds of privileges, and among the rest the ridiculous one of wearing a piece of grey squirrel's skin hanging over their shoulder; and what is of rather more importance, that of saving the life of one criminal under sentence of death, every year, on the anniversary of their saint.

Two towers, which lean extremely, are well worth seeing. Before you are accustomed to the sight, you imagine every moment, that they will fall upon your head. Tradition relates, that two architects conceived a passion for the same lady, whose father declared that he would give her to the cleverest of the two. One of them instantly fell to work, and built a leaning tower, and the other erected beside it one that leaned still more. The truth is, as it very often happens to be, much more silly than the fable; for that two lovers should take into their heads to engage in a foolish business, is nothing uncommon; but that two opulent nobles, who lived 700 years ago, could find no other way to distinguish themselves than to build these towers, is scarcely credible. The simpletons have, however, attained the end they proposed, that of perpetuating their names; for the towers are still called by their names, Asinelli and Gariscadi: nay, what is still more, Dante has

done them the honour to mention the circumstance in one of his poems.

All the churches of Bologna abounded in curiosities, before they were plundered by the French. At present few of them are worth seeing. Among these is the church of St. Dominic, in which are interred Guido Reni, and, near him, the excellent female painter, Elizabeth Strani. Nor has Guido's tomb been spared by the French. The pictures, with which it was embellished, have disappeared; and even the paintings in fresco, which they could not carry away with them. Another monument, worthy of notice, is that of king Cazius, son of the emperor Frederic II. who was the sovereign of Sardinia and Corsica. The Bolognese took him prisoner at the time when their power was at the highest, and consequently produced arrogance. In spite of all intreaties, they rejected vast sums, that were offered as the price of his ransom. It is true, that, according to the custom of the times, a magnificent palace was built and assigned him: it is still standing, and is called the old palace. Here he received all the attentions due to his rank, but was detained in captivity twenty-three years till he died, and was interred with royal magnificence. All these circumstances are related in a pompous inscription, in which the senate always call him its enemy and captive. The arrogance of the Bolognese is said to have been such, that they demanded, as a ransom, a gold chain of sufficient length to go round the whole city of Bologna. Had the art of making the fine Venetian chains been then understood, they might have been taken at their word. Some excellent artists have thrown away their talents on the tomb of St. Dominic. Among other embellishments, two angels, with candlesticks in their hands, are by Michael Angelo Buonarotti.

In St. Paul's church, the beheading of that apostle is represented in marble, of colossal size. Alzardi, the artist, is, with justice, classed among the first of his age,

In the church of St. Salvador is interred a man, who was the friend of the emperor Charles V. and had been his play-fellow when a boy. His name was Montmorenci, a descendant of a family which boasts of having produced the first Christian barons. He accompanied the emperor to Italy at his coronation, and died in this city. The same church likewise contains a picture which afforded me very great pleasure, though the French have left it behind. The name of the artist is not one of the most celebrated: it is Gherini. All the churches of Bologna were obliged to furnish more than forty pictures for all-consuming Paris.

The palaces, being considered as private property, escaped much better, and were more respected; they, therefore, still contain valuable treasures of art. Above all, I shall mention the gallery of the palace Sampini, and in it a Peter and Paul, by Guido Reni. To this Peter, the painter has given an exquisite head, which bespeaks profound thought. One of Del Sarto's lovely Madonnas; a Rape of Proserpine, by Albani, with beautiful dancing children; a Woman with two infants on her bosom, by Vandyke; this woman is called their nurse, but she is assuredly their mother. A picture by old Bellini, the master of Titian, made a very deep impression on me; it is Mary holding the corpse of her son in her arms. The living is distinguished from the dead only by the breaking, weeping eye; she presses his mouth close to her's, as if to try whether he still respires, or to breathe into him her last dying breath. It is a divine piece; and if Titian excelled his master in his art, he certainly never equalled him in sensibility. It is well known, that the three Caraccios founded a school at Bologna. They have likewise immortalized themselves by many *chef-d'œuvres* in this palace, especially in the incomparable ceilings in fresco, which represent the achievements of Hercules. On account of these ceilings, the gallery is on the ground floor, where it unfortunately has a bad light. A crucifix of ivory, by Giovanni di Bologna, is highly ad-

mired by connoisseurs. The Rambeccari palace also contains a gallery composed of numerous, but not select, paintings. After residing at Rome and Naples, the traveller, who has seen so much, becomes more indifferent to performances of this kind, and is unable to say much concerning them. The reader will therefore excuse me, if I pass over the multitude of other palaces in silence. The Caprara palace was formerly filled with curiosities; among the rest there was a valuable collection of Turkish weapons, purchased by marshal Eneas Caprara; but the best things it contained were lately sold to the viceroy Melzi, at Milan. The Bentivogli palace may, perhaps, be interesting to Germans, as the place where the elector of Saxony abjured the Lutheran heresy, whose horrors he very clearly discovered by the glitter of the Polish crown. I was desirous of seeing the church of St. Christiana, as it is said to contain two statues by Guido Reni, whom I never heard mentioned before as a sculptor; but it chanced to be shut, and I was obliged, for want of time, to deny myself the gratification.

Bologna appears to be very thinly inhabited. In the more remote streets we scarcely meet a single individual. It has, nevertheless, several large theatres. The opera this year was not amiss; and the ballet could boast of an accomplished dancer, who, in my opinion, surpassed M. Benulica, of Naples, in ability, and equalled him in self-sufficiency; for, upon the whole, there are not more arrogant creatures in the world, than those which are called *primi ballerini*. As the comedians in the Italian towns are different every year, and are constantly moving from one place to another, no permanent opinion can be given of the Italian theatre. What is true to-day may be false three weeks hence. In many respects the public derives benefit from this continual change; but the performers cannot be so perfect in their respective parts.

At Bologna the bookselling business is more flourishing than in any other town in Italy. This is not saying

much, for in other places it amounts almost to nothing; but here you find, not only the scanty productions of Italy, but likewise many translations from foreign languages, and even the French classic writers. In one street, I counted seven or eight booksellers' shops.

One of the most extraordinary and absurd customs exists in almost all Italy, Naples excepted, and disfigures the streets of the cities. When a person of any consequence dies, his arms are engraved in wood, printed upon a large sheet of paper, and painted with various colours; on another sheet of equal dimensions is represented some emblem of death, and in the middle are inscribed, in large letters, the words: *Pray for the soul of N. N.* These two sheets of paper are affixed to the wall of the church; and not only these, but ten, and even twenty, impressions of the same, in one or more rows, so that they consequently occupy a considerable space, in which nothing meets the eye of the passenger but coats of arms, and *Pray for the soul of N. N.* Now the churches are exceedingly numerous all over Italy; death does not spare the noble or the gentleman, but he has not the power to conquer vanity; their arms must be pasted up, and thus remain as long as the rain and wind permit them. New ones are daily added, so that you have to go through one continued gallery of coats of arms, whose only supporter is death; and were you inclined to comply with the invitation, you would have nothing else to do but to pray for souls. Bologna was the first place in which I remarked, that this ridiculous custom was particularly prevalent. As disagreeable as this kind of tapestry is, so pleasing, on the other hand, is the cleanliness which poverty and necessity maintain in its streets. There are persons who procure a subsistence by gathering up all the dirt; and even the most disgusting things, into baskets, with their hands, and selling it as manure for gardens. How man can accustom himself to every thing! I have seen a poor wretch kneading, with a kind of satisfaction and eagerness, large handfuls of this filth in his basket; at the

same time that he surveyed, with looks of hatred and rage, a French regiment that was marching by (the 106th), composed entirely of tall, handsome, well-fed, and well-drest men, who knew not the care of procuring subsistence. Here, as in all Italy, these conquerors, who live on the fat of the land, are mortally hated; and if an opportunity offered, I should not be surprised at a second Sicilian vespers.

The entertainment, so frequently afforded me in France, by the thousands of handbills at the corners of the streets, in which each individual communicated to the public his concerns and his wishes, as confidentially as though he were speaking to his friend or neighbour, I looked for in vain throughout Italy. Here you find nothing but *invito sacro* (holy invitation) to this or the other church, or to some wonder-working image of the Virgin, which cures fevers, or any other disease. But these holy quacks act just in the same manner as the manager of a company of players, who puffs off his commodities. At Bologna I read, for example, an invitation to attend the first mass read by a young priest, and beneath which was printed a sonnet, said to have been composed by one of his friends, which concluded with nothing less than the following exclamation: "Hasten, ye pious, to see what nature and art are capable of making a man!" I should like to know what nature and art have to do with the employment of reading mass. I would have copied the sonnet as a curiosity, had not the impudent begging of the prisoners, confined near the spot, driven me away. These unfortunate, instead of windows, have iron gratings, between the bars of which they let down, with cords, small baskets, or their hats, and incessantly importune all passengers, especially foreigners, whom they can immediately distinguish. If you give them nothing, they are impertinent, and, perhaps, make you the butt of their low jokes. This kind of prisons I found all over Italy; and they have every where served to demonstrate that love is not extinguished by crimes, if they are only

committed against love; for almost the whole day they are surrounded by women and girls, who avail themselves of every opportunity of conversing with their imprisoned husbands and lovers.

Modena is a very ancient city, which, forty years before the birth of Christ, made an obstinate defence when besieged by Brutus, the murderer of Cæsar; and beneath whose walls, a year afterwards, was fought the bloody battle in which the two consuls, Hirtius and Pansa, were slain. It is now so empty and deserted, that you would almost imagine this siege and this battle to be occurrences of recent date, if the desolating tree of liberty in the market-place did not soon explain the mystery. It is painful to see this large and handsome city, in which nothing now appears to flourish but the metal laurel-tree which the wooden goddess of Liberty holds in her hand. A rich duke formerly resided here, in a magnificent palace filled with the works of art, and curiosities of every description; but now the duke is dead, his family is extinct, the works of art have vanished, and in the splendid palace resides a republican prefect. We chanced to meet with a good-natured fellow of a lacquey, who was extremely desirous to shew us something worth seeing. We indulged him in his wish. He accordingly took us first to a stable, the only relic of ducal magnificence: which is still applied to the use for which it was originally intended, for there are still horses in it; but not a hundred and two, as in the time of the dukes. We laughed, and proceeded. The honest simpleton next pretended to conduct us to a botanic garden. I observed that in winter there could not be much to see there; but he maintained the contrary, as all the plants were kept in splendid hot-houses. It is necessary to remark, that a hot-house is a very great rarity throughout all Italy, and I therefore forgive the unnecessary trouble he gave us: for we found nothing more than a small building, such as every gentleman in Germany has at his country-seat, and in which a very small number of plants, and those not

rare ones, are preserved. Our officious conductor then promised to gratify us with an academy of the arts. Had he said a drawing-school, we should not have been disappointed. Formerly, when Modena could vie with any city of Italy in the possession of the master-pieces of the arts, it might have been an academy: but now, since the French have carried off seventy-seven classic pictures, and have plundered all the repositories of art, it is nothing more than a school, in which very pretty drawings from living models are produced. The place is capacious and handsome. There are magnificent empty cases, in which formerly a celebrated cabinet of coins was preserved. It likewise still contains a great number of trifling and frivolous objects, which the conquerors have *generously* permitted the vanquished to retain. This institution, however, is yet in possession of a very interesting rarity: namely, the skull of Correggio; which, like that of Raphael in the academy of St. Luke, at Rome, is kept in a glass case, with an abundance of pompous inscriptions.

It is not a little extraordinary that the country round Modena is undermined by subterraneous streams, which roll along in voluminous currents at the depth of sixty-eight feet. Whoever wants a well, has only to dig wherever he pleases. The first stratum, fourteen feet in depth, is composed at first of all kinds of small stones; after which you come to ancient paved streets and houses of Roman architecture: a proof that the original Modena, formerly a Roman colony, was swallowed up by an earthquake; and buried, perhaps, by two hills, which, as history informs us, were precipitated at the same time. The second stratum, likewise of fourteen feet, is principally composed of vegetable earth; containing branches and trunks of trees, which, though mouldered, are yet perfectly distinguishable. None of these trees exhibit the smallest traces of having ever been touched by iron; and hence it is supposed that the country was covered by a forest, before men were acquainted with that metal, and that on this ground

the ancient city was afterwards erected. The third stratum of eleven feet, manifests a sudden and total alteration. It is composed of the finest white clay, intermixed with muscles, and every other kind of marine production. This, then, was once the bottom of a sea: here swarmed fishes, till the sea gave place to the forest, the fishes to wild beasts, and the latter was exterminated by men. How many centuries must have been requisite for these alterations! here the human mind is lost in the mysterious abyss of ever-destroying Nature! The following stratum, only two feet thick, is a morassy earth, mixed with mouldered reeds, and other plants of marshy situations. You then meet again a stratum of eleven feet, composed like the last but one, of white clay and marine productions; then again a marshy soil of two feet, resting on a stratum of the above-mentioned clay seven feet thick. Beneath the last stratum of marshy soil which succeeds, there is a layer of gravel, sand, and flints, of various sizes; which, together with the loud subterraneous noise, announces the vicinity of water. When the workmen employed to dig a well arrive so far, they are all drawn up but one, who remains to bore through the stratum of sand and gravel, which is five feet in depth. When this is accomplished, he is obliged instantly to give a signal, that he may be drawn up after his comrades. However expeditiously this may be done, he never reaches the top without being thoroughly soaked from head to foot; for the water, which instantly follows the borer, rises with such impetuosity as to carry upwards with it stones of the weight of a quarter of a pound. At the same moment all the other wells in the vicinity cease to receive their usual supplies till the new one has become more tranquil. Such is the brief account of the waters of Modena, whose inexhaustible streams, rising from the depth of sixty-eight feet, not only abundantly supply the city and country with water, but afterwards form a navigable canal, which discharges itself into the Po.

The unpleasant situation of the fortified city of

Mantua, which acted such a distinguished part during the late war, is well known. By a thousand windings, which the distant out-works have rendered necessary, you traverse an extensive plain, on which you discover not a single tree, and which is bounded on each side by swamps. Hence the disposition with which you enter the gate of the city is not the most cheerful. The place itself does not contribute to dissipate the cloud. It is in vain to expect that this effect will be produced by the monument recently erected with great pomp to Virgil, who was born at Mantua. Heavens, what an ironical compliment to that great poet! His bust is placed so high that it is impossible to distinguish the features. Four swans of iron, covered with plaster of Paris, support a column: the plaster has already fallen off in several places, and the swans look as if they had been plucked. On a large quadrangular pedestal are four inscriptions. One of these, *dedicated to the immortal Virgil of Mantua*, evidently appears to have been introduced as a peg to hang the three others upon. These are as follow: *In the year 9 of* (miserable) *liberty, when Brune was General, and Buonaparte Consul.* The third is: *To General Miollis, that Mecenas* (!!), *the grateful citizens.* The fourth is inscribed to the honour of the administrators. Thus it appears that the good-natured Virgil has been obliged to divide his immortality as much as possible, in order to give each a small portion: his own is mentioned only by the bye. The place in which this monument is erected is large, but surrounded with wretched houses; and the whole is not so much a monument of Virgil as of French vanity, which unfortunately is not always contented with iron swans covered with plaster of Paris. Mantua likewise contains a printing-office, which assumes the pompous epithet of the Virgilian, but prints scarcely any thing but play-bills.

When I first passed through this town, I found it garrisoned by negroes, who were cooped up here that they might gradually die away in peace. Their

number has diminished so much, that it was thought proper to remove the spectacle of their extermination to Piedmont. The remnant of this oft-celebrated regiment scarcely amounted to a few hundred men.

Verona is a large kind of town, inhabited by forty-five thousand persons, and divided by the Adige into two unequal parts. The largest and best half has been retained by the French, who have ceded the smallest and worst to Austria. On a bridge which crosses the Adige, are stationed the sentinels and custom-house officers of both nations. The stranger is banded about like a shuttlecock from one to the other, till he at length falls either on the ground of *liberty*, where no person dares to open his mouth except he has obtained permission from the French; or till he approaches the mountains of Tyrol, where alone real *men* are to be found. If the traveller visits Verona, before he has been at Rome, the antiquities of the former are far more interesting to him than in the contrary case; for then he has beheld so many grand and magnificent monuments, that all the ruins he afterwards meets with make but a very slight impression.

The amphitheatre of Verona is deservedly celebrated, but it can by no means be compared to the Coliseum at Rome.

A deep snow, which is very rare in these parts, detained me at Trent, or Trento, several days. This place, formerly the theatre only of spiritual combats, is now about to be peopled with temporal warriors, and to be converted into a fortification. Trent is indeed surrounded on every side by lofty hills, all of which it will be necessary to fortify; and, if that be done, I cannot comprehend why the town itself is to be fortified. The engineers, however, must understand that matter better than I do. It will take ten years to complete the proposed works, which will cost immense sums. The inhabitants of course already lament the loss of their most productive vineyards.

The rye-road from Brixen to Carinthia is still more

interesting to the observer of mankind, than the high road through Inspruk; which is more frequented, and where the inhabitants are more polished, or sometimes rather more depraved. In the former, on the contrary, we every where meet with pure unsophisticated nature. They survey a stranger almost with the curiosity of children, follow him every where, are ever officious to do something or other for him, and are frequently troublesome in consequence of this disposition: but he cannot possibly be angry with them, as he must be convinced of their ardent desire to fulfil all his wishes. Such a race of men inhabit the former principality of Brixen: whose territory, watered by the Eisach, which rushes through a narrow valley, is interspersed with cheerful towns and villages; where cleanliness prevails within and without the houses, and where health and cheerfulness smile from the faces of the inhabitants upon the stranger.

In these valleys a great quantity of snow generally falls every year. When I travelled through it, I was obliged to have my carriage placed upon a sledge; and to stop whole days at several places till the road, blocked up by snow to the height of a man, should be cleared. Here and there avalanches had likewise rolled down upon it from the mountains. One of these masses had overwhelmed a house, and killed one of its inhabitants. The regulations for restoring an uninterrupted communication are excellent: thousands of peasants immediately sally forth with their spades; and where one day the packet of the mail was carried by six men at the imminent hazard of their lives, through the snow, for a tract of several miles; there I travelled on the following day with my heavy carriage, and met innumerable sledges loaded with goods. It affords real pleasure to observe with what readiness and activity the Tyrolese undertake this laborious business. Among several thousand whom I saw at work in a space of from forty to forty-five miles, I did not observe a single discontented face, and not one of them ever asked

me for any thing. In Italy, I should have found as many beggars as labourers. The Tyrolese were all friendly and civil; wished me a good morning, or gave me the usual salute of *Praised be Jesus Christ*, with unassuming cordiality; were always ready to assist whenever I met with another carriage, or the narrowness of the road rendered assistance necessary; required no remuneration for their trouble, as they with justice might have done; but took off their green round hats, wished us a prosperous journey, and cheerfully continued their work.

Carinthia, though apparently a fine country, cannot be compared to Tyrol. The Carinthian is obliged to perform personal service; whereas the Tyrolese is paid, as he ought to be, for his labour. I therefore found the roads of Tyrol in good repair, and a broad track formed through snow the height of a man. On the contrary, in Carinthia, where the snow was not by far so deep, the roads were in bad condition, and greatly neglected. In the villages I observed large heaps of fir branches, which are used by the peasants as bedding for cattle; an evident proof of their poverty. In a moral point of view I was struck with the circumstance that almost all the windows in Carinthia are secured with iron bars. This precaution appeared quite unnecessary in Tyrol. In many of the inns I found a printed paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer, directed against the French, stuck upon the door. It displayed considerable wit, and was worthy of notice as a proof of the popular sentiments.

The last station before you arrive at Clagenfurt is very agreeable. The road leads between woody hills, along the banks of a lake bordered with trees. Clagenfurt, the capital of Carinthia, is a handsome well-built town. The market place is embellished in a very singular manner; for near a very stiff Maria Theresa of lead, stands a Hercules, against whom a prodigious serpent is wreaking its vengeance. My lacquey assured me that this dragon was an emblem of Carinthia; and

this Hercules (to whom he actually gave the same name) had been a prisoner at Marinzell, and was pardoned on condition of his fighting this serpent.

At Krautbach, in Styria, I saw some country lads fantastically dressed; they were acting a kind of comedy. One, for example, wrapped in furs, represented Winter; another had his hat decorated with ears of corn, as an emblem of Summer; these two struggle hard with each other for the mastery. Unluckily the horses were harnessed, and the approach of evening obliged me to hasten away; so that I was obliged to deny myself the pleasure of witnessing this popular amusement. It were, however, to be wished, that some learned inhabitant of Styria would furnish the world with some particulars concerning it, and especially concerning its origin and antiquity. At Leoben the well known preliminaries were concluded. It is a pretty town, to which I wish a longer duration than its preliminaries. Our landlady assured us that she had often seen Buonaparte. "At that time," said she, "he was thin, meagre, pale, and short; now, that he is an emperor, he must look very different."

It is natural to suppose that I could never entertain the idea of writing a description of Vienna, but only a few detached observations; of which I would rather have it said that they are too short, than that they should experience the fate of Travels, which nobody read because they are too long.

The imperial cabinet of natural curiosities has been considerably increased; and among other things by a cameleopard, which seems to me to be higher than that of Paris. I have often heard the arrangement of this cabinet condemned as a kind of childish play, because it deviates from the ordinary dry form; and a suitable decoration has been adapted to every species of animals: thus, for example, the poultry are running about in a pretty little farm-yard; the water-fowls are seen by the rushy sides of streams; the varieties of larks on ploughed fields; wild quadrupeds in court-yards, or

[illegible] &c. I have heard this made the subject of ridicule; for the literati are extremely fond of what is dry, and consider nothing as learned but what likewise possesses that qualification. To me, however, this arrangement appears perfectly consistent; for the cabinet is not intended for men of learning, but for the pleasure of a monarch enamoured of Nature, and for the gratification of his people. Of this last circumstance we should by no means lose sight. Twice a week the cabinet is open to every one, and on those days it is always crowded with persons of every class. They see behind the glass cases not only the animals themselves, but the places where they usually reside, and in part their habits: the manner, for example, in which birds built their nests; there sticking them to a walls, here suspending them to trees. They find the name and native country of each animal inscribed in large letters, and it is thus rendered an instructive amusement: whereas, if the collection were arranged in the ordinary manner, the people could merely gaze at it; for though the present director of the cabinet, Stütz, is a very civil and obliging man, it would be impossible for him to repeat the explanations to every fresh company that throngs to see it. It should not, however, be imagined, that the animals are intermixed at pleasure or at random. No: they are all arranged conformably to the Linnæan system, and are only exhibited on a more pleasing back-ground than an ordinary case affords; but any thing *pleasing* is what the learned critics cannot endure.

I have again seen with pleasure the menagerie at Schönbrunn. Many of my old four-footed acquaintance have indeed, since my last visit, been gathered to their fathers (among the rest a fine white bear); but the simple ostrich is still alive: the buffalo, whom age has rendered surly and blind of one eye, still flashes lightning from the other; the two elephants still caress each other with their trunks, and the male, two years since, made as great a fool of himself for love as a man

does. Among the recent arrivals, is an amiable family of kangaroos, which are inexpressibly comical and interesting. A Cato could not forbear laughing were he to see these animals crawling or leaping. A female of the family was pregnant, and very near her time. The kangaroo, it is well known, carries her young in an open pouch at the lower part of her belly; now, when the mother raises herself on her long hinder legs, and gazes at strangers, the young one likewise pops his greyhound's head out of the bag, to see what is going forward. The sight is perfectly *unique*.

I took a walk to see once more the magnificent hothouses in which Joseph II. entertained a company with coffee and sugar of his own cultivation. These are still under the management of the first gardener in Europe, the excellent Pose, and produce the plants and trees of every region of the globe. Here you walk between the sago, the palm, the sugar-cane; there you meet with the tea-shrub, yonder with the papyrus: in a word, no remarkable plant is wanting; and the order, the cleanliness, and the pleasing arrangement of the whole, leave nothing to be desired.

I was likewise so fortunate as to see again the imperial pair, who present to their subjects an example of domestic felicity. With veneration I approached the hero of Germany, the archduke Charles, and with love and respect I took my leave of him. He is not merely the favourite of Bellona, but likewise the friend of Minerva; and were any one to converse with him without knowing who he was, or being acquainted with his achievements, he would sooner imagine himself in the company of a philosopher than of a warrior. This illusion is favoured by his unaffected, affable, behaviour, which I am unwilling to denominate condescension; a word which, if it apply to one party, generally supposes a self-degradation on the other. I shall never forget an hour which I was permitted to spend in the company of a truly royal youth, the archduke John. In him Austria possesses a source of the fairest,

greatest hopes: Germany yet knows but little of this excellent young man, who will most assuredly be, at one time or other, the object of her admiration, perhaps of her gratitude. Already, in his present confined sphere, he is a brilliant luminary. As chief of the general staff, he travelled through the Venetian provinces, Tyrol, and the adjacent countries, regions seldom traversed by a prince. He struck off from the high road sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback; and did not fail to visit every spot where he hoped to find some beauty of Nature, or some object remarkable in a scientific point of view. An able artist accompanied him: he has collected a number of the most picturesque views of Tyrol, with which the public may hope to be presented in a *Picturesque Tour*. Not merely the charms of Nature in Tyrol, but the history of the country, and the observation of mankind, were his object; and an object which he has attained. He likewise speaks with warmth of the brave Tyrolese, to whom he is cordially attached.

In other respects I found among the natives of Vienna, first, the same sincerity, affection, and hospitality, the same sensibility for all that is good, and the same levity of disposition, as when I left them six years ago. They complain bitterly of the high price of every thing, but never miss a masquerade: they are lavish of abuse of the theatres, but go to them every day: they are of opinion that every thing might be better, but still they are satisfied with every thing. Specie of every kind has entirely disappeared; but still Vienna may boast one good thing, namely, the emperor of the Romans.

I shall say nothing of the bridge of the Danube, which is every year carried away by the ice, and nevertheless, is not built in a more solid manner, because, as it is asserted, the repairs would cost fifty thousand florins per annum. I shall say nothing of Prague, or of St. John of Nepomuck, whose bones still repose in a silver coffin, because the French did not penetrate to

Prague: where, among innumerable relics, a Prussian cannon-ball, discharged during the seven years' war, is still preserved; and where there is an opera buffa, which nobody goes to see; but which must be maintained from a point of honour, should even the German theatre be utterly ruined.

On leaving Prague, the traveller soon begins to perceive that he is approaching the frontiers of the elector of Saxony's dominions, by the badness of the roads, and the rudeness of the postilions. It is indeed a disgrace to Saxony, that you may travel from Naples to Töplitz, a distance of more than fourteen hundred miles, through the states of various sovereigns, on good roads, and that here every convenience should cease: here, in a country whose wise sovereign has collected, not for himself, but for the welfare of his subjects, treasures, the thousandth part of which would probably be sufficient to impart to Saxony the inestimable benefit of good high roads; here, where stones abound, and where of course it is not necessary to have them carried, (as in some parts of Italy) in panniers by asses; here, where there are hands sufficient, if the government is not above employing its legions, like the ancient Romans, in useful labours even in the times of peace. A Saxon, who dearly loves his country, lately said with great good humour: "If I have been out on a journey, and on my return happen to stick fast with my horse in the mud, it gives me the greatest pleasure, because then I know that I am in my dear native country again."

When a traveller surveys the truly Oriental, but useless treasures, in the green palace at Dresden, he cannot suppress the thought: "Oh, that there were two or three diamonds less, and more good roads!" The same idea is irresistibly impressed on the mind of the stranger, when he enters the wretched, and only theatre in the Saxon metropolis; which vies with that of any strolling company, in smallness and darkness, and is yet frequented by the whole court. In this in-

stance, too, the sacrifice of a single diamond would be sufficient to provide a handsome city like Dresden, with this indispensable ornament. Of what use is this prodigious magazine of precious stones? Of none in the world, but to excite the astonishment of a few curious strangers. It is just as if a private person were to hoard up loads of silver-plate, that he may treat his guests with potatoes. Should Saxony ever have the misfortune to be overrun by a rapacious enemy, how quickly would these treasures be swallowed up by the consuming vortex of a foreign capital! Were they, on the contrary, converted into roads and buildings, the country could not be deprived of this solid wealth. The case would be different, if the elector were fond of splendour, or took delight in heaping up multitudes of diamonds. But he is the very reverse; a prince of an excellent disposition, and a lover of simplicity. Why, alas! are there in the world so many things that are not only useless in themselves, but prove hinderances to further improvements, and are retained only because they have existed from time immemorial? The electors of Saxony, were always very pious princes, and consequently were happy after death; but should any future elector ever happen to be consigned to punishment after his decease, he certainly could not be subjected to any more severe, than to be driven day and night by Saxon postilions, on the roads of his own dominions.

Of the noble gallery of paintings at Dresden, I shall say nothing. Who is there, that is not acquainted with it? To the traveller who has just left Italy, it is an object well worth seeing: nay, it possesses considerable advantages over every Italian collection, (that of Lucien Buonaparte excepted:) because it is more select, because the pieces are in much better preservation, and because the place in which they are kept is much more handsome, cheerful, and inviting.

In the armoury, as it is called, the stranger may pass an hour very agreeably, were it only in contemplating

the pistols carried by Charles XII. when he was shot, or the armour of the great Gustavus Adolphus, or the ancient dresses worn by princes and princesses, several centuries ago.

The celebrated porcelain-manufactory, still maintains its superiority in what is termed biscuit. The figures are copied in the most accurate manner, from antiques. In the colouring, however, it is far surpassed by the manufacture of Vienna. The forms of its productions, are likewise deficient in taste.

At Meissen, I found the Elbe much overflowed: it had even inundated part of the town. This often happens here; but the water seldom rises so high as in 1799, when it entirely covered the houses situated on the banks of the river. Such a flood was never before known at Meissen: the highest and most ancient inundation, of which traces are still shewn, occurred in 1501; but the water did not rise by far to such a tremendous height. The inhabitants, rendered secure by the experience of centuries, did not abandon their houses: but only removed from one story to another, as the waters gradually rose; till they were at length obliged to creep out upon the roofs, where some hundreds of persons sat bewailing their situation. The waves already touched their feet, the waters rose higher every moment, and death appeared inevitable. Their fellow-citizens from the banks beheld their situation with inactive compassion. An old man, the proprietor of several vessels that navigate the Elbe, ordered his men to cross over with a large boat, to the relief of the poor wretches who were imploring assistance. The men refused; they represented the risk with which such a step would be attended: and he was unable to compel them. For fifteen years he had not been on the water; during that period he had not handled the helm: but without hesitating a moment, the brave man jumped into the boat, and called to his two sons to follow him. Even his sons refused to obey. "What!" he indignantly exclaimed; "if I can venture my life,

surely you may join me!" They were at length obliged to follow. The intrepid Schmidt pushed off the shore; and after a successful combat with the impetuous billows, he brought away as many persons as his boat could contain. His men, partly shamed, and partly animated by his generous example, entered the boat: with this increase of strength, they repeated the experiment; five times the daring enterprise was attempted, and five times successfully achieved, till all the drowning wretches rejoiced on the opposite shore, in the preservation of their lives. This man's name is Schmidt: no newspaper of the day mentioned him, no civic crown encircled his brow. But I should not omit to mention, that the elector offered him a reward for his intrepidity, but Schmidt refused it. The brave Schmidt is still living. I enquired for, and should have been glad to see, him; but he happened to be at Dresden, and I have not seen the face which I represent to myself, as surrounded with glory, by the preservation of some hundreds of fellow-citizens.

At Leipzig, I was indebted to the justly celebrated Plattner, for a very agreeable hour which I passed at his lecture on morality. One seldom hears a discourse so beautiful, so concise, and yet so conspicuous. Morality is in general considered as a lady to whom it behoves every one to listen with respect, but who is charged with being tedious and uninteresting. To free herself from this character, she could not do better than to appoint Plattner her chamberlain: if introduced by him, she will certainly be welcome in the most elegant circles. This philosopher possesses a profound knowledge of mankind: among the rest, the picture of a purse-proud merchant was drawn from nature with the hand of a master, and was animated with real life. Plattner is no longer immature in years, though his mind still possesses the energies of youth. May he long be spared to the university!—Why should I not say to the German nation? for indeed he contributes more in one hour to promote the practical

philosophy of life, than Fichte or Schelling, in ten or a hundred years. Plattner spoke, as I have already observed, on pride, and reckoned up the different kinds of it with much ingenuity. One species, however, he forgot to mention: namely, the wretched pride of modern philosophers; which, when it degenerates into such contemptible, ridiculous arrogance, is properly nothing but a caricature of pride.

With a joyful heart I approached Berlin: with rapture I again beheld the steeples of the capital of a country which, it is true, produces no oranges; but where the tongue is allowed to speak, the brain to think—where every word is not perverted by a spy, and every idea by a censor; where confidence on the part of government goes hand in hand with genuine illumination; where no citizen is subject to the caprice of any man, but only to wise laws, by which he is rendered equal to the prince—the only rational equality! Here I hang up my pilgrim's staff as a votive offering in the temple of the Muses, which is not disturbed by its vicinity, to that of Bellona. Let every peaceful mind, devoted to the sciences, repair hither; as the navigator, doubling Cape Horn, strives to reach the Pacific Ocean, whose surface is never ruffled by the tempest.

To have seen Italy, is very agreeable; to see it, is much less so. Now if I were to draw a parallel between Italy and Russia, and it should be to the advantage of the latter, I should be charged with advancing a paradox: but I have reasons, and in my opinion, good ones. The climate in Italy is delightful and mild, but extremely variable. Not a day, scarcely an hour, of the day, can you trust to the weather. Hence arises a great injury to health: but a greater still issues from the numerous marshes, which almost the whole year through, impregnate the air with noxious exhalations; and from the lakes and rivers, which you may smell at the distance of several miles. The rich are obliged in summer to repair to the mountains for refuge, against

the air of the plains, but the poor are under the necessity of remaining to perish. The annual excess of mortality excites horror. Where the poisonous exhalations of the marshes and lakes are not sufficiently powerful, there the inhabitants assist them with their filth. With this abominable disposition to live amid dirt, like dung-beetles, it is wonderful that the plague has not visited Italy for such a number of years. On the other hand, I am not astonished that the yellow fever should have erected its throne there, but am rather surprised that it did not originate in this country.

In Russia, on the contrary, the climate is rude, but constant; there are likewise swamps in that extensive region, but the heat of the sun is not such, as to extract poison from them. You may walk on the banks of all the rivers and lakes, without being obliged to apply your handkerchief to your nose. No season of the year is injurious to health: the poor, as well as the rich, may attain to a good old age, without turning their backs for months together on their huts. The dry cold is salubrious: the number of those who enter into life every year, exceeds that of those who depart out of it. Cleanliness pervades the cities and the houses: in the cottage of a Finland peasant, you find less filth than in the palace of the prime minister of Naples.

The winter is very mild in Italy: and yet (Naples excepted) more uncomfortable than in Russia; for with smoky chimneys, stone floors, open doors, and broken windows, how is it possible to resist even the least cold? In Russia, on the contrary, the very halls are warmed: stoves and double windows maintain an equal agreeable temperature in the apartments: you are not frozen behind, while you are roasted before; nor are you continually rubbing your hands, while your breath issues in visible clouds from your mouths. The summer in Italy is intolerably hot; all the powers are relaxed, and you know not what to do with yourself. In Russia you enjoy the summer; and indeed both day

and night, for the fine serene nights convey exquisite delight. The spring and autumn are more pleasant in Italy; the summer and winter in Russia. Italy produces wines and fruits; Russia purchases them. I never tasted so sweet an orange at Naples, as at Petersburg. Most of the wines of Italy are unpalatable to foreigners: that of Florence, and *lacrymæ Christi*, are the only good table-wines; they are seldom to be had genuine, and amidst millions of vines, you often languish for want of a glass of their produce. In Russia, you may always procure good wine; streams of the grateful beverage flow thither from all the wine-countries. Even the first necessaries of life, meat, bread, milk, are incomparably better and cheaper there than in Italy.

But the famous antiquities and treasures of art which Italy possesses! The value of these I am not inclined to dispute, but they contribute nothing to the happiness of life. You see them twice, thrice, a dozen times; you have seen enough of them, and at length you pass the Coliseum at Rome, with the same indifference as the marble-palace at Petersburg. And when I turn from the lifeless and quickly-exhausted charms of Italy, to the living advantages and superiority of Russia, Heavens, how is the former thrown into the shade! The sovereign—but I shall not draw a comparison between Ferdinand IV. or the pope, or even the vice-president Melzi, and Alexander I. Italy is still more agitated than the turbulent billows that surround its shore: Russia flourishes in peace. Hatred and mistrust still sneak in obscurity over the flowery plains of Italy: in Russia, the subject gives love, the monarch confidence, and both are strangers to fear. In Italy, the stranger is obliged to purchase of a beggar every step he takes among the beauties of nature; and while he stands to contemplate some delightful scene, a cripple suddenly extends a mutilated hand before his eyes: the countenances of banditti every where surround him, and narratives of murders, thrill him with horror. In

Russia, he wanders securely at midnight through thick forests: instead of the dismal whine of the beggar, he hears only the cheerful songs of industrious labourers, and honest faces every where smile upon him. Italy swarms with indolent priests, in cowls of every colour: in Russia you are spared this disgusting spectacle. Superstition indeed prevails there, and in what country is it not found? But the government does not rule by superstition, as in Italy; nor make a graceless mockery of reason, nor degrade man below the brute creation. The grossest ignorance has enshrouded Italy in her sable mantle: the only science with which people of rank are acquainted, is cards; they read only directions for playing at faro, they write only with chalk on the gaming-table. In Russia, a glorious morning for the arts and sciences has dawned. This comparison might be continued *ad infinitum*, but I will content myself with one more trait. Italy sighs and murmurs beneath the yoke of a foreign, and often overbearing nation; Russia breathes freely, and with ease under the mild sceptre of the grandson of the great Catharine.

Enough! To the praise of ingenuity, my parallel prefers no claim; but I pledge myself for its truth. Will any one now wonder that I quitted Italy without reluctance; that I never wish to see it again; and that I would not for millions pass my life in that country?

TRAVELS THROUGH SPAIN,

AND PART OF

PORTUGAL,

By the Rev. G. D. WHITTINGTON,

Late of St. John's College, Cambridge.

SPAIN is one of the countries of Europe with which we are most imperfectly acquainted, and yet its monuments are most various, and its history the most interesting of any.

Rich in all the productions of Nature, it is further embellished by the ingenuity of many ages, and the genius of various nations. The majesty of the Roman temples there forms a singular contrast with the delicacy of the Arabic monuments, and the Gothic architecture with the simple beauty of the modern edifices.

The clouds which cover the primitive history of Spain do not begin to be dissipated, till the period when the Phœnicians arrived, and formed establishments in the country, before uncivilized and unknown. It is supposed that they landed in the island of St. Peter, where they constructed the temple of Hercules, the remains of which are still to be seen when the sea ebbs more than usual. Soon afterwards, the town of Gades or Gadir was erected; Calpe and Abyla became renowned for the two columns denominated the Pillars of Hercules, on which the Phœnicians engraved the inscription, *Non plus ultra.*

The Greeks, the pupils of the Phœnicians in the art of navigation, did not fail to share with them the advantages of this discovery. They established an exten-

sive commerce in Spain, and founded several cities, among the rest Ampurias, and the unfortunate Saguntum: but the Carthaginians, possessing still greater skill and power, soon made themselves masters of the whole peninsula; and such they would have remained, had not the Romans, who alone were able to dispute with them this brilliant conquest, at length succeeded in their efforts to wrest it from them.

In the hope of escaping from servitude, the Spaniards sometimes endeavoured to defend themselves; but more frequently deceived by the phantom of a generous alliance, they faithfully promoted the views of their different oppressors. Thus three cities chose rather to perish than to surrender; Saguntum, from attachment to the Romans; Astapa in Boetica, to the Carthaginians, and Numantia for the sake of liberty.*

Exhausted by all these calamities, Spain at length began to breathe, and by degrees to recruit her strength under the peaceable dominion of the Romans. Induced by the fertility of her soil, and the richness and variety of her productions, that people founded numerous colonies in Spain; military roads were opened in every quarter; aqueducts conveyed to the cities the tribute of the waters; triumphal arches reminded the conquerors of their glory; theatres and circuses effaced from the minds of the vanquished the memory of their misfortunes.

Saguntum saw its walls reared once more; Merida, Tarragona, Cordova, Salamanca, Segovia, and other towns, admired the splendour of their new edifices, the glorious testimonies of the predilection of Rome for this country, the rival of Italy.

This happy administration did not last long. Rome, when mistress of the world, soon became as odious as Carthage. Spain had its Clodius and its Verres; and

* In our own days Barcelona suffered a similar fate, rather than surrender to the Duke of Berwick; and on that occasion, the leader of the citizens was a person of no higher rank than a shoemaker.

the most beautiful province of the empire of the Cæsars was also the most wretched.

The Asturians and Cantabrians alone preserved their independence, amid their mountains. Augustus undertook their subjugation; they defended themselves, and most of them perished sword in hand. The poets of Rome celebrated this cruel victory, but posterity admires only its victims.

Spain was subject to the Romans till toward the conclusion of the fourth century. The northern nations, after having ravaged the other countries of Europe, penetrated into Spain during the reign of Honorius: the Suevi made themselves masters of Galicia and part of Portugal; the Alani and Vandals of Bœtica. The Goths, following at the heels of these ferocious conquerors, compelled the Alani and Vandals to retire to Africa; the Suevi made a longer resistance, but being at length conquered by Leovigildus, they ceased to be a distinct people, and all Spain received law from the Goths.

This invasion of barbarous nations gave a mortal blow to the fine arts in a country covered with their master-pieces: yet what numismatic riches, how many monuments have escaped the devastation!

The Goths did not discover in these ruins the model of a pure taste and regular beauty. They would have surpassed the Romans, had they striven to imitate them, but they took a different route. Hence those singular edifices which enriched architecture with a new order; a composite, strange, motley order, minute in the details, and sometimes confused in the whole, but religious, majestic, and whose long duration justifies its astonishing boldness.

The Goths, tranquil possessors of Spain, and enlightened by the gospel, began to be civilized; but the climate which softened their character, repose which enervated their courage, prepared an easy victory for new conquerors.

The cruelty of King Vitiza, and the weakness of Ro-

drigo, accelerated the fatal moment, and Spain fell a prey to enemies till then unknown.

The Arabs, an ancient, wandering people, inhabiting deserts, joining the Moors, so called from their native country, Mauritania, made an irruption into the south of Spain, as the Goths had previously done in the north. The fate of Spain was decided in the unfortunate battle of Xeres de la Frontera, where Rodrigo lost his throne and his life.

The conquerors, finding no other obstacles, took possession of all Spain, except those same Pyrenees which had so long preserved their ancient inhabitants from the Roman yoke. These mountains, and their caverns, afforded a refuge to such of the Spanish Goths as, collected by Pelagius, a prince of the blood-royal of that nation, were able to avoid the yoke of the Mussulmans.

This second invasion, which might naturally be supposed to have left the native Spaniards no trace of their laws, their customs, and national qualities, produced a contrary effect; so amply have the blessings bestowed on this happy country, seemed always to compensate the inhabitants for the severity of fortune.

The Moors were not long before they felt that influence which had softened the manners of the Goths, and taught them to relish the charms of a tranquil life. No sooner were the new conquerors happy, than they ceased to be barbarous. The principle of civilization was developed among them with extraordinary rapidity; the love of letters ennobled their ideas, and purified their taste, without diminishing their courage. At Seville, at Grenada, at Cordova, schools and public libraries were opened; and while Christian Europe was covered with the clouds of ignorance, the genius of Averroes, and a multitude of learned men, enlightened the civilized Mussulmans.

Not content with patronizing the sciences, the Moorish kings themselves cultivated them. How brilliant were the reigns of the Abdarhamens and the Mahomets! These princes united the private virtues with

military qualities; they were poets, historians, mathematicians, philosophers, and great captains; and many of them deserved a still more honourable appellation—that of the best of kings.

At this new epoch of the history of Spain, a new taste was introduced into the arts, and gave a direction to architecture in particular. The ancient structures of the Goths did not harmonize with the customs and the religion of the Moors. The latter, indifferent to external decorations, reserved all their ingenuity for the interior of the edifices. There they lavished whatever was calculated to delight the senses, and to accord with a sedentary and voluptuous life. Hence the singular magnificence of their palaces and their mosques, that richness in their ornaments, that finish in the smallest details, which far surpass the beauty of the whole.

The arts were thus developing themselves among the Moors, when a spark concealed in the Asturias, produced a new conflagration, which extended to all Spain.

Pelagius having fled to the mountains, not only defended himself there with courage, but, under the banners of the cross, ventured to conduct his troops into the countries contiguous to his retreat. This illustrious man, concerning whom we have, unfortunately but few particulars, had collected all the nobles of the Asturias, and the rest of Spain. This force, which long proved invincible, was the instrument of the conquests of different chiefs, the ablest of whom made themselves sovereigns. By them were founded the kingdoms of Castile, Leon, Arragon, and Navarre, successively conquered from the Moors.

This war, which continued several centuries, has alternately the air of history and of romance, and appears worthy both of the narrative of a Livy, and the fables of an Ariosto. It consists of battles, sieges, assaults, and still more frequently, of tournaments, banquets, and challenges, given and accepted with equal audacity.

In these celebrated lists triumphed the heroes whose exploits are recorded in the Spanish romances, and of

these Rodrigo de Bivar, surnamed the Cid, particularly distinguished himself. Equal in virtue, and superior in power, to Bayard, he was, like him, the object of the veneration, not only of his brethren in arms, but also of the enemies of his country.

Reduced to the single kingdom of Grenada, the Moors there maintained themselves for several centuries; but, at length, expelled from their last asylum, they were obliged to withdraw to Africa, where they soon resumed their primitive manners.

This important event was reserved to crown the felicity of Ferdinand and Isabella, and the arms of Gonsalvo de Cordova, seconded by other chiefs of equal celebrity.

Sovereigns of Spain, and of the New World, Ferdinand and Isabella, after having attained the pinnacle of prosperity, had the misfortune to leave their immense possessions to a foreign dynasty. They formed the dowry of their daughter Joan, wife of Philip the Fair, Archduke of Austria, and mother of Charles V.

Fortune, by her extraordinary favours, and Cardinal Ximenes, by a wise administration, threw a lustre upon the reign of Charles V. at one and the same time Emperor of Germany and King of Spain.

The talents and genius of this prince seemed to have destined him for universal monarchy; and, to his own misfortune and that of the world, he aspired to it. Palled, however, with the pomp and pageantries of grandeur, he chose to end his days in retirement, and resigned the crown to his son Philip. It is to the reign of these two princes that the revival of the arts in Spain may be ascribed.

Architecture boasts of the master-pieces of Toledo by Herrera; painting, of the productions of Ribera, Morales, and latterly, of Velasquez, Murillo, Cano, &c. The art of engraving was improved, and the Castilian tongue, embellished by superior writers of every class, became the universal language of Spain.

The arts declined for some time, under the feeble

dominion of the last Austrian princes, but they received as soon as the victory of Almanza had established the claim of Philip V. to the Spanish crown.

That prince, with the monuments erected by Louis XIV. fresh in his memory, was desirous of reproducing the master-pieces with which he was familiar in his youth. He peopled, if we may so express ourselves, the environs of Madrid with the recollections of Versailles, the beauties of which yet lived in his imagination.

The new palace of Madrid, superior, perhaps, in richness and beauty, to every other in Europe, and the gardens of St. Ildefonso and Aranjuez, attest the taste and the magnificence of Philip V. His successors imitated this noble example, and the Academy of Arts, founded by Ferdinand VI. was not the only institution for which he deserved the gratitude of the Spaniards. But how much more were they indebted to his son and successor, Charles III. the benefactor of two kingdoms, after having built Caserta, and laid open the subterranean treasures of Herculaneum and Pompeii in the one, formed in the other establishments, whose number and utility excite admiration. He acquired in both the title of a great and wise king, which, at his death, he bequeathed to his son, as the fairest portion of his inheritance.

Such is the sketch of the principal events which subjected Spain to various rulers. Revolutions, wars, and time itself, have not been able entirely to destroy the monuments which adorn that beautiful country, and the arts of the four different nations by whom it has been successively embellished.

On the 22d of May, 1803, we arrived in the road of Barcelona, after a passage of five days from Genoa.

May 23. As we proceeded to the stairs in the harbour, the first view of the city particularly struck us by its neatness, and the novelty of the houses contiguous to the port, the greater part of which are new. A large building, the Tribunal of Commerce, stands in front; and the whole scene is exceedingly pleasing.

though it exhibits little or nothing of magnificence. The great quay, however, is a noble work, by far the grandest I have seen any where: it was crowded with people, whose cleanliness, bustle, and costume, surprised and delighted us. The appearance here is really more striking than I can describe; every body is in motion, and industry busy in every street.

Having secured apartments at *los coatro naciones*, a new inn, we began our walk through the town. The cathedral is a small but venerable Gothic building. The cloister, planted with orange-trees, and surrounded by chapels, many of which have old armour, swords, and shields, suspended over their altars, is a fit introduction to such an edifice. But the church itself, with its spiral stalls, "chaunted mass," gloomy aisles, and "dim religious light," struggling through a few rich windows, and resting at last upon the gilt traces of a high-wrought Gothic altar, carried me more forcibly than any thing I can remember into the darkest ages of monkish devotion. The Catholic ceremonies are fine only in their edifices; the effect of this altar to me, who had just landed from the tawdry "*crimped Grecian*"* spectacles of Italy, the idea of its having remained in the same state for ages, and that it has never been profaned by French violence, struck me with a mingled sensation of reverence and satisfaction. Hence we proceeded into the world again; and at the custom-house, a solid, handsome, though not architecturally beautiful building, were present at the examination of out trunks, which was performed with great civility by an officer who was well acquainted with the English, French, and Italian, languages. He inspected all my books, one of which was the common prayer; he read the title-page aloud and returned it to me. The bustle of business in the custom-house is very great; and the strictness with

* A very happy expression of Swinburne in his Sicilian Tour, to express the broken pediments, mangled entablatures, and rusticated pilasters, of the Italian churches. Borrimini may be considered as the most successful master in the art of *crimping*.

which the baggage of travellers is generally examined, has been much complained of. In the evening we visited the theatre: as it begins as early as five o'clock, the Spanish comedy was over when we arrived; but we were in time for the ballet. The theatre is not very large: it is tolerably well constructed; but though neat in the extreme, is miserably deficient in decorations. It has three tiers of boxes and a gallery; a plain white curtain, festooned on a yellow ground; the stage boxes have pilasters adorned with brown arabesks; in the centre of the house is suspended a mean lamp; but the general effect, from its extreme neatness and cleanliness, is not unpleasing. The exterior bears the date of 1776. We were best entertained with the ballet Matilda di Orsino, a bustling Spanish story. The scenery was new, well managed, and appropriate; the palace-view was better executed than any scene I have witnessed since I left Paris; the landscapes but indifferently. The dancers are all Italians; but the whole was conducted without extravagance or absurdity, after the French taste. We had only the *gusto Italiano* for five minutes at the end, when three twirling buffoes with white breeches made their appearance. The good taste which prevails in this department is owing to the first female dancer, La Perron, who received her education at Paris; she has considerable merit, and the actors are respectable. The orchestra is rather scanty. The house was by no means full; the company in the boxes were neatly dressed, and the audience in general quiet and well behaved: the whole performance was finished at eight o'clock.

May 25. We began to think of preparing for our journey to Valentia; and for this purpose called upon M——, to whom we had letters of introduction, to ask his advice. He received us with the greatest kindness: and sent for the master of the mules to his house, that we might arrange fairly with him in his presence. We were astonished to find that it would cost us for the five mules

requisite to carry us to Valentia by Montserrat (where we proposed stopping a day), eighty-five dollars. The mule master informed us that we should be nine days on the road to Valentia, including the day to be spent on the mountain; and that we must pay him eight days for his return. The plan was not altogether comfortable, and we considered the charge too exorbitant to be complied with.

The king's visit to Barcelona last year, (1802,) when the double marriage took place, is still the subject of conversation. The grandest scene on this occasion was, the three nights' procession representing the blessings of peace, and the ancient triumphs of Spanish history, particularly the eastern expeditions of the Catalans and Aragonese in the fourteenth century. The dresses are said to have been very splendid; but judging by the prints which are now sold, not much taste was displayed in the machines and decorations made use of in this festival. To discharge the expense, the town was laid under a contribution; an English merchant told us that his share amounted to seventy pounds. The king was a month on his road from Madrid, through Saragossa, and his retinue was like an army: upwards of eighty thousand persons, exclusive of the inhabitants of the city, were collected; and the Catalans felt a generous pride in observing that no accident or quarrel occurred, and no life was lost, notwithstanding the enmity subsisting between them and the Spaniards. This enmity is carried to such a height, that when it was proposed to strike a medal in honour of the king's visit, the academy of arts of St. Fernando, at Madrid, were requested to superintend the execution; but this body, actuated by a most illiberal and unworthy spirit, endeavoured to excuse themselves, and made every possible delay; which so enraged the Catalans, that they withdrew the business from their hands, and entrusted it to their own academy. The medal was produced in a month, and remains a record rather of their loyal zeal, than of their ability in the fine arts. The Prince

of the Peace appeared here in greater state than the king himself: he was lodged in the Palace of Commence, and had a guard of honour daily mounted before his door.

We were surprised to find the bishop's palace not more considerable than most of the better sort of houses in the town. The present prelate is much esteemed, and we heard from the English residents here a very favourable character of the Spanish hierarchy. We observed among the middle and lower orders of people all that attention to religion which we expected. The booksellers' shops have an enormous proportion of theological literature: hardly any door is without a print of the Virgin, or some saint; and it is a common custom here to bow to a church in passing, when the bell is tolling.

About half-past one we walked to the *maison de plaisance* of Mr. ———, who had invited us to dinner: it was about two miles from the city. The whole surrounding country was sprinkled over with little boxes, generally consisting of a kitchen below, and aboverstairs a dining-room, a bed-room or two, and an open arcade; principally places for retirement and relaxation, but hardly any of them large enough for receiving a family. In our way to Mr- ——'s, we passed an ugly painted house, with four towers ending in short spires, built by a viceroy of Peru, who sent the plan over from that country; and it is said to be a specimen of the Peruvian style of architecture: nothing can be more frightful, and it appears very small for an officer holding so high and lucrative a post. It stands close to the road, and is merely surrounded by a little garden.

After dinner we returned to Barcelona, which from the country has a pretty appearance, by a road bounded on each side by a hedge of lofty aloes. We were in time for the ballet, and the second act of the opera; which is performed twice a week by a company of Italians, at the theatre already described, which is indeed the only one in the city: it was executed in a very

creditable style, and the first female has considerable vocal powers. The house was extremely crowded. We visited the academy of arts, instituted in the palace of commerce, and supported in the most magnificent manner by the merchants of Barcelona. We were conducted through a long suite of apartments, in which seven hundred boys were employed in copying and designing: some of them, who display superior talents, are sent to Rome, and to the academy of St. Fernando at Madrid; the others are employed in different ways, by the merchants and manufacturers. The rooms are large and commodious; and are furnished with casts of celebrated statues, and every proper apparatus. We observed a few drawings of considerable merit, produced by the scholars: but the grand picture before us of liberality and industry, amply rewarded our visit; and was the more striking to us, from having of late been continually accustomed to lament the traces of neglect and decay, so visibly impressed on every similar institution in the impoverished cities of Italy.

May. 26. The fortress of Monjoich, which lies to the south of the city, is remarkably strong, particularly on the side towards Valentia; but it is believed that the principal object of the government in building it, was to keep the free spirit of the Catalans in subjection, by commanding the chief town of the principality: it would require three thousand men to defend it against an enemy. The view of the city from the walls of the fortress is very complete. I cannot by any means allow that it contains a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants; two-thirds of that number accords better with its general appearance, and even then perhaps the amount would be over-rated. There is nothing of magnificence in this prospect; any one who can imagine a pretty white town, with a few ugly steeples rising out of it, backed by a range of hills, which are sprinkled over with little pleasure-houses, will have an accurate idea of the general view of Barcelona. The prospect from Monjoich towards the south, is a fine plain, rich be-

yond description, through which the Llobregat flows into the sea, which it discolours to a great distance. This plain is terminated by hills; and through an opening of these Montserrat is plainly discovered. The west side of the fortress is bounded by the sea, which washes the foot of the precipice on which it stands. In descending Monjoich, while we were meditating on its name, we observed a stone by the road-side, which had the remains of an Hebrew inscription; but I could neither learn its history, nor that of the mountain. At the inn, we found the master of the mules; with whom we agreed for two good beasts and an attendant, to carry us to Montserrat on the following day. We are to pay four dollars for going, and the same for returning, for two mules; and three dollars a-day for the time we choose to remain there.

The cannon-foundry at Barcelona is a magnificent establishment; and as the workmen are kept constantly in employ, the store of artillery must be immense. An officer of the engineers shewed us the furnace with the brass prepared which is to be melted to-morrow: and afterwards carried us into the workshop, where the operations of boring, scraping, polishing, and ornamenting the cannon, were going on with great alacrity. Another officer conducted us to the magazine of fire-arms, sufficient for a hundred and fifty thousand men; all are well kept, and shutters are making to preserve them still more carefully. We were next shewn the department where gun-carriages, artillery-carts, &c. are manufactured: a considerable number of persons were preparing wood and iron for these purposes. This superb cannon-foundry is inferior only to that of Seville. When the king was here, several cannon were cast in his presence. We observed in the principal workshop, an image of the Virgin, placed in a conspicuous station, with candles before her; and the common prints of St. Francis and St. Anthony pasted up on almost every part of the walls of the manufactory.

The palace of the Tribunal of Commerce has precisely the appearance of an English town-hall, or sessions-house of the last century: the architecture, consisting of a front of four half-columns, and a pediment with the royal arms, is regular and neat, but perfectly insipid; it is the chief building in Barcelona. In its court are placed statues of Neptune, and the four quarters of the world, which are greatly admired in this city: the first is awkward in the design, and indifferently executed; the others are a most ludicrous confirmation of what we heard yesterday, that no women are suffered to be studied as models in the academy of Barcelona.

At six o'clock in the morning of the 27th of May, we mounted our mules, and set out on our excursion. We found the whole road enlivened by commerce and industry. The gardens which surround Barcelona are particularly striking; nothing can exceed their richness and fertility. At a considerable village where the manufacture of lace is carried on, we passed the Llobregat by a solid and handsome bridge: the view up and down the vale through which it glides, is rich and beautiful beyond description. Here the road divides itself into two, leading to Zaragosa and Valentia; we took the former, which brought us to the foot of the celebrated mountain; and we found it in tolerable order the whole way. The cultivation and fertility of the country surprised and delighted me. The plain of Capra only surpasses it by its pendant vines, but here the prospects are infinitely more various; hemp, corn almost ready for the sickle, vineyards, olive-groves, mulberries, and hedges of aloes, form the principal objects in the view. The Llobregat shews itself here and there; hills covered either with cultivation, or with woods or dwarf pines, bound the landscape to the right and left; and Montserrat forms a grand back-ground for the picture. From the clearness of the atmosphere, it seemed but at a little distance, when it was twenty miles from us. The villages are remarkably clean: no

heaps of filth as in Italy and Provence, no crowds of beggars; every one was employed, and the only mode of begging which the children practised, is to run out of the gardens and offer you flowers. The present scene, and the prospect of Montserrat, gave us a very delightful day. In a little village which we passed this morning, we bought some excellent bread and tolerable wine for our breakfast.

The approach to Martorel is highly picturesque; especially when a turn of the road discovers at once the town and river, the bridge, and the arch of Hannibal. The learned have doubts respecting the origin of this remnant of antiquity; some attribute it to Trajan: but the common people, with their usual decision, have given it the name of the Devil's Bridge. We found that it has been almost entirely renovated: it is very high; and consists of three pointed arches, a great, and two smaller ones. The arch of Hannibal, as it is called, stands on the side opposite the town: it is perfectly simple; being merely an arch of large cut stones without cement, and the rest consisting of irregular stones cemented together. At an inn at Martorel we rested our mules and ourselves for an hour and a half; we then pursued our journey through some groves of dwarf-pines, and a less cultivated country, to the foot of Montserrat. Here we found a small village, where we reposed a moment before we ascended. The ascent reminded me strongly of the Cornici coast road of the maritime Alps, between Nice and Genoa; though there was no part so bad as to induce us to get off our mules and walk. The mountain is fine on the side towards the sea; but it is in the style of the Derbyshire, and many other white rocks with green brushwood which I have seen, though on a much grander scale than any of them. We were at first disappointed at not finding it covered with spiral cones, as Thicknesse had drawn it; but we "wound our way" in silent expectation; here and there observing an ancient stone cross, which proclaims the mountain to be a religious

sanctuary. At length on turning a corner we behold the convent situated in a recess among the rocks, which rise into cones above it. The building is very unworthy of its place and destination; it is too modern, and has more the air of a manufactory than an abbey: taking it, however, in a general view, it is an awful and picturesque retreat. We prepared our letters, and advanced to the gate: all was silent, except the faintly-heard Llobregat in the vale below; the perpendicular rocks called our attention, and reminded us of some ancient castle with a hanging turret. The convent itself is a collection of houses, like a town. We entered the gates about five o'clock; and observed a solitary monk, as if returning from his walk: I bowed respectfully to him, and presented my letters; he gave them back, coldly saying they were not for him. He entered the cloister; and as I observed no one else, I followed him, and begged him to direct me where to find the gentleman to whom the letters were addressed: he grumbled a good deal in Catalan, and seemed perfectly out of humour; when fortunalely a servant of the convent came up, took the letters, and conducted us to the chamber of father ——, to whom one of them was an introduction. He received us civilly, and offered us wine and chocolate: he spoke pretty good French, which he said he had learnt from four bishops, who at the period of the revolution, escaped from the south of France into this asylum. Almost the first inquiry which the monk made of us was, Whether we were at war or not? After some conversation, he desired a servant to shew us an apartment; regretting exceedingly that, on account of the feast of the Holy Ghost (Whit-Sunday), we should be very badly lodged: he promised to call us to-morrow at four, and take us round the mountain. Our beds were what the monk had taught us to expect; but the sheets were clean, and we were so fatigued that we did not complain of any little inconvenience.

25th. At four o'clock we were roused by a knocking at our door: father —— was ready to attend us; we

therefore hastily dressed ourselves, and followed him up the mountain. He had provided us with long sticks, which we found not only useful, but necessary. The scene we beheld on leaving the convent gate was magnificent; we were absolutely on a level with the sun, and the whole vale below us was a vast sea of white clouds. After ascending the hill a little farther, a new and most romantic prospect broke upon us; we beheld at one view thirteen out of the fourteen hermitages, and the convent in its rocky recess beneath. The hermitages immediately above the convent have an effect more picturesque than can be well imagined; while those of St. Jago, St. Juan, and St. Oposse, seem to grow to the cones, and have a most extraordinary appearance: all of them, but particularly these last, seem inaccessible. The mountain rises perpendicularly, but nature has left room for terraces: it has two crowns of cones or bolsters; one immediately over the monastery, and the other where the hermitages which I have just mentioned are situated, and to which we now proceeded. The first we gained was St. Jago, the residence of a hermit from Grenada: he prepared us a little chocolate, which he thought to be a very insufficient breakfast, not knowing the hospitable dispositions of the other hermits. This cottage, like all the others, consisted of a little chapel, a passage, a sitting-room, a study, a workshop, and a kitchen: these apartments are of different sizes in different hermitages; but the number of rooms is always the same, except indeed that in some instances the study and the sitting-room are in one. His books were, as might be expected, writings and lives of saints; the *Mistica Condad di Dios*, I observed in all. The workshop is for making crosses to employ time, and to give to pilgrims.

We now proceeded to St. Catherine, which is situated below; and then mounted to St. Juan and St. Onosse, which grow together on the side of a cone: in the former is preserved a bone of John the Baptist, which is the only relic to be found among the hermitages. We

now ascended still higher, to St. Madeline, where we were refreshed with some wine and bread. Above this is the highest accessible peak of this part of the mountain. We climbed to it; and, after enjoying the extensive prospect, returned to the cell of St. Madeline: then descending a flight of steps between two cones, called Jacob's Ladder, we came into the valley which runs along the summit of the mountain; this is a perfect shrubbery, and the cones are even here in the most grotesque shapes. The southern crown is called the organ, from its resemblance to a number of pipes. The day was particularly warm; and notwithstanding the prodigious height, we were scarcely once refreshed by a breath of air during our whole walk. At the end of this valley, on an eminence, stands the hermitage of St. Jerome, which is the most remote and highest of them all: it is not at present inhabited, but a young man is in training for that purpose. Near this is the most lofty station of the whole mountain: on it stands a little chapel dedicated to the Virgin, and the care of which devolves to the hermit of St. Jerome; it has lately been blasted by lightning, which did not fail to remind us of the exclamation of Lucretius. After much fatigue we seated ourselves on this lofty pinnacle, and surveyed the country round. We are here almost too high to see the traces of cultivation, so that the whole province has the appearance of a hilly desert: indeed, the land is not fertile, except in the vale through which the Llobregat flows; but the vast industry of the inhabitants has done every thing that is possible. A stranger is principally struck by the want of towns, especially in that part towards the Pyrennees. The real character of the country, when viewed from a moderate height, is hilly, and a great part of it cultivated; but patches of barren lands, and woods of olives and pines, are every where visible. The winding of the Llobregat, and the grand outline of the snowy Pyrennees are the distinguishing features of the prospect.

Barcelona is concealed by the intervention of a mou-

tain. The largest town we see is Manreza, on the road to Laragona. Thicknesse is wrong in supposing that any part of Valentia can be discovered from this height; since it is a flat country, and lies behind the hills of Catalonia. Majorca and Minorca are often discerned from the convent at sun-set.

The Pyrennees are neither so lofty nor so irregular as I had expected: they bear a considerable resemblance to the coast of Corsica, which I have lately seen. Just below the eminence on which we stand, is the northern extremity of the rock; perfectly inaccessible, and appearing as if sawn asunder in many parts. We descended once more into the mountain valley, and then climbed to the hermitage of St. Antonio, the smallest of them all; we were refreshed here by an omelet, and our guide rested himself while the hermit conducted us to a spot where the echo is heard four times; the approach is difficult and dangerous; but we arrived at it, and called to many of our friends, whose names were four times re-echoed among the rugged peaks of the mountain. Having rejoined the monk at the door of the hermitage, we descended towards St. Trinidad, where we were to dine. We first, however, visited St. Salvador; and were shewn a rent in the rock, which the Benedictine informed us was supposed to have been caused by the convulsion of nature at the passion of Christ, but that this was by no means certain. "St. Cyril, of Alexandria," he gravely proceeded, "describes the ravages of this convulsion; and mentions that they were traced in his day, both in Italy and Catalonia." I told him that I had seen the rent rock of Terracina.

We arrived at St. Trinidad at three o'clock, being warm and fatigued: this is the largest of the hermitages, and was built originally for a pleasure-house for the convent; it has two stories, is placed at a commanding extremity of the rock, and has a pretty green inclosure behind it. The hermit had prepared us a handsome repast, though he had been restrained by its being a fast-day: he set before us salt fish, an olio of rice, an

omelet, some tunny, and a Dutch cheese; and waited on us while we were at table. We rested ourselves here for two hours, and then proceeded to the rest of the hermitages. The first we came to was St. Benito, where the mountain-vicar lives; he was the only recluse whose beard was shaved. Afterwards we walked to St. Helena and St. Demas; and at length to St. Ann, which was the last object of our peregrination. The situation of this being more centrical than the others, it is the church to which the hermits descend twice a week to be confessed, and receive the sacrament from the mountain-vicar. We now came down a very steep stair-case into the convent garden; and at seven o'clock entered, perfectly tired, the room of our friendly guide.

This day's expedition was as romantic as the fancy could wish, and curiosity was entirely satisfied; but still the spectacle with which, at a distance, my imagination has frequently been delighted, excited very different sensations when I was obliged to contemplate the reality. If enthusiasts are to be pitied, how much more so all they who, without being so, are condemned to lead the life of enthusiasts? The hermits of Montserrat, are probably quiet men who, upon the whole, consider this mode of passing their existence preferable to active industry. In my walk round the mountain this morning, I did not surprise one of them at his books, or at his prayers. I saw many of them happy in being able to snatch a short conversation with the labourer who was digging their garden: they all laughed and talked with father ——, inquiring eagerly whether it was peace or war; and followed us to the very verge of their prescribed limits, to catch the last words of our conductor. Their garden indeed must be their pleasantest occupation. What delight can ignorant men have in books? and *such* books! None of them are priests except the mountain-vicar, and one who lives in an hermitage (which we did not see) where the sacred image was discovered. Provisions are carried to them

twice a week, but on all great festivals they descend to the convent.

'The sensations which these men inspired, partook infinitely more of pity than romance; and the conversations which I had with father ——, did not at all tend to improve my opinion of these holy retreats. He united to great kindness and simplicity a considerable store of reading, all the credulity of the tenth century, and a great deal of its bigotry. His reading had been that of a Spanish *savant* (indeed I had been introduced to him in that character): he had perused a great number of historical works, the outlines of philosophy, very few of the classics, and an enormous number of ecclesiastical legends; of the latter he firmly believed every thing, though on other subjects he appeared sufficiently enlightened. He entertained enthusiastic hopes of the triumph of the Roman catholic religion: which, he said, was daily spreading in South and North America; and that the new Emperor of China had given permission to the Spanish clergy of the Philippine Isles to preach the gospel there; that the Grand Seignior had agreed to the institution of a Latin bishop of Smyrna; and he did not fail to hint, with a significant nod, that we had a catholic connection in England, and that a clever king could do what he pleased with his parliament. He assured me that by the zeal of the jesuits, and latterly of the capuchins, the king of Spain had thirty millions of subjects in America. He complained bitterly against the king's ministers; who, he said, oppressed the clergy in every possible way: the mendicant orders were no longer permitted to send their letters free; and he maintained, that the king took forty *per cent.* from all ecclesiastical benefices. He heard with indifference, perhaps with contempt, my favourable report of the state of religion in England; and soon after took an opportunity of venting his anger at the Reformation, in a great many obvious reflections on the character of Henry the Eighth. He was more acquainted with the political state of Europe than I expected; but though

he could talk upon most subjects, *the monk* shone out in all; yet the mildness and simplicity of his manners were very pleasing. He related to me in a serious and impressive manner, the history of the sacred image which was found in a cave at Montserrat in the ninth century; and the workmanship was, as usual, recognised to be that of St. Luke.* It was carried towards Zaragossa, but at Manrezor it became immoveable: a sign which was readily understood by the clergy; who carried the figure back again to the mountain, which was immediately given them, and a convent endowed on it by the count of Barcelona. He mentioned, with great pleasure, the respect in which the Spanish bishops were held, and their indefatigable residence. "One bishop," said he, "of Galicia,† who has the see of Orense, is

* The famous Lady of Loretto, and many other Madonas painted or sculptured, claim St. Luke for their author; and indeed so high is his reputation as an artist in Italy, that several, even of the first masters, have represented him with an easel before him. The idea, however, is founded on a very accountable mistake. The rage for relics and church-decorations which succeeded the establishment of Christianity by Constantine, gave employment to a number of artists, among whom one Lucas of Constantinople was the most eminent; it is even said that he obtained the appellation of saint from only the edifying use which he made of his talents. In process of time, when his works had acquired the rust of antiquity, they were naturally mistaken by ignorance and credulity for the works of the evangelist, and as such, in the eighth century, many of them were carefully transported from Greece into Italy, to avoid the fury of the iconoclasts. It is needless to add, that imposition took advantage of this error, and has attached the name of St. Luke to almost every remains of religious painting or sculpture of the early ages.

† This bishop was Don Pedro de Quevedo y Quintano; from what I could learn respecting the miracles attributed to this prelate, I believe that they are all, (according to Paley's expression) of the *ten tavive* kind, and consist in recovering sick persons from dangerous illnesses by means of prayer and intercession—in this the bishop may be equally deceived with his flock, which is most probable, since I understand he is a man of the greatest piety, and totally given up to the affairs of religion. His palace at Orense is a perfect picture of the simplicity of the early church. He passes

the most holy of them all; it is reported that he has performed miracles, and indeed I believe it; for I remember him when I was at college at Salamanca, and he was then already a saint!" I could not have conceived that so much ancient prejudice and modern knowledge could have united in one mind; but this is the effect of the inquisition, which still selects and regulates the literature of Spain.* Among the stories with which the monk amused me during my stay at Montserrat, one was very remarkable; and it is interesting as it relates to the Prince of the Peace. When the court were at Barcelona, the king, accompanied by this upstart minister, made a visit to the convent, the members of which went out to receive him with due respect; but an uncle of the Prince of the Peace, who was one of the most ancient and venerable of the fraternity, to mark the abhorrence in which he held the profligacy of his nephew, instead of joining the procession, retired into a remote part of the mountain, and continued there till the royal party had left the convent.

As we returned from father ——'s chamber to our lodgings, we found the yard and the cloisters of the monastery full of peasants, who had arrived to celebrate the feast of the Holy Ghost in this sanctuary. They were all in their holiday apparel, and seemed to consider it a great festival: some had brought their own provisions; others purchased them at a shop which was instituted for the purpose in the abbey, and made little fires to cook them. At night they made their beds all

his time in the active duties of his office, always dines alone, and during his meal hears the scriptures read to him by a deacon. He resides constantly on his diocese, where he enjoys so high a reputation, that he is certain of being ranked among their saints after his death.

* Papers are published from time to time by the inquisition, containing new lists of prohibited books, which are pasted against every church door throughout the kingdom; the last came out in March, 1801. I carried away one of them, by which I afterwards discovered, from an inscription at the bottom of it, that I had incurred the penalty of the *greater excommunication*.

round the cloister, which served also as a stable for their mules.

Whit-Sunday, 29th. We were awakened early this morning by the bustle of visitors assembled from the neighbouring country. At seven we breakfasted in the cell of father ——. He told us that we were too late for an *office*, which had been sung at four o'clock that day by the choristers; but at half-past eight the brotherhood will sing *thirds*. At this hour we attended in the church, which the monk told us was respected as much as an in Christendom, even those at Rome. It is a dismal building of the age of Philip II. ornamented with flowers richly gilt. The choir is a raised gallery above the door; and the precincts of the altar are divided from the nave by a high iron grating. A vast number of silver lamps, given and maintained by the piety of individuals, are suspended within this enclosure. Above the altar the celebrated sacred image glittered in all its finery. *Thirds* were sung, accompanied by the organ; after which the monks descended, and made a procession, singing, round the cloister. Upon their return to the church, high mass was chanted; the organ, and a band of fiddles, bassoons, &c. alternately accompanied, and a more lively selection of opera music was probably never heard. During this the people seemed to be engaged in private prayer: those that knelt had their eyes fixed on the Virgin, and were evidently in earnest supplication. After the hermits had received the communion, the high mass was finished; *sixths* were immediately sung, and the whole business of the morning was over about half-past eleven. Upon leaving the church, a general confusion took place to prepare dinner; and it was not without considerable exertion that the day did not turn out to us a perfect fast. At half-past four o'clock we rejoined father —— in the sacristy; and here he shewed us the treasures of the convent, which is now the richest in the world. The chief relics are, a bone of John the Baptist; some wood of the cross; two thorns from Christ's crown, one of which

had its point bloody; the bodies of several African bishops, who fled from the Vandals into Sardinia, &c.

The treasury contains a vast number of diamonds and precious stones, formed into the most tasteless ornaments. The large crown of the Virgin is the richest and ugliest of them all. A good cameo of Medusa's head, and a large opal, have been attempted to be purchased by many English travellers. These are kept in a passage leading to the sacristy, to which any one may have access; and a very common lock and key is their only protection except the Virgin, who, our conductor told us loudly before the people, was the surest safeguard. When we had seen these he led us up a narrow staircase into three little oratories: that in the middle has a door which opens into the niche where Nostra Senora di Montserrat is placed. After a curtain had been dropped between the lady and the church, and two or three candles lighted, we were permitted to approach the venerable image. The wood of which it is made, is perfectly black from age. The countenances of the mother and the child are without meaning; but the expression is not, as I have seen it in some objects of devotion, absurd or ridiculous. The crown of the Virgin is superb, but in the most barborous taste: it was made by a monk at Lima, and is studded all over with large emeralds. The image is about six feet high. Father —— told us it was not presumed to know of what wood it is made; and gravely added, that a painter who wished to give a colour to its African visage, was instantly struck blind for his audacity. As we were walking in the convent garden this afternoon, whence Father —— pointed out to us a road by which we might return to Barcelona, I resolved, before I parted with a man so well versed in catholic history and ceremonies, to enquire of him of the days of indulgence granted by his church. He told me that it was the usage of the primitive church, to impose a penance of a certain number of days, months, and years, upon those who were guilty of what are denominated mortal sins; such

adultery, murder, sacrilege, &c. but when the delinquent manifested a great feeling of penitence, the term of his penance was abridged a certain number of days, which were called *days of indulgence*. These penances were instituted to wipe off the offences in this world, which must otherwise be expiated in purgatory. At present the church has left off inflicting such punishments, and in consequence sinners are referred to a future state for their sufferings; but the Pope, to whom the keys of heaven and hell are given, possesses the same power to abridge the term of penance in the next as he has in the present world, which privilege he still exercises, and upon certain conditions (such as confession and penitence) delivers to sinners indulgencies both limited and plenary; but the Pope only can confer to churches the power of granting *plenary indulgencies*. Bishops may grant forty,* and archbishops eighty days; but several prelates may subscribe their quotas, and make up an inviting number, as we see in the common paper pasted on almost every door in Catalonia: "Ave Maria potissima sin peccato concebida," with the promise that whoever devoutly repeats these words gains one thousand two hundred and sixty days of indulgence. Any one who visits the church of Montserrat once in a year, is confessed, and receives absolution, gains a ple-

* There is evidence of this custom in St. George's chapel at Windsor. A missal was formerly placed in one of the arches of the nave, which still retains the following inscription in Gothic characters: "Who lyde this Booke here? The Reverened Fader in God, Richard Beauchamp, bishop of this diocess of Saryesbury. And wherefore? To this intent, that preests and ministers of Goddis church may here have the occupation thereof, saying divine service: and for all other that lysten to sey thereby the devotyon, as heth he any spiritual nede: yet as moche as our Lord lyst to reward him his good intent, praying every man whose dute or devotyon is eased by this booke, they will say for him thys commune oryson, Domine Jesu Christe, knelyng in the presence of this holy crosse; for the wyche the reverend fader in God above-seyd hath granted of the tresure of the church to every man 40 dayys of pardon." Richard Beauchamp lived in the reign of Edward IV.

nary indulgence. Such is the explanation which I received of these frequent inscriptions, "Indulgenza plenaria, quotidiana toties quoties," which had so often excited my curiosity in Italy. After taking leave of Father ——, with every expression and feeling of gratitude, we returned to our apartment. In our way thither we observed the holiday-peasantry eagerly employed in purchasing ribbands, crosses, rosaries, and rings, from a shop in the convent; and we have since scarcely seen a common man or woman without some such amulet, particularly the rings.

The monastery of Montserrat was founded, as I have before mentioned, in the ninth century, by the count of Barcelona; it is of the Benedictine order, which has been reformed into many different congregations. This is the congregation of Valladolid. The convent consists of eighty monks, all priests, who have thirty converts, or lay-brothers, to wait upon them. The choristers form a third, and the hermits a fourth, division of the body. Each monk has three or four rooms, from the windows of which the view of the rocks and the Llobregat is as delightful as possible. A new abbot is chosen every four years. Their offices are as follow: at twelve at night they sing *matins*, and immediately after *lauds*; at six *prime*, afterwards *chapter*; at nine *tiers*; after this grand mass, and immediately *sixths*. They dine about eleven. Upon leaving the refectory they proceed to *nones*; vespers at half past two; and complin in summer at five; in winter earlier. After complin, silence is to be observed. They retire to bed about eight. Their library, though considerable, is, notwithstanding, one of the worst collections that I ever saw. Spanish divinity without end. The only English book that I observed was Anglia Sacra, by Wharton: the humanity class very scanty. In the evening the visitors and pilgrims became very jovial, singing and dancing with great glee; some were excessively drunk: but what surprised me still more, was a party of tradesman from Barcelona, who

kept me awake half the night by roaring out deep nasal tones in imitation of the monks singing at mass.

May 30. We wished to continue our route this morning at four, but the convent gates were not opened till six. A vast crowd of peasants departed with us, carrying boughs of the trees which grow on the mountains; others remained to keep up the festival. Our guide decorated his fingers with rings bought in the convent. We descended by a steep and dangerous road, which obliged us to walk the greater part of the way to Monestrol, a village at the base of the mountain, belonging to the convent: its original name was Monstrulum, from some small religious edifice which formerly existed there. At present it has a church with ten residentiary priests—an enormous number for so insignificant a town: it took us three quarters of an hour to arrive here. We passed the Llobregat, and proceeded by an irregular pathway towards Vacarisas: we preferred this return, that we might, in a general view, see the interesting face of the mountain which Thicknesse has represented; but our observations did not at all tend to confirm his accuracy. Instead of the dark effect which he has given it, Montserrat appears perfectly white; and the rocks which are more like bolsters than spires, are made too spiring and pointed in his print.

Montserrat has three sides; that towards Barcelona (the north-east) is bold and rugged, but by no means extraordinary; the face it presents on the west side, towards Vacarisas, is more striking. The mountain here appears to have been built up perpendicularly, and to have received from the hand of nature two crowns of cones and bolsters; other fantastic pinnacles arise in other parts, but these two form the prominent features. Between them the mountain retires, and leaves a convenient sheltered recess for the monastry, a little more than half way up its side In this view also the greater number of the hermitages are seen; they are all defended by their situation from the north wind. The rock is white, composed of myriads of pebbles and small

stones, apparently cemented together: every side of it appears dignified, and embellished with shrubs. It stands alone in a hilly country; and attracts the eyes as well as the devotion of the seamen of Barcelona, and the whole province of Catalonia. The most stupendous prospect, however, which this mountain exhibits, is on the road to Villafranca. Its extraordinary length, and magnificent irregularity, are there seen with every possible advantage, and the most imposing effect. Its height is probably not much more than two thousand feet, but it appears loftier from the low hills by which it is surrounded. At a peasant's house (for we passed Vacarisas to the left) we obtained some tolerable bread and wine; which, with the addition of two excellent omelets, gave us the unexpected pleasure of a good breakfast. The heat now began to be excessive; so that while we were almost melted, we shuddered at the prospect of the southern provinces. The land is almost every where cultivated in corn and vines; but though it is by no means fertile, the groves of dwarf pines seem to be the only interruption to the labours of the peasant. The vines are at present short, and without support; the precision of their arrangement, and the tender green colour of their leaves, render them a pretty object in the landscape. We pursued our track through several clean white villages, without beggars, to Tarassa, where we were glad to refresh and repose ourselves during the heat of mid-day. The peasants of Catalonia have a curious mode of drinking: the wine-bottles are made somewhat in the form of a tea-pot; by means of a tube they spout the wine into their mouths at a little distance, and are very adroit in this clean custom. I have seen half a dozen peasants at dinner, who have handed round the bottle during the whole meal without once touching the spout with their lips; the water-vessels are made for the same practice. This mode of drinking is ancient and classical, as may be seen in the frescoes of Herculaneum.

From Tarassa we continued our route to Savandell,

resting an hour by the way: these are rather neat towns, and contain cloth manufactories. It being holiday time, we met a vast many peasants on the road in their best clothes; and we had fresh occasion to admire this fine race of clean and industrious people. We passed a mountain covered with white goats and sheep: the latter are most of them black, with small horns, and their appearance is very lean and scraggy. After riding through the lively village of St. Andreol, we found ourselves in the fertile and populous vicinity of Barcelona. The city, backed by Monjoich, has a pretty look on this side; and though it was impossible for us, whose eyes had been so lately feasted with the charms of Naples and Genoa, to be struck with the villas of Barcelona, yet returning from monastic solitude, they delighted us extremely. We hastened lest we should be too late for the gates, which are always shut at eight o'clock.

Our journey to-day has been at least forty miles, and a bad road; but I earnestly advise any traveller who wishes to be pleased and surprised by Montserrat, to prefer it to the other (through Martorel): by this means he will receive his first impression from a most interesting general view of the mountain, and his curiosity will thus be sharpened instead of checked. It is ten miles further, and the road is worse; but it is all to be done in a day.

We found the Rambla (the parade of Barcelona) crowded by all the middle orders of the citizens; men, women, priests, and monks. It was the double holiday of Whit-Monday, and Saint Rempands. After the opera, about thirty carriages moved in procession: they were generally shabby, both as to the vehicle and the equipage; and many were of the ancient square form. The general's (which was preceded by two dragoons) and that of the governor, were in the Parisian fashion: the harness of both was handsome, and decorated with silver; the latter had plumes on the horses heads.

May 31st. Being determined to set out at all events for Valentia to-morrow, we sent for a master muleteer,

and agreed with him for two volantes, which were to perform the journey in seven days. The distance is fifty-five leagues, about two hundred and twenty miles; and we are to pay twenty-four dollars for each carriage. On our calling at the banker's, he presented us with the king's declaration of war, dated the 16th. Though prepared to expect such an event, yet we were a little confounded; but it still more increased our anxiety to set out for Madrid.

We left Barcelona about seven in the morning of the 1st of June; and, at the gates, were obliged, as usual, to see the custom-house officers. The neat and fertile gardens, and the rich vale of Llobregat, attracted as much admiration as our former journey to Monserrat. The hedges of fine lofty aloes, which are seen in every cultivated part of Catalonia, are, perhaps, one of its most remarkable features. Soon after we passed the Llobregat, which is almost dried up, we came into a dull country of hills, covered with dwarf pines. At twelve o'clock we arrived at a venta, not very dirty, where we remained till three, during the heat of the day: here we procured some omelets and wine. After dinner the same uninteresting landscape accompanied us for the greater part of the way; the road however is excellent, raised and bricked up at the sides. In one place an attempt has been made to throw a bridge, with two ranges of arches, across a small valley, to shorten the route; but it has failed from want of skill in the architect. Near it is building a country-seat for a rich citizen of Barcelona, which I mention, as it is a novelty and a curiosity in Spain to see a villa really in the country. Cultivation began to shew itself here and there. Towards the evening at length the rich and picturesque plain of Villafranca opened on us, and closed the prospects of the day. It is an irregular piece of ground, generally clothed with vineyards, barley, hemp, &c. but not entirely cultivated, having pine groves, which intersect the fields in different parts, and add infinitely to the beautiful variety of the scene. The

great object, however, which attracts and absorbs all our attention, is the fine blue spiral mass of Montserrat. I had no idea of its length, and of its magnificent irregularity, till this view was set before me; it is more striking and surprising than any thing I ever beheld.

We arrived, about eight o'clock, at a good posada in Villafranca, which is kept by an Italian, having performed only seven leagues (twenty-eight miles) in the whole day's journey. We visited the cathedral; but it was too dark to examine the interior. Externally, it has the air of a large country church; plain, with buttresses, a tower, and a short spire. The town is neat, and contains many shops; the houses are of plaster, well white-washed. We supped in company with several other travellers, who were all eager for our news concerning the war. The repast was a perfect banquet, and gave a deceitful specimen of the fare of Spanish inns: and as this was unique, I will insert an account of it. The company were eight in number: our first course consisted of fish, stewed beef, and stewed pigeons; the second a leg and loin of a kid, sallad, three chickens, peas, and burnt cream; for our share of this and our beds, &c. we were only charged three pesettas (thirty-pence) each. A curious affray took place after supper. As the muleteers and the females of the inn were familiarly conversing in a balcony at the end of the room, the noise they made so enraged a German of the company, that, after frequently commanding silence, he seized the foremost of the men, and attempted to force him out of the room; this, however, the other indignantly resisted, and, in a furious passion, snatched up half a dozen plates from the side-table, to fling at his adversary, to whose aid I advanced, and wrested the plates out of his hand. After a great deal of quarrelling (in which all the strangers spoke their own languages, and the females resolutely took the muleteer's part), the intruders left the room grumbling, and we retired to rest.

2d. We set out this morning at half past four o'clock;

and as we left the vale of Villafranca, gave a parting look of admiration to the pinnacles of Montserrat. The country through which we proceeded was cultivated, though not very fertile. The few villages we saw were neat, and, like the others of Catalonia, bespoke the industry of their inhabitants: in one of them we breakfasted on oranges, bread, and wine. Soon afterwards, we came to a Roman arch, of no beauty except the colour of the stone; it has two Corinthian pilasters on each side the aperture, and a light entablature. The traces of the inscription are almost entirely obliterated. It is supposed to have been the ancient entrance into the Campus Terraconensis, but, I think, without any probability. The common people, as usual, refer it to the time of the Moors. The posada, where we stopped during the heat of the day, afforded us some excellent mutton-chops, salt fish, and sallad, for which we were charged four pesettas. After dinner we passed several pine-groves; in one of which, by the road-side, stands a monument, of the same-coloured stone as the arch which I have just mentioned: it is plain, without dignity or grace. In the middle of the front next to the sea, are two figures in relievo of mourning warriors, considerably defaced, and very moderately designed. At the upper part is an inscription, of which only a few words are now legible. It is called the tomb of the Scipios, (the father and the uncle of Scipio Africanus). The probability of this, or, perhaps, the idea altogether, has arisen from their having both been killed in Spain; and from the first word, which seems to have been Cornelio, particularly as we know Cornelius was the name of one of them.

The slowness of our vehicle, and the prospect of having five more days to travel, and even then to be but half way to Madrid, began at this moment to dismay me greatly; but my attention was soon called off from these considerations by the rich plain, and picturesque little city, of Tarragona. In this fertile spot the harvest of barley, rye, and oats, was begun; and we

admired, as we passed along, the numerous broad luxuriant fig-trees, which grew among the corn-fields.

Tarragona stands upon a rocky elevation, and has the remains of ancient fortifications surrounding it, with a pleasing irregularity. A few old buildings, and the tower of the cathedral, rise above them, so that it had all the appearance of a town of the thirteenth century, and after entering we might still continue the delusion. It is every where dirty, and ill built, and swarms with monks and priests. To our great surprise, the muleteer informed us, that there was no posada where we could sleep, but that we must continue our journey into the country for another hour—an archiepiscopal city without an inn, on the high road between Valentia and Barcelona! We had just time to visit the cathedral, which is peculiarly interesting, since its date is ascertained; and it affords a proof, that the same change, from the round to the pointed arch, took place in Spain during the twelfth century, as we know it assumed at the same era in our own country. The building is, in general, plain and massive; but the lantern and stalls, which are of a later date, are rich and beautiful.

The archbishop, Don Francisco Armana, is just dead. He was a man of such eminent sanctity, that when the king visited the town in his return from Barcelona, and the prelate knelt to kiss his hand, the king begged him to rise, and said, "It is I, reverend father, who must ask that favour of you." Then turning to his family, he said, "Behold a saint of an archbishop! I desire you will all follow my example."

We had neither time nor inclination to search for the traces of ancient Tarraco. Upon leaving the city, which is even more picturesque on this side than on the other, we again descended into the Campo Tarragones, which is equal in richness and beauty to Campania itself. It is surrounded by an amphitheatre of blue mountains, and is filled with corn and vines; these are planted in stripes, like variegated ribands, the corn in the middle, edged on each side with a row of green vines. Fig and

olive trees are everywhere frequent, high aloes skirt the road, and several villages are prettily interspersed in the landscape. After jolting for three quarters of an hour over a bad road, we arrived at Santa Seraphina, a solitary *venta*, at half-past eight. This venta (for it is impossible to translate the word), like all the others which I have seen, is built over a stable, and has a public sitting-room, with a few bed-rooms opening into it; the former emitted a most offensive smell, and was embellished in different places with piles of pigeons' dung. Mounting a ladder to see, as we thought, an upper chamber, we found a large pigeon-house; so that, even if we had received no other assurances, we might have been certain, that the house was well stored with fleas. None of the rooms have any windows; the air and the light are equally excluded by wooden shutters. Indeed, I do not wonder, that Fischer advises travellers rather to brave the August suns of Andalusia, than to pass long winter nights in these solitary and comfortless hovels. Our sheets were clean, and we, however, had every advantage of a light supper.

We departed, as usual, at half-past four o'clock, passing for some time through a cultivated and rather fertile country, which at length changed to an absolute desert. We proceeded lamentably slow over an indifferent road, and passed Hospitalet, a venta near the ruins of a fort on the sea-coast. Here we observed a patrole of soldiers setting out on the same route as ourselves, which exciting our inquiries, we found, that we were approaching a district frequented by banditti. The soldiers were returning to their station, which was the house where we stopped to dine in the middle of the day, and where they arrived long before us. It was near twelve before we came to this lonely mansion, which is built against the tower and walls of an ancient castle. It afforded some fish (sardines) and an omelet; and we rested in it till three o'clock, when we again set forward. The road was excellent all the way

to the town where we slept, which was twelve miles off; but it lay through a country where every rock and every bush seemed to warn us of danger. On one side was the sea; on the other, a range of barren rocks; and on both, between the road and these objects, an irregular ground covered with dwarf, rosemary, and other underwood. This sameness of prospect is now and then varied by a straggling grove of pines, which, however, does not by any means give the country a more lively appearance. At eight o'clock we arrived at a very clean posada in Perillo, having travelled eight leagues (thirty-two miles) in the course of the day.

4th. We left our inn at the usual time. The land about the town is cultivated, but our prospects soon became very dreary. We advanced slowly across a barren heath to the bank of the Ebro, a fine broad river, which rushes towards the sea with a yellow muddy stream; the view before us is that of an ungenial country, covered with carob-trees, and is terminated more inland by a barren ridge of grey rocks. As we were waiting for the ferry-boat, or rather two boats with a platform over them, the wind swept very coldly across the desert. The ferrying business was managed with great adroitness; and we were landed at La Posta, a miserable village, the first dirty one we have seen in Spain. The country, as we proceeded, is here and there enlivened by corn-fields; and every where covered by the algarrobo, or carob trees, which are short and bushy, bearing long pods, which are eaten by the pigs, as well as by the peasants. We dined at a beautiful little village, built by the king, near the sea side, and called from San Carlos. A port is here constructed for fishing-boats; but a long stretch of land, which renders these roads convenient for vessels of a larger size, has been the occasion of the foundation of the town. The works were discontinued in consequence of the war with France in 1792, and the church and many other buildings still remain in an unfinished state.

About eight miles from hence we passed the foot of

the last mountain of Catalonia; and entered, by a bridge over a small dry course of a river, the kingdom of Valencia. The plain here widens with hills in the distance, the cultivation improves, the road is better, and the change of dress immediately shews itself. The costume of Valencia is not, perhaps, quite so picturesque as that of Catalans; but it is very much so, and is certainly more uncommon, and better suited to a hot climate. The Valentians are tall and strong, with long black hair, and fine dark eyes; but they do not appear so handsome as their neighbours. As we approached the town of Binrosas, the country became exceedingly rich; and near the town it is a perfect garden. The vines, hemp, corn, &c. are planted with the nicest regularity, and are interspersed with fig, palm, and other trees. All the peasants were busy at work, trimming, hoeing, pruning, and watering the fields: and all this close to the sea too! The inn at Binrosas is large, and is kept by an Italian; we had the ill-luck to arrive when every chamber was engaged except one, which, as might be supposed, was not the best. Two travellers visited us almost as soon as we got in, who requested that their carriage might accompany our's to-morrow, as part of the road, which we should be obliged to travel, had lately been infested by robbers. When we retired to bed, about eleven, the whole town was resounding to the guitars, tamborines, and castanets, of the dancing peasantry.

5th. Sunday. The muleteers attended mass this morning at four o'clock, in consequence of which our departure was delayed till a little after five. A volante, containing an Italian and a Dutchman (the travellers with whom we spoke last night) joined us on the way. The road deviates more than usual from the sea, it is in admirable repair, and we passed along pleasantly, though without much variety, through a country filled with vineyards, and bounded on each side by a range of barren hills. On one of these we observed, in an elevated situation, the ruins of an ancient castle built in

the Moorish wars. The towns here are more dirty, than those of Catalonia. After a pause of three hours in the middle of the day, our party, consisting of three carriages and nine men, set forward again, and proceeded over the district said to be infested by the robbers. The road was excellent; and lay through a valley here and there producing corn, but almost entirely covered with carob, olive-trees, and underwood. The hills on each side are pleasing, and we could hardly conceive it a more dangerous spot than the lonely heath between Hospitalet and Perillo. Our advanced guard was at one time thrown into a little alarm by the sudden appearance of eight stout men (some carrying guns) from the wood; but they passed us quietly, and we arrived about seven in perfect safety at a solitary venta by the road-side. The exterior of this edifice was truly discouraging; and to complete our misery, the Dutchman, with an activity of which we had no expectation, while our servant was haggling with the women below, skipped up stairs and took possession of the best room. Though wretched in itself, the venta is pleasantly situated, being surrounded by a grove of olives, carobs, palms, and aloes. On one side is the sea at a few miles distance; on the other the hills are pleasingly varied, and a ruinous castle on one of them is a prominent and picturesque object in the scene.

6th. As our muleteer promised to take us to-day as far as Morviedro, we were induced to rise by candle-light, and get into our carriage at three o'clock. In the course of the morning, we traversed a dreary country, and passed over the Puente di Villa Reale, a very noble modern bridge, across the nearly dry bed of a river. In proceeding through the town of Castanco, we could not help observing that we had taken leave of glass windows. The houses here are rude; generally one story high for the lower orders, and not more than two for the more opulent inhabitants: the window-shutters have small apertures, which are opened for air when the heat requires the former to be closed. It is

a clean and lively town. As we left it, we passed a convent; and observed, that we had seen fewer of these edifices, and fewer clergy, in all the towns on the road except Tarragona, than we expected. A vast number of monumental crosses, chiefly of wood, about three feet high, attracted our attention to-day; though we have observed them less frequent in other places. The cross is erected on the spot where a murder, quarrel, or accident, happened, and the parish buries the dead. A superb road, enlivened by the passing and repassing of industrious peasants, and leading through a country well cultivated with vines, olives, carobs, beans, bearded wheat, &c. brought us about twelve o'clock to the cleanest venta we have met with in our journey.

At three o'clock, the muleteers being impatient, our cavalcade was again in motion. The day was dreadfully hot; the road, if possible, improved; yet we again met with the dull prospect of fields a little cultivated, but every where covered by an orchard of carobtrees. An interesting object, however, at length roused our attention; the castle of Almenara, admirably situated for defence upon a rock with three peaks, lofty, for the most part inaccessible, and entirely detached from the neighbouring hills: the keep stands upon the topmost eminence, surrounded by out-works, which descend and extend themselves to the other two points, where watch-towers are erected. We wished we could have seen it more accurately. Neglect, and its exposed situation near the sea, seem to have conspired to leave nothing but the mere shell; and even through this, the tempest has made its way for many a winter. Full of this antiquity, we turned the corner of the rock on which it stands, and were in a moment called off to behold a scene which nature, industry, imagination, and memory, all conspire to render one of the most delightful in the world. We had been disappointed that, within twenty-five miles of Valencia, the country wore no extraordinary aspect of fertility; but now the plain

of Valencia opens upon us, full of all the riches of nature, vines, corn, vegetables, mulberries, carobs, olives, figs, &c. some picturesque palms in the foreground; behind, a range of mountains, beautifully sloping; and at a great distance, the insulated rock which bears the ruins of Saguntum: all this viewed by the glowing tints of sun-set! The plain of Capua is always quoted as the most beautiful instance of fertility, and its pendant vines are certainly delicious; but here the prospect is more diversified, and infinitely more like a garden. All the vines and vegetables are arranged with the nicest precision; channels are formed, and water flows to every part, either directed from the rivers in the neighbourhood, or drawn up from wells by mules. The varied colours and irregular groupes of trees, are highly pleasing. What a glorious triumph of nature and industry! What a delicious evening! All the peasants carrying their ploughs and their mat beds on their mules, and returning from their work singing. But as we walked along this noble road, it was not nature and industry alone which engaged our attention. At one end of the vista rises the castle of Almenara; at the other the rock, whose sides are interspersed with, and whose top is crowned by, the ruins of Saguntum, consisting of rugged towers, and embattled walls, which are very numerous and picturesque. At its foot stands the town of Morviedro; by the road-side is an ancient mausoleum, with a cross rising above it; and near it a rude obelisk, built of irregular stones, and bearing four coats of arms, signifying the spot where the dioceses of Valencia, Majorca, Portosa, and Segorba, meet and are separated. The costume of the peasants adds greatly to the high interest of the scene. We found a good posada at Morviedro; where we drank tea, and slept comfortably.

June 7th. We arose early this morning, and at six, a guide attended us to the ruins of Saguntum. We were anxious to see the architectural taste of a Roman town so far removed from the seat of the arts; but of

this there remain only slight traces. Saguntum was admirably situated for luxury and defence: it stood upon a steep rock; which, detached from the neighbouring ridge of hills, projects boldly into the fertile plain of Valencia. Its station was not too high for convenience, and high enough for security. The principal object which remains of it, is the theatre; without doubt, the rudest fragment of antiquity that I have any where seen. The seats, all broken and chipped, are formed out of the same stone, and have almost the appearance of part of the rock: its height is nearly the same as that of the larger theatre of Pompeia; but this rises more suddenly, and has the peculiarity of three ranges of vomitories, besides the doors of the upper corridor. It is evident that the proscenium must have been where the road passes at present; and what is now called the stage, which has been divided into several parts by walls, must be the remnant of the architectural scene. There are twenty-seven ranges of seats under the upper corridor: and the circular part of the theatre is placed, as is usual, against the side of the hill, from whence the rich plain of Almenara, terminated by its ancient castle, is entirely commanded. The theatrical spectators of London and Paris, have never enjoyed so superb a scene as those of Saguntum; and I think if it could be transported, it would go far to reconcile us all to the unity of place. This edifice is so constructed, that a person speaking at the end of the stage in a low voice, is easily understood in the uppermost seats. We desired our guide to speak something for this purpose; upon which he immediately began the Ave Maria.

Ascending higher, we entered the Moorish fortifications which crown the long ridge of these rocks. Here we were introduced to a few rude antiquities: which were chiefly the pavements of temples, the bases of half a dozen columns, and some inscriptions of the times of the Cæsars, all of the grey stone of the place. Only two remains of marble are visible: the capital of

an Ionic pillar, in a corrupt and loaded style; and a small statue of a priest, which has lost its head, but is not without grace. We were informed, that about twenty years ago, an excavation was attempted among the ruins by an Englishman, who was very active, and wrote a great deal. He discovered the Ionic capital, some coins, and the pavement of a temple. Since his effort, no one has made any attempt, till six years back; when Don de Pach, a Castilian, archbishop of Saragossa, visited this place, continued two days living with the hermit, and broke up the ground around the tower of Hercules, which stands on the highest part of the rock. He found a skeleton and some coins: the latter he took away; declaring, that if he were archbishop of Valencia, he would build a palace on this spot. The coins which are sometimes found here, are purchased by the procurator of Morviedro, who has a collection. The king, in his late tour, inspected these ruins: which, in consequence experienced the loss of an ancient statue that had remained here for ages; his majesty ordering it to be removed to ornament the custom-house of Valencia. When the Moors got possession of this station, they seized upon the stones of the amphitheatre, and perhaps many other ancient buildings, and constructed with them towers, and a great extent of fortification: many parts of this work, however, particularly the battlements, are formed entirely of a strong composition made with lime and small stones. Near the pavement of the temple of Diana (as it is called), and in other places, are circular ranges of stones like wells, having a tree in the centre of each. Here, our guide informed us, the women of Saguntum burned themselves and their effects, when the city was taken by Hannibal.

The view of the plain of Valencia from the hermitage which is built among the ruins, is the finest prospect of the kind I ever beheld. The beautiful verdure, the neatness and immense extent of cultivation, the faint white towers of the capital daily seen at a dis-

tance, the bright blue sea stretching along the horizon, and meeting every where a garden on its banks, formed a scene which was admired by us even after the wonders which we had seen in Italy.

On our return to the posada, we looked into a cottage which was entirely full of silk-worms in their vermicular, spinning, and grub states. A girl told us that last year she had derived from three pounds and a half of silk-worms (wrapped up in their produce), two ounces and three quarters of silk. We set forth at about ten o'clock to traverse the rich plain to Valencia, which is three leagues distant. The road is magnificent, and we were kept in constant admiration. As we approached the capital of the province, towns and scattered houses of the rustic gardeners began to make a frequent appearance: the latter are thatched, and have small wooden crosses on their roofs. A fine convent of Bernardines was on our left, with a garden of palm-trees. When we entered the suburbs, these instantly ceased, and we found ourselves in a scene as new and surprising as if first landing in a foreign country. We were upon a huge bridge over the bed of a river, at present almost dry. Three other bridges were in view, ornamented with saints under canopies, leading to a picturesque city, surrounded by ancient fortifications, with a Gothic gateway; and shewing a vast many antique towers, houses, and some bronze-tiled domes above the walls. All this filled us with astonishment; but we entered only to wonder more. Here we saw narrow streets, people in strange costume, frequent Gothic edifices, shops with large paintings of saints for their signs, and seldom having glass in the windows, awnings stretched across the way, and projecting lattices: indeed, after this, I can no longer entertain the common idea, that an Englishman takes his leave of all grand subjects of surprise, after he has spent his first day at Calais.

We put up at the Tres Reges, the Fonda de la Paz (the best inn) being entirely full. We found the people

bearing the names of saints; and over the house door was inscribed, "Sancti tres Reges, Caspar, Melchior, & Balthassar, orate pro nobis, nunc & in hora mortis nostræ." An almanac is nailed up in the passage, to tell when the sacrament is exposed in the churches.

At six o'clock we attended the theatre; and in our way thither observed many shop-keepers sitting on their counters, and playing their guitars. We paid a peseta each, and were shewn into an empty pit: indeed, the number of persons in the whole house might easily have been counted. The stage is small, and the house remarkably ill-constructed; it is twelve boxes in length, three stories high, and the pit only fifteen paces broad: the boxes are entirely open, with wooden balustrades; the whole painted white. The comedy performed was La Reconciliacion di Jos dos Hermanos (the Birth-Day, as represented at Covent Garden), taken or rather abridged from Kotzebue. The scenery was new, but badly painted; and the acting execrable, totally without spirit. To me the audience seemed to be asleep. The prompter, shewing his head in the front of the stage without any concealment, appeared much the most prominent character in the piece; and his drowning voice, nearly as loud as that of the actors, was heard reciting the play from beginning to end. The partition between the house and the street is so thin (and what rendered this more unfortunate, is the situation of the theatre near the city gate) that at every moment, in the most interesting scenes in the comedy, carriages were heard passing, mules jingling their bells, and at one time the guard examining a passport, was louder than the prompter. There was hardly a laugh, and not one applause during the whole performance. The Spanish translator has turned the hearty blunt Jack Junt (as he appears in our stage) into an old forlorn sailor, who looked like Robinson Crusoe on the desert island. After the play a volero was danced with considerable spirit, succeeded by a song badly performed; and the amusements were finished by a stupid

farce, in which the humour consisted in a servant who conceals himself behind a side-scene, from which he continually looks out, and makes remarks upon what is said on the stage. At ten o'clock the whole performance was over. This theatre has been built about ten years: it is large enough; but it is intended to erect a new one in a more handsome and convenient style.

June 8th. We walked through several antique and curious streets to the Plaza de San Francesco, which is a sort of market for job-coachmen and mule-masters. After surveying their carriages, and hearing their offers, we visited the convent of St. Francis. The church is dark and ugly: the cloister, however amply rewarded our trouble. It is plain, but noble in its proportions and extent; and the enclosure is full of luxuriant oranges and palms, which cast a delightful shade. The walls are painted better than usual, with the life and miracles of St. Francis: they are beyond all wonder! "things unattempted yet *by land* or *sea*." Over the door of the cells, which open into an internal passage, are inscriptions signifying the different offices of the friars; and, at the same time, displaying their taste in poetical composition. I remember one of them—

"Hic moderator adest conventi pervigil hujus!"

The cathedral is a large edifice; the tower, lantern, and gates of which are in a good Gothic style. The body of the church has been rebuilt in the Italian taste: it is neat and not unpleasing as to its ornaments: but is only striking from its extent. A very venerable choir fills the greater part of the church; and the altar is of solid silver. The archbishop's palace is perhaps the best house in the city, though it is built of plaster white-washed. The present prelate Campani, is of Italian origin, though a Spaniard by birth: he is seventy-two years of age, but looks younger. In his youth he was a Franciscan friar, from whence he rose to be general of the order, and archbishop of Valencia. His annual revenue is about three hundred thousand dol-

lars, arising from lands; and he has three villas in the neighbourhood of the city, in one of which he resides nearly half the year, coming here only on festivals and days of ceremony; his whole residence in his palace at Valencia is perhaps for three months, and he generally spends about four with the court at Madrid. His establishment comprises above forty servants. An arch is thrown from his palace across the street to the cathedral, so that he comes to church without either carriage or procession. He has the character of possessing great austerity; and his looks accord with his character.

The custom-house is a common-place building, but is much admired here; nor is it to be wondered that at Valencia, where the houses are so eccentric, a piece of regularity should be an object of admiration.

We ascended the tower of the cathedral, and from thence enjoyed a noble prospect of the surrounding country, and the sea at half a league's distance. No view can be richer than this, the fields exhibiting alternate carpets of the finest verdure and the brightest yellow, interspersed with groves of olives, figs, and palms; towns, villages, and scattered houses: but from this spot, which is near the middle of the city, the country is at too great a distance to observe all the niceties of the planting, training, and irrigating the land; which makes me prefer the view from the hermitage of Saguntum, where a scene, or rather map, of fertility, is closely submitted to the eye, and where it is less distracted by the mixture of villages and houses.

The convent of St. Domingo has a dome of bright bronze tiles, which is a new wonder among the strange sights around us. The rest of the building is old and shabby; yet it is impossible not to walk with pleasure in the decayed Gothic cloister, the arches of which are full of mullion work, and the enclosure well shaded with large orange trees.

In the evening we passed the gate of Serranos, by which we had entered yesterday, to enjoy again the prospect which had so much surprised us. Valencia is

really a *foreign* city, and one of another century. Standing on the side of the suburbs, and seeing the four dark bridges, the long line of low fortification, the heavy gate-house, the rude towers and palm trees rising above the walls, we either entirely forget Europe, or that we exist in 1803. The sun-set was magnificent to-night. We walked by the bank of the Guadalaviar to the Alameda, which is quite an eastern prospect, exhibiting two alleys of embowering trees, surrounded by numerous plantations of palms. Here we observed about a dozen carriages driven slowly up and down, of all fashions except the English. The Plaza de Cathedral presented a curious spectacle in the evening, a concert being performed there in honour of to-morrow's festival of Corpus-Christi. On this occasion the whole square was covered with awnings, and brilliantly illuminated: on one side of it a number of triumphal cars, carrying images of saints, were arranged in a line; and I could not but observe that the Virgin had two candles burning before her, while the chariot which carried the Deity was totally in the dark. A band was stationed in these machines, and another in the balcony of the town-hall, playing alternately to a considerable concourse of people. The scene was very novel and extraordinary; but it reminded me rather of a tea-garden frolic, than of a religious celebration.

June 9. Corpus-Christi day.—We were awakened this morning by a violent ringing of bells; and upon our leaving the inn, we found the streets thronged with people of all ranks in their gala clothes, and many in masquerade dresses. The peasants were as picturesque as possible, in their broad-brimmed hats with gold tassels, white shirt, kelt, and sandals, and their jackets with long ribands instead of buttons, hanging carelessly over their shoulders; all who could afford it had silk cloaks, this being the established day for putting on summer apparel. The higher ranks were full-dressed, with bags and swords, and mixed with the crowds which moved every where without noise or confusion.

As we proceeded to the cathedral, we were astonished to find a number of gigantic and ridiculous figures of men and women, Moors and Egyptians, set out directly opposite to the triumphal cars; and we were still more surprised to hear that they were to be carried in the same procession this evening. The church was filled with people, the sacrament exposed on the altar, the canons in the choir, habited in purple soutans and hoods, were singing to a noble organ, assisted by a powerful band of other instruments. The archbishop presided, and wore over his purple the blue and white riband of the royal order of Carlos III. which the King put on with his own hand when the court was at Valencia last year. The morning passed in observing similar acts of festivity and devotion in other places; and at four o'clock in the evening, we took possession of a window near the cathedral to witness the solemn procession of the Corpus-Christi, which, upon the whole, was the grandest Roman-catholic exhibition I have ever seen. All the streets were crowded; and the windows of the archbishop's palace, situated opposite to us, were decorated with draperies of crimson damask. Small processions kept moving to the cathedral, carrying the images of the different parish-churches and convents to the general rendezvous. Every house had its saints new dressed and placed in conspicuous situations; we saw a considerable number, besides several relics, in that in which we were stationed. The soldiers with difficulty made a passage through the crowd for the triumphal cars, each drawn by four fine mules, and each containing at least ten persons. These machines are ugly, resembling boats with wheels; and their representations are badly executed, and shamefully disgusting. They are so unmanageable, that this day of festivity has never passed without an accident; a circumstance which has induced the archbishop to attempt the omission of them, as well as of the ludicrous scene which I shall afterwards describe.

but the people are hesitating in retaining their favourite part of the fête.

The first machine contains a representation of the Trinity, and of Adam and Eve expelled from Paradise; between these effigies a set of boys dance with hoops and bells. The second has the Virgin, the third Faith; the fourth St. Vincent, by whose interposition Valencia is supposed to have been delivered from the Moors; the fifth St. Michael; and the sixth the Devil. On the stages or platforms of the five former, are, as I have mentioned, groupes of dancing boys; but his satanic majesty has a different accompaniment. On his stage the seven mortal sins are represented by masks, the foremost among whom is Fornication dancing to a fiddle, and exhibiting every sort of indecency. These puppet-shews proceeded in full gallop towards the cathedral; and we soon received the melancholy intelligence that one of them had rushed by a person who was standing against a wall, and had absolutely torn his bowels out.

About five o'clock, a cart was brought through the streets filled with orange leaves, which were scattered in the path of the procession; and at the end of another half hour the pageant began to shew itself before our window. It had made the tour of the whole city, and was now on its return to the cathedral. It appeared nearly in the following order: Gigantic figures of gentlemen, ladies, Moors, and Egyptians, preceded by antic characters with enormous heads. Saints from the parish churches, dressed in tawdry clothes, and attended by the priests and chief inhabitants in full dress, together with dancing boys and music. Scripture characters: Moses with the law; Aaron in pontifical robes, with the budding rod; David with his harp; Samson with Goliath's head; Joshua with the sun in his hand; Abraham with Isaac bearing the faggots; Noah carrying the dove and Balaam on his ass. Then followed the convents of the city; the monks of the Holy Trin-

city (in white sentus, with black robes and hoods marked with blue crosses); the Capuchins (brown); Carmelites (brown with white cloaks); Benedictines, or black monks; friars of St. Francis of Paola (*black*); Franciscans (some in grey, others in blue); Mercenarian friars (white with small red crosses); black canons of St. Augustin; Dominicans (white with black cloaks); &c. all carrying their saints and candles, and chanting as they walked. Priests: the four evangelists in masquerade; they passed so quickly that we had only time to observe St. Luke with a bull's head. Priests again: three large gilt eagles walking; priests and canons of the cathedral carrying solid silver statues of saints; noblemen and gentlemen in full dress; the Host (or Corpus Christi), in a high Gothic frame-work of gold, under a rich canopy, surrounded by a blaze of candles; the four senior canons of the cathedral; the mitre on a crimson cushion; the archbishop walking bare-headed, with his crosier in his hand; gentlemen of the archbishop carrying his red velvet chair of state; nobles of the city; the governor and general with candles. The procession concluded with a detachment of soldiers. On the entrance of the host into the church there was a discharge of artillery.

We had an advantage in its being evening before the procession passed; which, as all the monks, &c. carried candles, considerably increased the effect. The moment when the silver images went by, and the machine containing the host turned the corner of the street, and was fully opposed to us with the reflection of so many lights, it presented a splendid spectacle.

Anon as this pageant (which lasted three hours) had closed, we hastened to the cathedral. The crowd and pressure were dreadful; but the sight was grand beyond description. This large building was lighted up in the most fanciful and richest manner, and the Gothic lantern had a particularly beautiful effect, and the high altar entirely of silver, blazed with innume-

sister cattles. A loud and noisy chorus of revelling was singing as it entered, accompanied by organs, fiddles, &c. and when this confusion of tongues and sounds had finished, the archbishop ate the object of adoration, the Corpus Christi, having previously elevated it before the people. He was surrounded by tapers, incense, and priests in glittering vestments, and seemed actually enveloped in a flood of light. He then assumed his mitre, gave the benediction, and the pious concluded, the most pompous that I have yet seen.

A lively traveller, speaking of these religious processions in Madrid, says, "The religious processions are managed here with great magnificence, and may indeed be termed one of the principal amusements of the people. Sometimes it is the relic of a martyr, sometimes of a female saint, and even of an apostle, or a primitive father of the church. The inestimable skull, or arm, or finger, is carried through the streets encased in gold, and covered with a canopy, and the people throw themselves on their knees as it approaches them. But great is the joy when the entire body of a saint, or a whole bag of holy bones is the subject of the pious. Notice is publicly given of the streets through which the procession is to pass, and the inhabitants hang over their balconies rich carpets and velvet curtains, at the same time that they are crowded with women dressed in their finest clothes. First marches a band of music, playing solemn tunes; then choristers, who chant anthems; and they are followed by a long double row of monks, with lighted tapers, and generally cloathed in white. At length appears the holy relic, carried by six or eight sturdy priests, on a stage of massy silver, and shaded from the night air by a rich canopy of silk. A priest precedes it, swinging a silver censer, which throws out clouds of perfume, and walking backwards, that he may not seem to show any disrespect to the sacred thing. A company of soldiers with fixed bayonets close the procession, and keep

ance they who are chosen for this service, not only on account of the holiness of the office, but also because they are paid a quarter of a dollar each. A vast crowd of both sexes, and of every age and condition, follow the whole with heads uncovered. I saw the relics of Santa Barbara thus carried and thus attended. It was on the very same day and hour, some thousand years ago, *as every body well knows*, that she was carried up into heaven, being a particular favourite of the Holy Virgin. Fortunately she left behind her all her clothes, even to the shoes on her feet, and the jewels in her hair, and which it need not be doubted have ever since been scrupulously preserved. The place of the body was supplied by the image of a handsome young woman, richly dressed, reposing on a couch of silver, and her head encircled with golden rays; but I was astonished to find that female dress had undergone so little variation in Spain for these last thousand years. Santa Barbara might have gone to court without being stared at, and even her shoes, which were of red morocco leather, I should have imagined had been made only a few days before, had not two long rows of tapers, a band of soldiers, and a kneeling multitude, sufficiently proved that they could not be less than a millenium old. A church had been previously illuminated, and prepared for her reception, and rockets were fired in constant succession, until she was safely lodged before the grand altar. Here she lay in state, until at least one fourth of the population of Madrid had passed in review through the church, and paid their devotions at her shrine. I held up a little girl in my arms, that she might see over the heads of the crowd, and during this time some pious Spaniard took an opportunity of picking my pocket, under the very nose of Santa Barbara. This was the price I paid for beholding the mummeries played off before this great wooden doll. I was hardly less fortunate on another occasion. Returning home one evening, I noticed a crowd at the corner of a street listening to a friar, who was haranguing them from

under the pent-house of a door: full of curiosity, I mingled with the rest, and heard a serious discourse, solemnly delivered. Toward the close of his harangue, however, he tapped on the door behind him; a small wicket in it was opened, and a crucifix and lighted taper were handed out: these he held up with vehemence, and gestures, and exclamations, and in an instant down came all present on their knees, except myself, who remained standing for a few moments, surprised by the unexpectedness of the manœuvre. A violent tug on the coat, however, was soon a sufficient hint, and I was obliged to kneel in the dirt among the rest. But after this, I took great care to avoid all such pious crowds.

We have been well amused at Valencia; for, independent of the splendid folly of its festival, it is a town full of the traces of antiquity and peculiarity. It is different from any place which I have seen before or since; and, though no where magnificent, it is every where curious and interesting.

June 10th. We had made an arrangement yesterday in the Plaza de San Francesco to be conveyed (being four persons in number) in a coach with six mules and two drivers to Madrid in seven days, stopping at Aranjuez, for which we were to pay thirty-eight doubloons. This morning, at six o'clock, we commenced our journey, and passed forward on an excellent road, with high league-stones, through a noble avenue. The rich plain attended us about ten miles, and our coach formed a delightful contrast to the exposed springless volantes in which we had lately travelled. We went through many towns and villages; and at the posada of Montartal, five leagues and a half from Valencia, we staid from twelve to three o'clock; but in spite of the bounty of nature which surrounded it, we could only obtain a few eggs, and some bad bread and wine. After dinner we took a short survey of the country, which was cultivated, though without trees. Many fields were flooded and planted with rice. During the

day the weather was dreadfully hot. In the evening we saw at a distance the finely situated town of San Felippe, with the castle above it, built on two pinnacles of rock, with communicating works and walls ranging down the side of it. About eight o'clock we arrived at a neat venta (del Conde) standing by the road, with a village near it; but notwithstanding its promising appearance, it could not furnish us with milk for our tea; nor could we obtain any thing to take with us from the village. We have become, however, pretty well accustomed to such disappointments in these "fine climates, and gardens of the earth." Our day's journey has been nine leagues, about thirty-six English miles.

11th. We set out this morning at a little after four o'clock. The road was admirable; but the country relapsed into an absolute desert. At first we had rough groves of olives and carobs, between the road and the range of hills on each side; now and then we saw a field of shabby corn, and even a rich vale or two; we passed no villages, and scarcely any habitations. After dining at an indifferent venta (du Puento), we rested from eleven to two o'clock, having accomplished five leagues and a half; the house only afforded bad wine and bread, bad water, and a few eggs. In the evening we entered the kingdom of Murcia, which, in the part through which we journied, presents an unvarying scene of desert hills and rocks covered with rosemary and furze. I never surveyed so lamentable a prospect; the plain of Almanzor is hardly an exception to this picture: it is vast, surrounded by barren hills, here and there shewing a poor crop of corn, but for the most part feeding flocks of sheep and goats. The town consists of a small collection of brown plaster houses, with a little castle situated on a knoll of rock, which in a curious manner suddenly juts out from the plain. Near this stands an obelisk to commemorate the battle fought here; which affords but a mean dis-

play of generosity on the part of the monarch, who owed his throne to the event it records.

We continued to traverse this bleak country till eight o'clock, when we arrived at a neat new venta, improperly enough called de la Vega. As this is a fair specimen of those which have been lately erected; I shall be particular in describing it. The lower story is one room, with a large arch on each side, so that carriages can drive through it: the room on one side of the thoroughfare serves as a kitchen, and on the other as a coach-house. Above stairs is a long passage with a chimney at the end, and three apartments on each side, each with two beds in alcoves or recesses, and with wooden shutters instead of glass in the windows; the stable is in a yard behind. These houses are sufficiently comfortable in every respect except as to provisions, and are a great improvement on the old ventas and posadas, of which we have had so often reason to complain.

June 12th. Sunday.—Mass was celebrated this morning at four, in a little chapel in the venta, by a friar who had arrived the evening before for that purpose. The muleteers were ready about half an hour afterwards. The same dreary prospect which first broke upon us yesterday, continued all to-day, varying a little now and then, but always threatening famine or robbers. As we proceeded, groves of cork-trees became more frequent; and we discovered from a little eminence that we should soon be enveloped in a considerable wood. From this spot we could see the road pursuing its straight direction for many leagues; but here we deviated from it, and traversed the wood towards the venta, where we were to rest during the middle of the day. We could observe by two volantes joining our caravan, and some other circumstances, that this was a dangerous pass: indeed, it is admirably adapted for the depredations of banditti on horseback; the screens of underwood which mingle with the cork-trees are sufficient to conceal them, and as the

same time they in general grow in such distinct thickets as to leave a passage between them: among the intricate windings of thousands of which, spread over a vast surface of country, a flying band of robbers might almost defy pursuit. About twelve o'clock we came to a venta in the thickest part of the wood: it is called Rincon o Pozo de la Pena, and is six leagues from the venta de la Vega. It afforded rice, salt-fish, and some wine, which was almost too bad to drink. The inhabitants of this remote spot were clad in their Sunday apparel; and the hair of the women was ornamented with large combs of basket-work. We set out again at three. The wood here has a mixture of pines, and breaks out into rocks and defiles for a few miles. Upon leaving these, we entered on vast and dreary plains, affording nothing but a scanty pasturage to the flocks of sheep and goats that range over them. At half-past seven we arrived at Albacete, a considerable town with a manufactory of knives, stilettos, and other articles of cutlery. The posada was unfortunately undergoing a repair, so that we were forced to put up with a wretched bed-room. We were able, however, to procure a sufficient supply of provisions. The white bread and oranges were remarkably good.

13th. The carriage was ready at a quarter before four this morning, the muleteers being determined to arrive at La Roda in time for mass, as it was St. Anthony's day. The master of the posada told the servant that we were the first Englishmen he had seen for fourteen years. We left Albacete by an avenue of mulberries, and entered on a flat, unproductive, country. A few leagues further we met a strong detachment of cavalry patroling the road, in consequence of a daring robbery which had just been committed on a nobleman who was bringing his bride to court from Barcelona: he had a numerous retinue; the banditti were twelve in number, and completely armed. Soon after passing Ginette we found ourselves in the celebrated province of La Mancha; the country before us

continuing as flat and dreary as before. The mode of driving practised by our muleteers is very remarkable: one of them holds a short whip and the reins, which are merely attached to the pair of mules which are next the carriage: the other sits by him with his lap full of stones, which, when he wishes them to trot, he very expertly pelts at the heads of the leaders; and in case they seem inclined to quit the road on account of such violent treatment, he is ready to jump down to prevent an accident.

We entered La Roda a little after ten o'clock by an avenue. It is a poor desert town like the rest; the pesade, however, is new and clean. During our stay here I visited the church; a modern fabric, though in some parts the traces of ancient clustered pillars may be discovered; over the entrance is written on a board: "*El YIImo. Don Filipe Solano Dignissimo Obispo di Cuenca, Anno* 1792;" and, on another near it, as far as I could make it out, the name of the Cura, or perhaps dean, of the church. It has a choir for a considerable number of priests, with an organ over it at the west end; the nave is spacious, and has two side-aisles. At the eastern extremity is a heavy gilt alter-piece; there are also several other altars at the sides, and against the pillars, all rudely ornamented. One of the chapels has a picture of the "Adoration of the Magi," of some merit; a vast many banners, and other machinery, the pomp, no doubt, of the Corpus-Christi procession, were lying about in different parts of the church. We dined well to-day on the provisions furnished by Albacete; but the wine of La Roda could hardly be made palatable, even with the addition of sugar and lemon. Just as we were setting out, a lady of distinction arrived in an antique coach, with attendants, and four horseguards. The road continued excellent; and the prospect the same desert, flat, expanse; though, towards evening, it was diversified by a large wood of pineasters. In this country it is impossible to distinguish friends from foes, as all travellers go well armed. We met

just here half a dozen horsemen, many of whom had swords and pistols; but they passed us quietly, and probably travellers, like ourselves; as we afterwards saw peasants riding on asses, armed in the same way. Venta de Pinaz, where we slept, was lately built by the lord of the manor: is the largest on the road; and, notwithstanding the noble donna had sent forward to bespeak the best rooms, our accommodations were very comfortable.

14th. The road to-day was, as usual, excellent; and the country presented the same level and desert appearance; except that a little cultivation is attempted around the towns, which are built of mud and plaster. The only interesting objects with which we have met in de Mancha, are its windmills, rendered famous by the exploits of Don Quixotte. We had seen none before we entered this province; but here scarcely a village is to be seen without a group of them; they are built of stone, with thatched tops.

We rested during the heat of the day at Pedronoso, whose posada only afforded some bread and a little milk; in the neighbourhood of this town a jar manufactory is carried on. In the evening we passed La Motta della Cuervo, another considerable mud-town, with about a dozen windmills, and the most classical we have met with, since, from the eminence on which they stand, the spire of El Toboso is plainly distinguished. At eight o'clock we stopped at the dirty posada of Puintamar, where we obtained some pigeons for supper; but the beds were horrible. Upon carrying the lamp near them, we saw the bugs coursing each other over the dirty sheets, in most terrific squadrons! and upon lifting up our eyes to the wall near the bed-head, we beheld all the little specks upon its surface, which at first sight seemed splashes of dirt, were animated—all bugs! We immediately called for the master of the house; but as he did not seem to understand the cause of our complaint, and there was no remedy, we were obliged to take ourselves to the carriage for the night.

June 15th. To-day we traversed the same flat and dreary country as I have so often described; the weather as hot as possible. We slept for two hours, and dined at a bad posada in Billatobas, another wretched mud-town; and at eight in the evening reached Ocana, after a very fatiguing journey.

Ocana is a city; and presents a view of many low towers and little domes. The inn is almost the dirtiest we have seen. Some pigeons were sent up to us for supper, swimming in an execrable black broth: and to show how far such inconveniencies are from being softened by civility, I must mention, that the landlady, hearing that we had ordered the beds, as a precaution both against the heat and bugs, to be removed into the middle of the room, sent us word that, if her accommodations did not suit us, we might turn out into the street. We were too much tired to quarrel; and quietly retired under a threatening quilt and patched sheets, at half past ten o'clock.

June 16th. We rose with alacrity to-day, which was to shew us Aranjuez and Madrid; and were in the carriage before three o'clock. We proceeded among dreary and bare hills for the space of two leagues: when at length, the paradise of Spain broke upon our view. The real beauty of the place, and the contrast of verdure and civilization, to the desolate scenes which we had lately passed, made us think it the most delightful spot we had ever seen. Before us was a vale full of trees, with domes and spires rising above them; a range of well-built white houses, with a large church, stood on the right. Traffic and bustle were alive on all sides; in short, we seemed to rise into life again. Having left our carriage at the inn, we hastened to review the wonders of the place. It was easy to discover that the court was here, from the number of coaches and six, officers, and servants, who continually passed us.

The town consists of small low houses, neatly and regularly built. The royal palace stands on the banks of the Tagus; the ambassadors, and other persons of

the court, reside in several large houses near the Prince's garden. Passing an arch, we came into a sort of crescent, with a chapel in the centre, the whole of which is constructed of plaster painted. The palace is of considerable extent; it has two domes, but no other attempt at embellishment; indeed, its appearance is neither grand nor pleasing. The windows are casements, and the chief front is situated opposite the dullest part of the wood. With respect to the celebrated garden of the island, it is a spot where Nature has blotted out the original design, and made one of the most delightful retreats in the world. A person might walk a long time among the over-arching bowers of its ancient elms, without discovering that in fact all the walks are radii, and the fountains, which occasionally fall in his way, are the centres where they meet —such was originally the taste in which the garden was laid out: but the elms have vindicated their own rights, and those of the place; they have bent their trunks in every direction; and thrust their arms in bold irregularity across the stiff alleys, and prim compartments, which the designer had planned: at this time, if the fountains were removed, nothing would be wanting to the beauty of the scene. The walks of the colleges at Cambridge, much thickened and extended, and the glades filled with flowers, will give an adequate idea of the effect of this most ancient and most beautiful garden of Aranjuez.

Upon quitting these magnificent shades, we found ourselves on the banks of the Tagus, whose stream was somewhat narrower than we had expected: the Princesses' apartments look this way; those of the King and Queen face the open plaza and the bridge; an aspect which cannot be admired: directly under their windows is a small garden of orange trees, which, being cut into round shapes, and powdered by the dust from the roads, seem like so many wigs in a barber's shop. Nor is the distant prospect more delightful: the shore of the river near the bridge is entirely covered

with wood sawn out ready for sale; it comes from the mountains of Cuenca; and after having been floated down the Tagus, is sold by the King on this wharf. This is a very expensive commodity in Castile.

We now arrived at the gate of the garden of the Prince of Asturias, which opens into a noble avenue, called the Calle de la Reyna. Several officers were standing here, from whom we requested permission to enter; one of them said, that we were at perfect liberty to see the garden after the King had passed, who was going, according to his custom, to breakfast with the Prince in a pleasure-house in the garden. After waiting about a quarter of an hour, his majesty drove by us in an old-fashioned crimson phaeton, with two ponies, and three servants behind; he was followed by an attendant on horseback, carrying his gun, and about a dozen other persons of all descriptions: he bowed as he passed us, and proceeded down the avenue to breakfast. The Prince's garden is made in an ambiguous taste, half French and half English: the walks are straight, and ornamented with fountains; but the compartments are planted irregularly, and often laid out in grass, with flowers in basket frames, according to the English plan. The whole is certainly very pretty; but as it is a modern work, and the trees are young, it can by no means vie with the grandeur of the garden of the island: it is remarkable that every single tree has a separate pipe, which, by conveying to its roots the waters of the Tagus, supplies the want of rain, which makes the country around so barren. We were surprised to find no foreign trees here, and very few oranges: in one part we were led to the banks of the river, where batteries are erected; and two large models of a frigate and a corvette are afloat; in another we were shewn, in a most delightful situation, a piece of water, filled with gold fish, in the middle of which was an island, containing a correct and beautiful imitation of a Chinese tea-house: but, notwithstanding my daily experience of bad taste, I was astonished to see, in this

striking and peculiar prospect, the late addition of a large and expensive Ægyptian temple! We were not permitted to approach the Prince's pleasure-house, but we were assured we had seen all that was remarkable. In one of the avenues near the gate, a green silk net was suspended, in case the King, after breakfast, should meditate a war upon the finches. After a stay of three hours, we returned to our carriage, and departed. The Spaniard to whom I spoke at the garden gate, called Aranjuez the Richmond of Spain. It is a beautiful spot, more delightful in Spain than Richmond is in England; but considering them abstractedly, the fine broad oaks feathering to the ground, and the wide stream of the Thames, incline me to decide in favour of the superior beauty of the latter. We passed the Tagus, and along an avenue of trees, through what is called the Alamede del Rey, which is intersected by several other avenues; but as we proceeded, trees became more scarce, and the ground more burnt up. After crossing a long stone bridge, we ascended a hill, and left trees and cultivation far behind; the whole prospect is dreary and desert; and is, in every respect, a miserable contrast to the approaches both to London and Paris: we did not indeed expect the picture of private wealth and happiness which the former presents; but we were prepared for some of the monarchical grandeur of the latter: in this, however, we were entirely disappointed; for, though the road is fine, the avenues want width and majesty; and upon quitting these, on the very verge of the metropolis, to relapse into a perfect desert, is intolerable. We dined at a posada where the provisions were plenty, but the charge exorbitant. From this it was four leagues to Madrid; the road perfectly direct, and its sides garnished by some miserable elms. There are no towns, a little traffic, and some cultivated fields; but it is almost impossible to conceive that we are close to a metropolis: at length it makes it appearance. Madrid! a small black town, standing quite distinct, in the midst

of an arid plain: no suburb or straggling houses. Its outline is diversified by a number of little domes and spires; but there is nothing pre-eminent or grand; the perspective is closed by the snow-capt mountains of Guadarama.

The Prince of the Peace going to the city in great haste, passed us on the road, with half a dozen horse-guards, and three servants behind his carriage. The oppressive heat of the day was beyond expression; at length we crossed the Manzanares at a ford, and entered the verdant outworks of the Prado of Madrid; these are extended to the water-side, and among them were many parties walking, their carriages waiting at a distance. We advanced under a shady avenue, to the gate of Antocha, where our pockets were called upon for a contribution by the custom-house: and we passed within the walls of the metropolis, of which the grandeur of the Prado, and the width and lighting of the Calle de Alcala, gave us higher expectations than were afterwards realized; indeed these are by far the finest parts of Madrid. The prospect, however, of the rooms and beds of the Cruz de Malta, was, in our present circumstances, infinitely more gratifying.

June 17th. The hot weather has come in this year with the solana or African wind, which has blown for the last day or two. The thermometer at two o'clock was at 92° in our rooms, and in the shade out of doors at 87°. In the evening we endeavoured to walk on the Prado, but though the sun was set, the air which breathed in our faces was so impregnated with heat, as to cause an oppression and relaxation that repressed almost every feeling of curiosity.

June 18th. We were disappointed to-day in not being able to see the New Palace; as, for the purpose of keeping it perfectly cool for the royal family, who will soon arrive, the shutters are only open from five till seven in the morning: but we were more fortunate at the Real Armeria, which is contained in an old

building near it. This greatly gratified us, and began to reconcile us to Madrid. The room, which is spacious, is hung round with armour and arms, and a row of horsemen, cased in steel, line the middle. We found ourselves at once among the worthies of Spain. Charles V. Philip II. Ferdinand and Isabella, Gonzalvo of Cordova, King Chico of Grenada, Hernando Cortes, and a long succession, which will be better specified in the following descriptive list:

The carriage of the mother of Charles V., the first made in Spain: it is of a square shape, carved over, and has open windows all round. The chair of Charles V.:—the bed and travelling cart of Charles V.; a machine something between a cradle and a tilted cart. The armour of Ferdinand the Catholic, worn at the conquest of Grenada; it is ornamented with alternate stripes of bright steel and flowered gilding. Three suits of armour of Queen Isabella, like men's armour, of bright steel, with a little gilding. Steel armour with gilt nails, of John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, and king of Castile: the mark of a ball is indented on the breast-plate. A rich suit of unpolished armour, embossed with figures and ornaments, made at Pamplona, and given by Sebastian of Portugal, to Philip II.—The armour of Charles V. in which he retired to St. Just. The Virgin is engraved on the breast-plate; the helmet has the representation of hair, beard, mouth, and ears. It is perforated for the eyes, and the hair and the beard are gilt. Large Moorish targets of leather, with inscriptions. The armour of the great captain, Gonzalvo of Cordova, which is like, but richer than, that o Ferdinand the catholic. It is embossed all over, and has alternate stripes of gilt and bright steel. Turkish presents, guns, pistols, &c. from Constantinople; some of the barrels were made at Barcelona, the mounting is very curious. Swords of Charles V., of Gonzalvo, and of Francis I. The latter was worn at the battle of Pavia, when Francis was taken pri-

soner; a small dagger is attached to its sheath; it has a cross handle, with the inscription, "in brachio suo." A Moorish collar, for torturing Christians, taken by Montemar. Maces for wrenching off armour. Lances. Arrows curiously barbed. A breastplate, with an embossed representation of the battle of St. Quintin, made for Philip II. at Pamplona: it is well executed. A shield sent by the Pope to Don John of Austria; it bears a crucifix; the field on each side of which has the impression of a bullet. Several coats of mail of bright steel, for females of the court of Philip II. each with a short steel petticoat. A rich suit of armour, worn by Philip III. made at Pamplona. A long gun, with the earliest kind of lock, and the handle inlaid with ivory, belonging to Philip II. Armour of Hernando Cortes, of plain steel. Armour of king Chico* of Grenada, of bright steel; it has more joints than any of the others. The helmet is very large, and curiously fashioned: it is perforated by two small holes for seeing, and above them is a long slip for breathing: on the side a sort of door can be opened for the purpose of speaking; a small shield is attached to the left breast, and a piece of steel projects to rest a spear upon on the right. Another suit of Moorish armour, the helmet like that of Chico. The ring armour of

* "The nineteenth king of Grenada was Mulev Hasen; others call him Albo Hasen. He had a son named Boaudillin. Many of the nobles being at variance with the father, elected the son for their prince, calling him Chiquito the boy king. Thus Grenada saw itself under the dominion of two kings." Guer. Civil. chap. ii. After his father's death, Boaudillin, or, as he is commonly called El Rey Chico, defended the city against king Ferdinand, to whom, in the end, he was obliged to surrender it. El Rey Chico has been generally translated the Little King; but the armour above-mentioned does not favour that interpretation. The meaning seems to be, the younger king, or the boy king, which accords with the Spanish custom of calling the king's sons infants, even after they have obtained the age of manhood.

Charles I. of Naples. Japanese war-dresses, with frightful masks.

Horse Figures.

Alfonso IX. father of St. Ferdinand. Philip II. as he appeared at the battle of St. Quintin: his sword, the gift of the city of Saragossa. Charles V. as he entered Tunis; he carries in his hand a bright steel halbert. All these figures are in bright steel armour, with high plumes on their heads: the horses richly caparisoned, and more or less armed. Charles V. as he was crowned emperor of the Romans, on which occasion he assumed the Roman habit and wreath of laurel. His robe is red, edged with ermine.

At the end of the room, in a glass case, with a curtain before him, like our waxen kings in Westminster-abbey, sits Ferdinand the catholic. His shield is hung behind him, the crown on his head, the sceptre and ball in his hands. A board is suspended to assure the faithful that if they will say a paternoster, and an ave Maria, and pray earnestly for the extirpation of heretics before this reverend image, they shall receive many hundred days of indulgence, for which purpose many of the prelates have subscribed their sums of time. I was sorry to find Lorenzana's name in the list. A velvet cushion is prepared for those who are moved by this holy invitation. The walls of the room are hung all round with armour, and the cieling with tilting lances, Moorish banners, &c. Some very curious specimens of ancient cannon are to be found in this collection, which, although it is not so large as that at the Tower, must certainly be allowed to be as interesting as any in Europe.

The Plaza Mayor of Madrid, presents a very curious spectacle. It is a square of old brick houses, with arcades (or, as we call them, piazzas) below; the houses are full of windows, and each window has a balcony, and a curtain or mat hung out to shade the rooms. The sides of this square are not broken by streets; and, standing in the middle, we seem to look

in vain for an egress, which is by a low arch on one side: opposite this is the town-house; an ancient building, but without dignity or effect. They are at present engaged in preparing scaffoldings and seats for the bull-fights which are to be exhibited here next month, in honour of the marriage of the Prince of Asturias.

In the evening we visited the Gabinete dé Historia Natural; which occupies a suite of ten rooms, in a large building, in the Calle de Alcala, in which there is also an academy of arts.* It is a collection of great interest, as it contains from Spanish America and the Manillas, curiosities which cannot be possessed by any other museum in Europe; but it is not so complete as these immense sources of treasure would lead us to expect, nor is the disposition of the specimens they have procured so perfect as it ought to be.

The principal foundation of this museum was the valuable collection of minerals, bought by the king from the famous Foster, who for many years had the direction of it. A large sardonyx, of a rich purple and brown colour, with lucid yellow veins, is shewn, before which this enthusiastic collector used frequently to fall on his knees; but the minerals from America are the principal objects of attention; and the splendour of some specimens is beyond description. Among the other rarities are, immense snakes from Oronooko; —extraordinary fish;—curious birds;—virgin silver and gold;—specimens of the pottery of the antient Peruvians, highly curious; some representations of idols; rude, but very much in the Egyptian manner, particularly several vessels, on the exterior parts of which are the images of deities, exactly like the Canopus pots of Egypt.—Models of pagodas; Chinese

* The inscription over the gate is very neat: CAROLVS III. Rex, Naturam et Artem sub uno tecto in publicam utilitatem consociavit, anno MDCCLXXV.

boats, &c. extremely beautiful ;—a Japanese drum, the most sonorous I ever heard.—Peruvian cloth.—Pictures of the intermarriages of the Spaniards and Indians, with the offspring, to mark the gradations of colour.—Moorish ornaments, gold rings, necklaces, &c. dug up at Grenada.—Chinese and Japanese dresses and models. The valuable bequest of Louis XIV. to Philip V. is preserved in this museum, which consists of a number of precious stones and antique cameos, rich and beautiful to the last degree, made up into vases and ornaments in the most tawdry and detestable French taste.

The spar of the Asturias is like that of Derbyshire: superb rubies, opals, and emeralds are to be found in this collection ; but the officer while he shewed us the models of the Great Mogul and other famous diamonds in crystal, complained that the king was far from liberal in this particular, and that he had only given two small specimens to the museum.

The most remarkable and interesting objects in this cabinet, is the skeleton of the non-descript animal which was discovered some years ago, buried about forty feet in a mountain near Buenos Ayres. The length from its rump to its nose is about thirteen feet, its height a little more than six. The breadth and size of its body are very astonishing ; and the collar and blade-bone are not unlike those of the human species. The legs are uncommonly stout, particularly those behind, which are of such prodigious and wonderful strength, that they must have been designed to support upon occasion the whole body of the animal reared up; an idea which is rendered more probable from the length of the claw and the solid piece of bone which projects behind, forming a basis to the leg.

Whether it was a carnivorous animal or not, is still, and will probably always remain, in great doubt. The enormous claws are in favour of such a conclusion, but the evidence of the mouth is against it, which is merely furnished with common grinders, without fangs, or

any traces of them, though that part of the skeleton is entirely perfect: it is not wide. The neck is long enough to touch the ground. A skeleton of an elephant is placed in the adjoining room for the sake of comparison; there is little similarity between them; this being, it is evident, of the cat kind, and appears to have been a sort of gigantic tyger. The breadth of the animal, and the solidity of its bones, are wonderfully striking. This museum may be considered at present in its infancy, and it is about to receive a vast addition, and undergo a complete renovation, from the hands of the younger Foster (the son of the celebrated collector), who has been travelling, by order of the king, for the last eleven years in South America, where he has collected a vast number of new and rare specimens, which are all arrived, and deposited for the present in the palace of Buen-Retiro. Foster himself is on his return to take the direction of the institution, which is to be removed, as soon as he comes, to a new building, which has been erected for the purpose, near the botanic garden, a large structure; which affords a new instance of the wretched taste in architecture prevalent at Madrid. The museum, after receiving Foster's additional specimens, and directed by his intelligence, will become a primary object of attention among the mineralogists of Europe. At eight o'clock we attended El Teatro de los Canos de Peral, the first of the two theatres of Madrid; externally it presents a shew of poverty perfectly surprising; its brick front, with three little doors, and a few broken windows, seems that of an house given up to decay. The interior is ornamented in an ugly and grotesque manner; the predominant colour is dirty brown, on which lozenges are painted at intervals, containing heads, not after the antique, but in the style of fashionable dresses for the year in an English pocket-book. It is four stories high, containing seventy-three boxes, which are piled one over the other without columns or

architecture. A gallery with one row of seats, projects before the lower boxes; the *salle* is lighted by five small chandeliers: the stage is about the size, and the house nearly the same width, with Colman's theatre in the Haymarket; but of a different shape, and much longer. The audience were very scanty; but we found the band, the performers, and the decorations were respectable. The entertainment consisted of La Viage in Grecia, translated from the little French opera of Palma. The chief singer is an Italian, but the operas are all performed in Spanish, by the king's order: after this followed a minute fandango, and afterwards the fandango performed with castinets by a male and female dancer; it is a mixture of dignity and passion which well accords with the Spanish character, and though its approaches to indecency must be allowed, it has considerable grace, and in spirit and effect it cannot be surpassed. The boxes of the grandees are ornamented with curtains of various colours; the royal family never visit any other theatre but that of the bull-fights. The Prince of Peace was in his box to-night; towards the close of the performance he was so heated, that a bason of water was brought him, in which he washed his hands. His figure is dignified, not unlike the Prince of Wales, but his countenance is remarkably dull and heavy.

June 19th. The palace of the Buen-Retiro is a low straggling building of plaister, with four towers and spires, surrounding a large court; it has rather the air of a barrack for soldiers than a royal residence. The suites of rooms are numerous, but neither handsome in their furniture or proportions; the walls, for the most part, are covered with indifferent pictures. Luca Giordano has done a great deal in this palace in his easy but expressive style. The anti-chamber, and the principal apartment called El Cason, are painted by him, the former representing the conquest of Grenada, the latter allegorical emblems of the grandeur of the Spanish monarchy. There are also several pic-

tures of Rubens, some extravagant, some few hunting-pieces well done: a painting or two by Peter Boert, highly pleasing; a fool, by Velasquez, admirable! The rest of the collection, which is immense, consists of stiff, ancient, and insipid modern works; among the former, the portraits of Ferdinand and his queen are to be remarked on account of the likeness. One of the halls contains a number of wooden models of Cadiz, Figueras, Gibraltar, Vera Cruz, &c. which are not generally shewn to foreigners; here too is the famous attack on Giberalter in model.

The theatre is of a considerable size, and the stage well placed; but the chief ornaments, which are balustrades of brown wood, with glass between them, are in a wretched taste. Italian operas were performed here at a vast expence, in the last reign; but since the fête given on the marriage of the present king, it has never been used.

The Bueno-Retiro, which, though of different materials, resembles, in many respects, the old part of Fontainbleau, certainly ranks below every other royal palace we have seen on the continent. In a small garden adjoining is an equestrian bronze statue* of Philip IV. The poising of the mass is ingenious,

* On the girth of the horse is inscribed—"Petrus Tacca f. Florentiæ, anno salutis MDCXXX." Tacca was a pupil of the celebrated John of Bologna; he was in great repute, and enjoyed many favours from the grand Dukes Ferdinando II. and Cosmo II. I saw his tomb at Florence, in the chapel of his master, in the church of the Anunciata. The whole statue, which weighs 18,000 pounds, rests upon the hind legs and the tail: the mode by which this has been accomplished, is by making these perfectly solid, and the other parts hollow. The statue of Peter the Great, executed by Falconet, at Petersburgh, is in a similar attitude, and is constructed in the same manner. The inventories of the Retiro rate Tacca's work at 40,000 doubloons, which is a much larger sum than it cost originally.

as the horse is represented in the act of curveting; and the whole has considerable merit, though not without stiffness. The gardens of the Buen-Retiro are open to the public; they consist of alleys of low trees, maintained with infinite care and waterings; but notwithstanding every possible attention, they are not, nor do they promise to be, luxuriant; they are, however, a delightful resort for the citizens of Madrid. In the neighbourhood of these the royal porcelain manufactory is carried on in a large white building; and near it is the national observatory.

The Prado was crowded this evening with company on foot and in carriages, the latter passing slowly in succession on one side of the broad walk. I have never seen so many together since I left England. They are of all tastes and fashions: the old Spanish, the open, and the Parisian; some with landscapes painted on the pannels, others awkwardly encumbered with gilt ornaments; all drawn by mules, the postillions dressed in long coats and cocked hats. The dust they create, in spite of previous watering, almost choaks the walking company. The view of this wide Prado, filled with people and carriages, and surrounded by trees and fountains, must certainly be ranked among the fine spectacles of Europe.

The Prado is admirable in all its parts, being a broad walk, adorned with handsome fountains, and divided into avenues by rows of trees: it bounds the whole of one side of the town, being terminated at each end by one of the gates of the city. The streets leading down to it are the broadest and finest in Madrid, and on the opposite side, are the gardens, pleasure-grounds, and palace of the Retiro, worthy of the residence of a prince, although at present only used by the king as a shooting ground during his stay at Madrid. The fountains of the Prado are in general formed after antique models, and the water of one of them is the purest in the whole city, and the only kind of which the present king drinks, water being his sole

beverage. One very broad walk adorned with these fountains, is thronged every fine evening with the best company, and on Sundays, the king, queen, and royal family ride up and down the carriage road, and salute the people constantly as they pass. It is on the Prado that the stranger may study with advantage the dress, the air, and the gait of the Spaniards; for then all pass in review before him, from the prince to the beggar. The nobleman alights from his carriage, and saunters among the throng, seemingly careless about his fine dress, and the ornaments at his button-hole, although nobody glances at them so often as himself; the citizen dresses in the mode general throughout Europe thirty years ago; whilst the lower classes that venture on the Prado, still wear their clothes thrown over the shoulder, and thus preserve the last reliques of the antient toga. All the men wear large cocked hats, and all smoke çigars; for this latter purpose the boys run up and down the Prado with a kind of slow torch, which burns without flaming, and serves to light the çigars. In opposition to them, water carriers, with their porous earthen vases and goblets, vend the cool water of the neighbouring fountains; and the various cries of fire, fire, and fresh water, water, are heard above the buzz of the mingled crowd. But the women principally attract the eyes of the stranger. Their simple and elegant dress, their veils, which serve any purpose but that of concealing their faces, the freedom of their walk, and their looks attractive, but not immodest, tend to make an Englishman forget for a moment that they are greatly inferior in point of real beauty, to the women of his own country.

There is one custom which pleased me much, and which no where produces so striking an effect as on the Prado. Exactly at sun-set the bells of the churches and convents give the signal for repeating the evening prayer to the Virgin. In an instant the busy multitude is hushed and arrested, as if by magic. The

carriages stop, the women veil their faces with their fans; the men take off their hats, and all breathe out, or are supposed to breathe, a short prayer to the protecting power which has brought them to the close of another day. After a short, a solemn, and not unpleasant, pause, the men bow and put on their hats, the women uncover their faces, the carriages drive on, and the whole crowd is again in motion as before. This is one of the few Catholic customs which appears to partake of piety without superstition, and divested of altars, candlesticks, tapers, and images. I felt no reluctance to uncover my head among the crowd under so noble a canopy as the vault of heaven, where some of the stars already begin to appear. Those around me mutter a petition or a thanksgiving to their favourite saint, or to the mother of God: but I have only a heretic though heartfelt prayer to offer for those far distant from me, a parent, a brother, a sister, or a friend.

June 20. We were obliged to rise at a quarter past five this morning to see the New Palace, according to the regulations I have lately mentioned. The exterior is one of those tasteless compositions of windows and pilasters of which the last century was so fertile, and which can only strike from their size, or dazzle by the multitude of their parts: columns and simplicity, the grand characteristics of ancient artichecture, have, according to the practice of modern taste, been totally disregarded; nor has the artichect by this deviation attained that richness which sometimes imposes on the mind in the absence of classical proportions. This new structure, however, has neatness, uniformity, and extent to recommend it, and is in a commanding situation: in fact it looks like a palace, and has in consequence an host of admirers*. The building is square,

* Madrid in ancient times, before it became the seat of government, contained an Alcazar or Royal Palace; the first foundation

and surrounds a court-yard, into which there are two approaches; from one of them rises the grand staircase, which is wide and lofty; a very noble work, and only second to that at Caserta*, which is without doubt the finest in Europe. The suite of rooms is very numerous, all handsomely furnished; but the reflection is striking, that after an extensive tour in France and Italy, this is the first royal palace we have found *furnished*. Versailles, Fontainebleau, the Palazzo Pitti at Florence, the Vatican, Monte Cavallo, Caserta, and Naples, are all plundered and desolate.

The state apartments are large, well proportioned, and handsomely decorated: but it contains no vast gallery, and no instance of superior magnificence. The Sala de los Embaxadores, is the finest room of

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attributed to Alonzo VI. was destroyed by an earthquake. A second was erected by Henry II. which was enlarged and embellished by a series of monarchs, particularly Charles V. when he brought his court to Madrid. This curious edifice was reduced to ashes in 1734. It was proposed to rebuild it on a plan which should rival the first palaces in Europe. For this purpose, the Abate Felipe Invarra, a Sicilian, who had been employed by the king of Sardinia at Turin, was engaged to form a model. He was a disciple of Fontana, but he seems to have surpassed his master, since he proposed a number of insulated columns; though it must be confessed that he preferred the composite order. The principal front of his plan extended to 1700 feet; and the chief court was to be 700 by 400. The king, however, (Philip V.) insisted that the new palace should exactly occupy the site of the former; and death prevented Invarra's forming a second design. The business now devolved upon his pupil, Giovanni Baptista Sagueti of Turin, who produced the present fabric; in which, it is said, he kept his master's style in view: but the praise of the stair-case is due to Francisco Sabatini. The palace is built of the white stone of Colmenar: with a basement of granite: the whole arched over, to prevent its being again destroyed by fire. The four fronts are each 470 feet; and the height of the cornice is 100. The court is about 140 feet square.

* Caserta the principal palace of the king of Naples, is the production of Vanvetelli, an artichect of great merit, and the last Italian name in that line which can be mentioned.

the whole, but it is not particularly striking; indeed the grandeur of this palace entirely consists in the continued suite of handsome and well furnished apartments. Its principal and most valuable ornaments are its pictures; of which it contains a noble collection. The glasses of St. Ildefonso, and porcelain wares of Madrid manufactory, decorate some of the rooms. Paris clocks, and others made at Madrid, are placed for ornament on some of the chimney-pieces: we did not however fail to observe above a dozen sturdy kitchen-clocks from London, received for use into different apartments. Among the pictures are some excellent Titians; two old men, by Velasquez; Christ betrayed, by, Rubens; Silk-spinners and peasants at the vintage, by Velasquez; Charles V. in his old age, in armour, on horseback by Titian; Mercury and Argus, by Titian; Philip II. by Velasquez, a most admirable and characteristic portrait; two pictures from Saints' histories, by Murillo, well painted, but without dignity; Sketches, by Rubens. Mengs has done a great deal in this palace, pictures, pannels, and cielings. The Descent from the Cross, is the finest work I have seen of this artist; the Virgin in Tears, and the Dead Christ, could not be better: yet among his paintings here, we have instances of insipidity and stiffness; and his general fault of finishing too highly is almost always discernable. This palace has no gardens, and the view from its windows stretches far over the barren plains of Castile; the few trees which fill the hollow where the scanty Manzanares flows, are the only verdure in the prospect. No wonder that the green retreat of Aranjuez is the daily topic of wonder and admiration.

The Spanish bull-fights are certainly the most extraordinary exhibition in Europe; we were present at one of them this morning. The amphitheatre is just without the Puerta di Alcala; a very mean building for the metropolitan seat of the national amusement. The places were nearly all filled at half past nine, and

at ten the corregidor came into his box; upon which the trumpet sounded, and the people rose and shouted; not I belive from affection towards Senor Don Juan di Morales Guzmany Tovar, but from delight that the shew was to begin immediately; after this the mayor of the alguazils, and two of that body, in black dresses, long wigs, Spanish hats and feathers, with a guard of cavalry paraded the arena. Four men in black gowns then came forward, and read a proclamation, enjoining all persons to remain in their seats: upon their going out, the six bulls which were to be fought this morning were driven across, led on by a cow, with a bell round her neck. The two piccadores now appeared, dressed in leathern gaiters, much padded about the legs, thick leathern breaches, silk jackets covered with spangles and lace, and caps, with nets and tails behind, surmounted by broad-brimmed white hats; each rode a miserable hack, and carried in his hand a long pole, with a goad at the end. As soon as they were prepared, a door was opened and the first bull rushed in. We were soon undeceived as to the prevalent notion, that from dexterity and other safeguards, the Spanish bull-fight is no longer a service of much danger; in the course of the contest I felt first alarmed for the men; then for the horses, having witnessed the adroitness of the one, and the sufferings of the other; soon the accidents of the men withdrew my pity from the beasts, and latterly, by a natural and dreadful operation of the mind, I began to look without horror on the calamities of both. The manner of the fight is thus: the bull rushes in, and makes an attack severally upon the piccadores, who repulse him, he being always upon these occasions, wounded in the neck; after a few rencounters he becomes somewhat shy, but at the same time, when he does rush on, he is doubly dangerous. He does not as before turn aside when he feels the goad, but endeavours to conquer it; he follows up the attack, and frequently succeeds in over-

throwing both horse and rider. When this happens, the attendants run up to carry off the latter, and, if possible to draw away the bull (by means of red cloaks) from the horse, which generally receives fatal wounds before he can rise up again. As long as the horse has strength to bear the piccador, he is obliged to ride him. This morning one of these wretched animals was forced to charge with his guts hanging in festoons between his legs! His belly was again ripped open by the bull, and he fell for dead; but the attendants obliged him to rise and crawl out! This seems the cruellest part of the business; for the men almost always escape, but the blood and sufferings of thirteen horses were exhibited in the short space of two hours; four men were hurt; one, who was entirely overturned with his horse upon him, was carried out like a corpse; but the spectators, totally disregarding this melancholy sight, shouted for his companion to renew the attack; another was overset against the partition-boards; a third had his horse and himself so completely tossed over, we thought he must inevitably be killed, but he saved himself by crossing his hands behind his head. The horses are all blinded, and their tameness under their agonies is astonishing. A rider never throws himself off till the horse is past recovery; he then falls on the opposite side from the bull, so that the horse acts as a sort of fortification to him. The bull, after his first rage and subsequent fury during many rounds, begins to feel weakness, and declines any further attacks on the horsemen: he even retreats before them; upon this a loud shout re-echoes through the theatre, and some of the attendants advance and stick his gored neck full of arrows, which cause him to writhe about in great torment; one this morning nearly overleaped the barriers. When the efforts he makes under these sufferings have considerably spent his strength, the corregidor makes a motion with his hand, and the trumpets sound as a signal to the matador to dispatch him. This

is a service of great skill and bravery; for though the bull may have no inclination to attack the horsemen who have goaded and wounded him, his madness prompts him to destroy every one else. The matador advances with a red cloak in one hand and a sword in the other, he enrages the bull with the cloak, which in case of a failure assists his escape; at length getting opposite the bull he rushes forward and the sword pierces his spinal marrow, or what is more common, is buried to the hilt in his neck, upon which he turns aside, at first moaning, but a torrent of blood gushes from his mouth, he staggers round the arena, and falls; the trumpets sound, three mules ornamented with rib-bands and flags appear to drag the wretched victim out by the horns, and the horsemen prepare for the attack of a fresh animal.

In the evening the shew began at half past four, and ten bulls were brought forward: but the sport was not reckoned so good as in the morning; only two Andalusian bulls appeared, the rest were Catalans, who, being accustomed to feed in the same pastures as horses, do not like to attack them. Many of these, after entering, started at the piccadores, and kept aloof: to tame them, (as they had not been brought down by bleeding or exercise) before the matador approached, a new expedient was resorted to, most infamously cruel, namely, the covering the darts with sulphur and fire-works; the torments of these were so dreadful, that the animals, whose strength was fresh, raged about terribly, and the assistants were forced to use great agility to get from them. There were several hair-breadth escapes; one of the animals, in pursuit of a man, leaped the barrier of the arena, which is about eight feet high. Their strength by such efforts being gradually exhausted, they at last yielded to the dagger of the matador. The two Andalusian bulls made up for the others: in the first round a horse was killed, and the piccador was thrown forwards and disabled. But the second Andalusian

was still more furious, and made more tremendous attacks. In one of these he pinned the man and horse against the barriers, got his horns under the horse, and lacerated him dreadfully; in a moment afterwards he lifted him up, and threw the man with such force through one of the apertures (made for the escape of the attendants when pursued by the bull) as to kill him on the spot. He was borne past the box in which we were, with his teeth set, and his side covered with blood: the horse staggered out, spouting a stream of gore from his chest. The remaining piccador renewed the charge, and another came in with shouts to take the dead man's place. One of these had his horse's skin dreadfully ripped off his side, and when he breathed, the entrails swelled out of the hole, to prevent which the rider got off and stuffed in his pocket-handkerchief. It was too plain to escape observation, that the men fought shy after the horrible accident of the evening.

They have tin castings to their legs under the padding of their gaiters, the saddles rise before and behind in the ancient manner, and the stirrup is a sort of iron box for the foot. The amphitheatre was better attended in the morning than after dinner.

We were attracted this evening to the theatre de los Canos, by the revival of La Buscona (the Female Sharper), a comedy of Lope de Vega, altered and modernized. We found a very numerous audience assembled, who were throughout remarkably attentive. The play was well got up in all the respects of performers, dresses, and scenery; it contained no buffoonery, and there was less laughter than I expected: but when a burst took place it was loud and general. The plot of the piece was a good deal after the English fashion, though with fewer incidents.

The chief characters were a lover with a comic servant, and a woman (La Buscona) who makes love, and disappoints another of her sex. There were five acts, and each act had its unity of scene; it lasted

about two hours and a half, and was followed by a *tonadilla* (a duet) and *saynete*, which is a bad imitation of French dancing. The respectability of the performance of this evening, and the numbers and attention of the audience, shew that the drama has its admirers even at Madrid; yet the state of this amusement in the metropolis is very disgraceful to the national taste, which seems to look for no other gratification than what is afforded by bull-fights and religious mummeries.

June 21st. We walked this morning about a quarter of a mile from Madrid to the Puenti de Segovia, and from an eminence beyond it surveyed what is esteemed the finest view of the city. Madrid can only claim magnificence in two quarters, namely, the Prado and the Calle di Alcala, the breadth of this street, and its advantageous situation on the slant of a hill, give it a very striking appearance. The town in general is composed of brick houses, which are often plaistered over. They are seldom higher than those in London, and do not seem to be built with any great solidity. Many of the public edifices are of plain stone, but where architecture is attempted, it is always of the worst kind. The shops are mean, but not ill-supplied with the articles they sell. The grandees of Spain live in hotels in every respect inferior to those of the upper ranks in France and Italy; and indeed, are often smaller than the common houses of our nobility in London.

The large palace of the duke of Alva must of course be excepted, which is four stories high, has twenty-seven windows in front, and seventeen on the side; and is, after the king's palace, the largest building in Madrid; it stands near the Prado, distinct, and walled round: the marks of fire and destruction are on it. It has been twice burnt by the mob; and the duchess now lives like her peers in the Calle di Alcala.

The duke of Medina Celi, who is the oldest title,

and before the rise of the Prince of Peace, was the richest subject in Spain, has an immense house, without architecture, which not being more lofty than the common buildings in Madrid, has the appearance of a long street of houses. The palace of the duke of Grenada is more ancient: it is built of brick, two stories high, and though somewhat larger, is not unlike Winchester-house, at Chelsea. Every window in the town hangs out linen and mat blinds, which form a principal feature in its prospects.

The two best general views of Madrid, are from the terrace near the Buen-Retiro, and from the high ground near the bridge of Segovia. In the former you have the fore-ground of the Prado, and in the latter the trees about the river and the new palace.

The great peculiarity of this metropolis, is its numberless little spires; at a distance they are insignificant, but on a nearer prospect they have a striking and very picturesque effect. We counted in the view from the bridge of Segovia, above seventy of them. Looking at the city on this side, notwithstanding the adequate splendour of the palace, which makes up about one-fourth of the line of building in the prospect, we can hardly believe it to be the residence of the court, and the seat of government of so vast an empire. But the dullness and want of magnificence of Madrid, arises more from private, than from political causes, and is rather to be attributed to the apathy and unenterprising genius of the Spanish nobles, than to the absence of trade, or the poverty of individuals.

June 21st. We set out this evening in a coach, with seven mules, to gratify our curiosity at St. Ildefonso, Segovia, and the Escurial. The evening was pleasant, but the night became cold as we approached the Guadarama mountains. Having rested two hours in a venta at their feet (five leagues and a half from Madrid), at four o'clock we began to ascend by an excellent road: the hills are on this side bleak and barren, often showing excrescences of rock, and in

many places covered with large patches of snow. After passing the highest part which the road traverses, we descended into a vast chasm or valley, entirely clothed with a forest of pines; fine trees, and assuming more fantastic shapes than any I have seen before. The roads continues to wind, among grand views of woods, hills, and snow, towards a lower rock, where the royal seat has been built: in our way to it, we passed several groves of sapling oaks, made by the king; but the approach to St. Ildefonso is totally without grandeur or dignity. A narrow avenue leads at once to the antique façade of the palace: the effect of this is peculiar and striking, and well accords with the ideas the imagination forms of an old Spanish palace. In the centre is the church, with a dome and spires; and on each side, long wings of brick stretch forward, low, but extensive. We breakfasted at a neat posada, (Fonda de los Caballeros), and proceeded to inspect the apartments and gardens.

The palace contains no fine rooms or furniture, but has a numerous collection of pictures and statues. The queen's apartments are a suite of small rooms, which have lately been decorated with the best efforts of the paper manufactory of Madrid; in general, in ornamental compartments, and in some of them are imitations of drawing in Indian ink; the taste and execution of them advance as high as any thing of the sort I have seen any where. The rest of the apartments in the same story, have their white walls hung with pictures; principally family portraits, which are stiff and ill done. Indeed the whole collection is very indifferent, though it contains some works of the great masters: among these is the portrait of our Charles I. by Vandyke, which has been greatly damaged. We remarked a highly finished French picture of Louis XIV. when duke de Berri, full of the expression of feeble mildness. There are also indifferent portraits of Louis XVI. Philip II. and V. and Charles III.

The principal rooms have London clocks, like those we observed in the new Palace of Madrid.

On a table in the bed-chamber of one of the infantas, we saw a representation of the nativity in wax, with two large altar candles on each side, and in the anti-room a confession-box is placed near the door. Below stairs, (the palace is only two stories high) is a long suite of unornamented rooms, with white plaister walls, in which the celebrated collection of statues is arranged. Here I experienced a greater disappointment than in the pictures, having heard much more of them. The gallery would hardly support a comparison with any of the Roman palaces. It has, however, a few fine things. The groupe of Castor and Pollux, as it is called, is well known by the numerous casts dispersed throughout Europe; it is pleasing and graceful, though I think it has been too much praised. A Faun has considerable merit; we also admired a statue which is like, but inferior to that which bears the name of Cleopatra, at the Louvre. Danaë, the mutilated remains of the muses, with beautiful drapery, and Faith veiled, are all worthy of praise. There is a good bust of Gordian, and an altar, handsomely sculptured, which is supposed to have contained the ashes of Caligula. A bas-relief of a head, with the name Olympia under it, has a very mild pleasing expression. The rest, among which are several modern works, are below mediocrity. In the bust room is a collection of Egyptian deities in black basaltes, and a statue of Abundance, who is represented in an advanced state of pregnancy.

The front of the palace next the garden has been modernized with larger windows, and four slices of Corinthian columns; but no grandeur has been accomplished: indeed, it would have been nearly impossible to have produced much effect from this long brick-building, only two stories high. The gardens are said to have cost seven millions, from the barrenness of the spot, and the distance from which the new

earth was brought. Some persons have compared them with those of Versailles, which, though detestable to the eye of taste, must certainly be allowed to be the perfection of stiff French gardening. Indeed they are not only the perfection, but, I believe, the sole effort of the kind, that has any claim to magnificence and grandeur of effect. There is no medium! Without vastness of extent and ornament, which are accompanied by the ideas of great labour and extent, this style falls at once into a contemptible mixture of dulness and meanness. The gardens of St. Ildefonso have a number of fountains, and a stair-case for a cascade; but the only pleasing part of it (for it has shady and pleasing walks), is where you get out of sight of these, and see, "while the dog-star rages," through the overhanging trees, the side of the mountain patched with snow. It was not very cool at twelve o'clock, the day being remarkably calm: but every gale that breathed partook of the snowy influence of the mountain. The fountains are situated in centres, whither the straight walks tend: they are all inferior in size to the largest at Versailles; but one of them, a figure of Fame, is said to raise water higher than any in Europe. But with regard to fountains, it is the column of water they raise, and not the height to which a slender stream can be squirted, that renders them stupendous or beautiful; and on this account, those of St. Peter's, and the Fontana di Previ, at Rome, have been preferred before all the *jets d'eau* in the world. The gardens are not more than two miles in circumference. Many of the flowers were now in bloom; indeed, the King almost meets a new spring when he seeks refuge here in July; and notwithstanding the want of extent, brilliancy, and magnificence, he must consider this shady retreat in the mountains of Guadarama, as supplying him with more real pleasure than half the appendages of his crown. The glass manufactory of St. Ildefonso has produced much larger glasses than any other in Eu-

rope; but they are complained of as as being of a dead and black colour.

The road to Segovia, the tower of whose cathedral we already discovered, is over a slanting plain, which is excellent for sheep pasturage; having left the mountains behind, we entered on a flat and open country.

The face of Old Castile presents an arid appearance, very seldom variegated by groves of pines.

Segovia is a little city, with three prime curiosities; a perfect Roman aqueduct, a Moorish castle, and a large cathedral, besides a shew of antiquity in almost every street. As we entered, we observed a new amphitheatre for bull-fights, building principally, no doubt, for the court of St. Ildefonso; and a battery, a place of exercise for the cadets of artillery, whose school is established in the Alcazar. The suburb is almost as large as the city; we passed through it eagerly, had a glimpse of the aqueduct, entered the gates, and soon after landed at the best inn we have seen in Spain: it is built round a large court, with galleries supported on ancient pillars. We lost no time in beginning with the antiquities: the cathedral came first, a building which would puzzle any connoisseur in Gothic architecture extremely, being a piece of modern Gothic of the 16th century: it is large and lofty, with an high tower and little domes, retaining in its outline much of the Gothic character, but very plain and unlike any particular style of that species of building, and perfectly dissimilar to the florid manner which obtained in England during the 15th century.

The Alcazar, situated on a small rock, next the river, at the end of the town, is the most picturesque object in the world. The great tower has been lately cleaned, which rather modernizes its appearance; but the effect of the whole mass of turrets, chambers, and spires, as viewed from behind, beyond the foss, is as romantic as possible. The front of the castle is

covered by rings, worked in the plaister with which it is covered, an ornament of Moorish origin. We visited three chambers within, which are well worthy of notice for their splendour and peculiarity; the roofs having been gilded by order of Ferdinand and Isabella, who kept their court here at the time when the first gold arrived after the discovery of America: one of them we could not see perfectly, on account of a false cieling which is suspended below it; but it appeared to be a very magnificent, though in a heavy taste. The second is perfectly beautiful; the pattern is Moorish, and consists of twisted and plaited bands, such as are seen in the illuminations of korans, and on the capitals of Moorish columns. Nothing can surpass the splendour and gracefulness of the effect. The third chamber has a rich roof, with flowers in compartments; beneath which, round the sides, are magnificent gilt niches, containing the figures of the Kings and Queens of Castile, till the time of Ferdinand. The room is large and sumptuous, and the splendour and admirable preservation of the gilding remarkably striking. Here are some models of figueras and other fortifications, and two excellent likenesses of the present King and Queen. Beyond this room is a passage with a hanging gilt roof, in the Moorish style. We were shewn the room where the cadets dine, and the kitchen. At length the iron grate and internal door of the great tower were unlocked, and we ascended, looking at every story into prisons, rendered famous by the fictions of La Sage. The great tower is surrounded at the top by hanging turrets; from its leaden roof we reviewed the city by the splendid tints of sunset: it is an interesting spot, but the country around it is bleak and desolate, and without being in the melancholy humour of Gil Blas, I must perfectly subscribe to his opinion of the prospect. L'Erema ne me parut qu'un ruisseau; l'ortie seule et le chardon paroient sur ses bords fleuris; et

la pretendue *vallé e delicieuse* n'offrit à ma vue que des terres, dont la plupart étoient incultes.

June 23. We this morning surveyed the celebrated aqueduct of Segovia, which stretches across the suburbs to the higher ground on which the city stands. It consists of two ranges of arches; the lower very lofty, and about twelve feet wide. When seen in profile, it is particularly striking, but Swinburne could not have reflected, when he preferred it to the Pont du Garde. Aqueducts, independent of their situation, attain magnificence from their extent, the grandeur of their arches, and the massiveness of their materials; in all these respects, this work is inferior to the famous remain of the south of France. The arches are narrower, and the granite, though of a grey colour, is divided into too many small parts to produce an equally striking effect. The upper stories of the houses of Segovia project over the lower, and are supported by ancient pillars, made in a barbarous taste, with capitals carved into leaves, flowers, animals, &c. which might probably have been prevalent when Ferdinand kept his court here in the fifteenth century. Several of the churches of this city are built in a manner resembling our Saxon style. On leaving the town, we traversed the wide sheep walks in the neighbourhood, across which, the towers of the cathedral, and the roofs of the Alcazar, were to be discerned for a long time. To the left we observed the cadets practising manœuvres according to the French system, with the flying artillery, which has lately been introduced. At length we arrived at the Venta di San Rafael, at the foot of the Guadarama mountains, where we obtained an indifferent dinner, and afterwards ascended among groves of sapling oaks and pines, though we observed that the greater part of these hills are bleak and without trees. Pillars are placed at certain distances, to shew the direction of the road when the ground is covered with snow in winter. We passed the summit, where a statue of

a lion is erected, and descended into a pleasant valley full of verdure, and ornamented with trees, which afforded a striking contrast to the barren face of Old Castile. In this pleasant spot, surrounded with pastures, stands the poor and dirty village of Guadarama, which gives a name to the mountains. Passing this, where we bought some bread of an old woman, who told us "to live a thousand years," we entered the park or chase of the Escurial, a considerable tract, covered with cork, carob, and small oak and ash-trees. It cannot vie either in the beauty, or the picturesque grouping of the trees, with an English forest; but it has a fine wild look, especially where the mountains come into the prospect. We observed several herds of deer, and a large wolf was seen by the muleteers. As we approached the nook in which the convent stands, the trees and verdure gradually left us.

It was late when we arrived: our curiosity for the present, therefore, was rather excited than gratified, by the appearance of some dimly-seen towers, and a dome rising over the little town, where we found a very comfortable posada. The bell of the monastery roused us after dinner, and we made a moonlight expedition to see this famous structure. We reached it through a narrow and dirty street, and our eyes wandered over a vast expanse of dull unornamented buildings: but we returned fully assured, that we should be better pleased in the morning.

June 24th. *The Escurial.* Eight o'clock found us surveying the exterior of this celebrated edifice, which after all the puffs of the Spaniards, and the boasts of travellers, must be confessed to be nothing more in appearance, as well as reality, than a vast dull convent: and if the four towers at the corners, and the dome, which is not more considerable than those to be seen in the smallest towns in Italy, where to be removed, it would have the look of a great barrack or manufactory.

The walls of grey granite are perforated with thou-

sands of little windows ; and no ornament is attempted except about the chief entrance, where some clumsy half columns of the Doric order are plaistered against the building. A square form is the worst that can be chosen for a building of expence and grandeur ; but the extent of this fabric is not only wasted and lessened to the eye, by the adoption of this shape but, a great part of its structure is entirely hid, from its having been modelled in the figure of a gridiron, to gratify the caprice or superstition of Philip II. The only place from whence an idea can be gained of its vast extent, is from the mill above it, where all the roofs are perfectly visible. It has been characterized with great justice, as a quarry above ground. The buildings here compacted together in a lump, would, if stretched into a line, or formed into a body with wings, have even now astonished, by their extent, a traveller who had visited other countries. We must account for the excessive admiration of the Escurial, by considering the era in which it was constructed, when Versailles, St. Peter's, and many other vast fabrics of later times, were as yet unknown to Europe.

Passing the great gate we entered an oblong court, not very large, having the front of the church at the end of it, ornamented with some half columns of the same order as the entrance ; with the further addition of some wretched statues of the kings of Israel. The church itself is a plain solid fabric, of considerable grandeur ; the strength with which it is built, and indeed the whole of that edifice, which is composed of Guadarama granite, is amazing. The Doric pilasters within the church are fluted ; but the painted ceilings of Luca Giordano, &c. little accord with the solidity and plainness of the structure. All the cupboards of the treasure and relics were open to-day, it being the festival of St. John the Baptist. The choir, as is common in Spanish convents, is raised above the door.

The grandest objects which present themselves upon entering the church, are, the high altar, and the monument within its precincts; these have indeed a very striking effect: the altar-piece consists of the four orders of architecture, erected according to the taste of the time one over the other, richly carved, with paintings between them. On each side of the sanctuary in which this is placed, are the cenotaphs of Charles V. and Philip II. on which the kneeling figures of those monarchs and their families are represented as large as life, dressed in gilt robes, with their faces devoutly turned to the altar. The friar appointed by the king for the purpose of attending strangers, carried us through the church, and the other parts of the convent; he at first took us to the upper cloister, where the finest part of the whole building is discovered: from its windows we looked into a court, called El Patio de les Evangelistas, which is perfectly regular, and has an air of considerable grandeur. The architecture is not unlike the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, but the effect of this is more striking, from its extending round the four sides of the court. The collection of paintings distributed in different parts of the convent, is sufficient of itself to reward a journey to Madrid, Raphael shines here in more than usual pre-eminence: after him Vandyke and Rubens have high claims on our admiration, as well as a number of other masters, whose names and works I will notice as shortly and distinctly as I am able.

The upper cloister contains many paintings by Luca Giordano; they are not, however, entitled to much praise: in ceilings this artist is sufficiently clear, brilliant, and pleasing: great force and expression are not particularly required: but in his easel pictures he necessarily aims at these, and falls unfortunately into an extravagance, which reminds me of some of the worst efforts of Spagnolletto, though without his strength of light and shade. The murder of innocents is the best of Luca Giordano's labours

in this convent, and the ass, in his picture of Balaam, seems absolutely to speak. An Holy Family, by a Spanish artist called Mudo, from his being dumb, is painted with some vulgarity, but with great expression. Lot and his Daughter, by Guercino; Jacob and his Flock, by Spagnoletto.

Two chambers contain a Virgin and Child, in a very free and admirable stile, by Leonardo da Vinci. The same subject, by Raphael. A Crucifixion, with considerable spirit, by Albert Durer. Saviour's Head, as highly finished as possible, by Leonardo da Vinci. Virgin and Child, by the same.

The chamber of the prince of Asturias.—A portrait of Philip II. by Pantoja, which is unlike the celebrated picture of Valasquez, in the palace at Madrid; but it probably is a more exact resemblance, as Pantoja was contemporary with his subject. There are in the same room good likenesses of the king and queen; and a picture of a Monk writing, by a Spanish artist.

The anti-room to the treasury contains a large Allegory, by Titian, which has some fine parts; and a dead Christ, by the same master.

The cabinet or treasury is full of miniature wonders and curiosities. The miniature Nativity, attributed to Buonarotti, is clearly designed, but inexpressive. A small ivory head of Christ, ascribed to the same, is excellent! Miniature of the Virgin and dead Christ, on marble, by Annibal Caracci; a companion, (a Monk and Vision) by the same. A rich Cross, ornamented with an immense topaz. The body of one of the Innocents murdered by Herod, in a glass case: this seems rather to have been a fœtus than a child of two years' growth, as our guide asserted. Another remarkable relic is also preserved here, namely, one of the Vases presented to Christ by the three kings. We were shown also a MS. parchment book on Baptism, and an autograph of St. Augustin.

A very solemn mass, accompanied by a fine organ, began as we were descending into the anti-sacristy and

sacristy, where the monks were robing themselves to make a grand procession into the church. Here we remarked St. Peter and Paul, by Spagnoletto. A Madonna, by Andrea del Sarto. Christ disputing with the Doctors, by Rubens; and St. Jerome, by Vandyke. The altar-piece of the sacristy is a representation of Charles II. of Spain kneeling before the host at the Fête Dieu. The King, the Nobles, the Priests, &c. are all portraits. It is an excellent painting, the work of Paulo Coello, a Portuguese, who has some others of considerable merit in the church. But it is hardly fair for these or any other pictures to be hung in the same apartment with two of the best efforts of the inimitable Raphael, in which he seems almost to have surpassed himself, and arrived at the highest perfection of the art. The paintings I allude to are, the Visitation of the Virgin; and the Madonna de la Perta; which was purchased, with some others of Charles the First's collection, in England, for 40,000*l.* by the ambassador of Phillip II. I will enlarge further on these interesting subjects, when I have mentioned the other famous Raphael, in possession of this convent.

In an interior room there is an highly-worked *ciborium* of gold and precious stones. We now began to discover, that whatever were the merits of our reverend *Cicerone*, he could not have been selected from the brotherhood for his taste or knowledge in the fine arts; he carried us immediately from these glorious Raphaels into the lower cloister, where he showed us some wretched daubings, by Romulo Cincinnato, upon which he dwelt for a considerable time, and told us that we should esteem ourselves particularly fortunate; for had it not been a festival, the shutters which inclose them would not have been open. The great staircase which ascends from the cloister, is built of massive granite; but it is neither remarkable for its beauty or grandeur. The roof is painted with representations of the Battle of *St.* Quintin; the Building of the Escurial; and the Apotheosis of Phillip II. executed in a brilliant and pleasing

manner by Luca Giordano. From this we proceed along a number of passages, from whence we had views into the smaller and more dreary courts of the Gridiron Building, and after many turnings and windings, arrived at the door of the library. This is a large apartment, in which the ceiling makes as great a figure as the books; it is covered and painted; but it is too much of an arch to accord in proportion with the walls of the room. The printed books are here arranged on shelves, which abound, as usual, with folios of scholastic divinity. The MSS. are kept in a chamber above. The catalogue of those in the Latin and Greek languages has long been known to the world; and an account of the remains of the invaluable Arabic collection which escaped the fire of 1671 (at which time the greatest part were consumed), was edited about thirty years ago, at the expense of the court, by the learned Casiri. Europe is not therefore, as is frequently asserted, entirely without light respecting the treasures of this celebrated deposit; and the plan of gradually translating the Arabic works, is still carried on by the government.—The Treatise on Agriculture, written by an Arabian of the twelfth century, which is mentioned by Gibbon, has lately been published: it contains much curious matter, and shows that the mode of irrigation which promotes the astonishing fertility of the plain of Valencia, has descended to the modern Spaniards, from the practice of the Moors, who probably derived it from Egypt. It were to be wished here, as well as in the Herculaneum MSS. at Portici, that more persons were employed, and that the publications succeeded each other with greater rapidity, that the present generation might have some chance of benefiting from the smothered lights which they have perhaps on their possession. The convent libraries of Spain are often represented as objects of the greatest curiosity; but I much doubt whether a search into them would tend much to the information of mankind; though the archives of Valladolid, towards which Robertson turned

a wistful eye, would throw a strong light on a most interesting part of the History of the World.

The library of the Escurial contains portraits of Charles V. and Phillip II. and several models of ships of their ages.

We now repassed an hundered passages, descended the stairs, and entered a long room, which is fitted up with an altar and stalls, and was used as a chapel before the great Church was finished.

La iglesia vieja. The altar-piece, representing the martyrdom of St. Lawrence, is by Titian, but has not any very distinguished excellence; a Dead Christ near it, by the same master, is of considerable merit; a portrait of Phillip II. the same countenance as that in the chamber of the Prince of Asturias, but at a more advanced age; and another of Charles V. by Pantoja, A. D. 1599. Our guide now undrew a curtain and revealed to us the admirable painting of Raphael, which is known all over Europe by the name of La Madonna de la Pesce. But it was now eleven o'clock, which called him to the refectory; we were therefore hurried away from a spot to which we felt almost rooted, with a promise that he would be ready for us again at two. Having ordered our dinner at twelve, we took a fatiguing walk to the hill above the convent, and round its walls; dined most sumptuous at the posada, and as the clock struck two were awaiting the friar at the place of rendezvous: he had stationed a person there to inform him of our arrival, who in a few minutes brought him to us, rubbing his eyes and yawning, just awoke from his siesta. He carrried us round the upper cloister into the chapter-room, and the two adjoining apartments. The ceilings of these are covered and prettily painted with arabesque ornaments: among the pictures we distinguished a Madonna, by Vandyke; Holy family, by Raphael; the same groupe, but an inferior painting, to that in the Louvre gallery. Conversion of St. Paul, by Palma Vecchio. Virgin gazing with delight on Christ, by Vandyke. Dead Christ, with the Virgin and Mary

Magdalen, by Rubens: this is one of the finest groupes and finest paintings in the world; the Virgin is quite the *mater dolorum*; her pallid face and agony could not be better expressed; the colour of Christ's flesh is admirable. There can be no doubt that this picture ranks immediately after the three glorious Raphaels in this collection. The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, expressed naturally, but without much dignity, by Vandyke; a Madonna, by Guido; the Crown of Thorns, by Vandyke; St. Paul's Head, by Guido; St. Peter's Head, by the same; a whole length of St. James, by Spagnoletto; St. Jerome, by Guercino; the sons of Jacob shewing their father the bloody vest of Joseph, full of force and good painting, by Velasquez; Christ and Peter, by Vandyke; a Magdalen, by the same; St. Roch, by Spagnoletto; St. Sebastian, by the same; the binding of Christ, by Peligrino Tibaldi, has some good parts. These apartments are used for the levees, and the ministers, when the court is at the Escurial.

We now descended to the Pantheon, the burial-place of the sovereigns of Spain, which is constructed under the church, in the centre of the building; it is approached by a marble passage, on one side of which is a vault, where the bodies are left to decay before they are placed in the sarcophagi which are destined to receive them. The Pantheon of the Escurial has been absurdly supposed to be a copy of the Pantheon of Rome, whereas no two buildings could hardly be more dissimilar; this being an *octagon* building, entirely of marble: six of the sides have shelves, with sarcophagi on them, each side containing four: the two remaining sides are occupied with the altar and the door, which has two sacophagi over it: the whole is decorated with pilasters and carving, but it is too small to justify the magnificent descriptions which travellers have given of it. The kings are to fill one half of the sarcophagi, and the queens the other; seven of the former, and the same number of the latter, among whom is Anna Regina, who, the friar told us, was our queen Mar[illegible], have

already gained their stations. Charles III. still remains in the adjoining vault. The present king has visited this place; but it is said the queen has never been prevailed upon to see it. Her character does not, perhaps, lead her to contemplate the idea of mortality with peculiar complacency; and the spot, and the very receptable of our bones, being shown, must renovate the certainty of death in the most awful manner.

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The Madonna della Perla, is far more brilliant in its colouring than either of the other pictures. The leading trait of the last was *modesty*; this has *maternal tenderness*. The Virgin's face is admirably fine, and fully gives the intended expression: the aid of contrast too is, as before, afforded by the figure of Elizabeth, old and haggard, who sits by her side, while the infant Jesus, more beautiful and smiling than I can express, is springing from her arms, to play with John; in fact, he appears leaping from the canvass: the effect of light and shade was never more inimitably managed: the light resting on the Virgin's forehead, is finely conceived; and the richness of colouring throughout, adds greatly to the effect of the whole.

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to the Casa-Reale, the royal pleasure-house, which is situated in the park of the Escurial, at a little distance from the convent. The friar's apartment was what the Spaniards call a sala con alcova—a room, with a recess for a bed in it. The windows command a noble prospect of the neighbouring country; immediately beneath them is a wide terrace, ornamented with a garden set out in the old fashion of stiff parterres; and beyond this the eye ranges over a free and extensive park, every where covered with masses of short trees, showing in several parts, ponds, and reservoirs of water, and backed by a bleak ridge of the Guadarama mountains; the whole forming a wild and very grand view, which announces the residence of a monarch much more than any part of the building itself. Accompanied by the friar, we descended the hill from the convent, and soon after entered the garden which surrounds the Casa-Reale; it is full of young trees, which, like those at Madrid and Aranjuez, are regularly watered every evening. In other respects, it has nothing remarkable, except the hot-house, which is one of the shabbiest I have ever seen. The exterior of the villa promises nothing either of extent or magnificence; but upon entering we were astonished at the number of rooms it contained, all of which are fitted up in the most elegant and perfect taste. The walls and ceilings are painted after patterns which have an excellent general effect; and the whole house unites an air of comfort with its splendour, which, according to our guide, rendered it an object of envy to every Englishman he had shown it to. The rooms, excepting two, which are of handsome proportion, are small; the walls ornamented with a profusion of cabinet pictures, the greater part of which are of the Flemish school; in the chief apartments there are several of a larger scale. In the first room, near the entrance, is an admirable portrait of Valesquez, by himself; and another of Murillo, by himself; a Head, by Moralez, called El Divino. I have seen but few of the works of this artist; his finishing is very high, like Carlo Dolce,

but he seems deficient in force and expression. A Head, by Vandyke. A Magistrate, by the same, has a fine mellowness of colour, and is one of the best heads I have any where seen. An Empress of Germany, by the same. A Madonna, by Murillo; the same subject, by the same artist. These are well painted, but without characteristic dignity. Murillo is an excellent painter: his view of nature seems to have been as true as possible; but of ideal beauty he had hardly any notion. This judgment is formed from what I have seen at Madrid and the Escurial; but the great treasury of his works, is the Hospital de la Caridad, at Seville, where he painted after his last visit to Rome. Among the other pictures of the Casa-Reale, I remarked a winged figure of Prodigality, by Mengs; a graceful and pleasing work, though deficient in expression. The Conversion of St. Paul, and Death of Julian, by Luca Giordano, exhibits a boldness which reaches to extravagance; Apostles, copied after Spagnoletto, by Murillo. A Vision, by the same; near this we remarked, as a representation of the most ordinary vulgarity, St. Catherine, by Dominichino. The Casa is two stories high; the upper rooms form a suite of cabinets or boudoirs, ornamented with the most exquisite elegance: one in particular should be noticed, which contains most beautiful and exact copies in miniature, of all the celebrated paintings of Europe—the Madonnas della Leggiola della Pesce, della Perla; the Transfiguration of Raphael; Guido's Magdalen; the Holy Family, and Notte of Coreggio; the Communion of St. Jerome, by Dominichino, &c. &c. and the adjoining room is fitted up with the celebrated coloured prints from Raphael's Loggia, pilasters, &c. slabs of Biscay, Arragon, and Grenada marble, are distributed in different apartments, one of which is almost entirely fitted up with specimens from the various quarries of Spain. There are several sea-pieces, by Vernet; one of which was a present from the Gallery of Versailles, and is, perhaps, the finest work of

o'clock, many of the Spanish nobility dine still earlier; in the evening the gentlemen attend the ladies either in their coaches on the Prado, or to walk in the Botanic Gardens. About ten o'clock different houses are thrown open for the reception of company; balls are given occasionally; but the tertullias, which answer in some respects to the assemblies of London, take place every evening. A tertullia is, however, a more varied and less expensive entertainment than an English assembly: the only refreshment offered is iced-water, which is eat with long spongy cakes. The company in general converse, or play at cards, or rouge et noir: and it is not reckoned surprising or ill-bred to read or draw in these circles, but I never met with any instances of such occupations.

The tertullia which I attended this evening was an easy and pleasant society; the rooms were now crowded, and conversation (properly so called) was supported by several persons: some Americans and Frenchmen were of the party; the former described the wonders of their country, the fortifications discovered in the forests of America, and the traces of what should seem a more advanced state of civilization; from thence we got to extinct volcanos, and the lavas of Mount Vesuvius, a topic which exactly suited the Gallic *savans*, and upon which they did not fail to give vent to all well known plausible, though refuted, arguments, till Christianity trembled in the scale: at length the Pope's nuncio was opportunely announced, which put an end to the discussion, and the Frenchmen betook themselves to the gambling table.

During my short residence at Madrid, I have made it my business to collect a variety of authentic particulars, relative to the present state of this monarchy, and I have freely availed myself of the details in *Bourgoing*, and of the *Memorias economicas y politicas sobre los frutos, lo commercio, &c.* by *Don Eugenio, Larruga*, of *Carantillos, Randel, Pluer*, and others.

Spain was anciently the most populous country in

Europe, but at present is comparatively little inhabited. Three causes have principally contributed to this change; the numerous emigrations two centuries ago to the New World; the inveterate indolence of the Spaniards, who can hardly be stimulated to provide a subsistence for their families; and the multitude of devotees of both sexes, who live in a state of celibacy: for there are never above two or three children in a family destined for secular life, and all the rest are compelled to retire to a monastery. Another great cause of depopulation is to be traced to the wars with the Moors, and the expulsion of those people, as well as of the Jews, in the fifteenth century. Besides all this, the ordinary diet of the inhabitants is unfavourable: they use spices, and particularly pepper, in great excess, their wines are strong, and of a hot nature, and they drink chocolate morning and evening. Inactivity too, heavy taxes, and the poverty of the people, oppose the genial influence of the climate; but still the population has increased during the last century. In 1724, it was computed at 7,500,000 souls; in 1767, at 9,250,000 (of whom 100,000 were monks); and at present, it is between ten and eleven millions.

The Spaniards, especially those of the provinces of Castille, are tall, with brown complexion and hair, and very expressive countenances. They are all remarkable for having their legs more slender than any other nation, and for a thin and elegant shape; the higher classes are in general pale, and the lower extremely swarthy.

The French fashion of dress is now prevalent among them; but is concealed by their national cloaks. The long swords, that used to be so famous under the name of toledos, are at present to be seen only, with other curiosities of antiquity, in the public arsenals. Among the females, the veil assists the purposes of coquetry; and missionaries from the milliners of Paris have completely destroyed the ancient empire of fardingales and hoop-petticoats.

Not a single street or house is to be found in all Madrid, which is not decorated with a portrait or bust of the Blessed Virgin. Incredible is the annual consumption of flowers made use of in Spain for crowning the Virgin's image; incredible the number of hands which are constantly employed from morning till night in dressing her caps, turning her petticoats, and embroidering her ruffles. Every Spaniard regards the Virgin in the light of his friend, his confidante, his mistress, whose whole attention is directed to himself, and who is perpetually watching over his happiness. Hence the name of Mary hangs incessantly upon his lips, mixes in all his compliments, and forms a part of all his wishes. In speaking, in writing, his appeal is always to the Virgin, who is the guarantee of all his promises; the witness of all his transactions. It is in the name of the holy Blessed Virgin, that the ladies intrigue with their gallants, write billets-doux, send their portraits, and appoint nocturnal assignations.

The Spanish wool is universally acknowledged to be incomparably superior to any in Europe. But this wool is not of equal quality in every province of the kingdom; there are various sorts, which are distinguished by the names of the different manufactories. The first in repute is that known by the denomination of the *Segovies Léonèses*; to this class belongs the wool which bears the name of *l'Infantado de l'Asturie*: that of the *Trois Convents de l'Escurial*, of *Don Bernardin Sanchez*, and of *Don Joseph de Vittoria*. On an average, the Spaniards vend annually about 4000 *arobes* of wool, each *arobe* weighing 25 pounds. Next to the *Léonèse*, the *Segovian* stands in highest repute. This is not quite so fine as the former, and bears a variety of names, according to the districts and manufactories where it is prepared. The finest of this sort is called *les Cavelieres*. The provinces which produce the best and superior sort of wool are Arragon and Valencia, Upper and Lower Andalusia, Castille, and Navarre. It is a common prejudice, that the fineness and incom

parable whiteness of the Spanish wool are the result of the climate; but this is an absolute error: the true cause of the perfection of the Spanish wool is to be found in the manner in which the Spaniards rear their sheep. The other nations of Europe have cultivated all the arts and sciences with success, except the art of rearing sheep. The Spaniards, on the contrary, have neglected almost every branch of science except this art. In Spain are still to be found vestiges of that simple pastoral life, which, in the earlier ages of the world, was deemed so honourable, and which rendered those who devoted themselves to the rearing of sheep so superlatively happy.

The Spaniards pay little or no regard to the wise precept of Moses, to refrain from burying their dead for the space of three days. In Madrid, Valladolid, Salamanca, and, indeed, in almost every part of Spain, it is dangerous to indulge too much a natural propensity to long sleep; a person who oversleeps his customary hour, incurs the risque of being interred alive. Among other instances of culpable precipitation in this respect, indeed, it justly deserves the name of homicide, the fate of a young, amiable, and uncommonly beautiful lady, who had married a Swiss officer in the Spanish service, and was, most unfortunately, a victim to this system of precipitation, being buried alive, and left to perish in her coffin, deserves to be particularly noticed. The corpse was afterwards, at the desire of her friends, conveyed to her native country, and interred in a town in the canton of Berne. All travellers who pass near the place make a point of visiting her tomb; and numbers go considerably out of their way for this express purpose; I, among others, have contemplated it with peculiar admiration and satisfaction.

The abuses of luxury appear in all their native absurdity, in the funeral pomp and parade which characterizes the Spaniards. Upwards of a hundred carriages, five or six hundred priests and monks, with at least 2000 flambeaus, form the ordinary appendage of a comme-

funeral. By virtue of a late edict, which a due regard to the health of the living certainly renders necessary, it is enacted, that no burials shall be permitted within the gates of Madrid. In open defiance, however, of this salutary law, the clergy continue to bury in the churches, in the view of doubling and tripling the bequests they are in the habit of receiving on these occasions, or to pay their court to the relatives of the deceased. For this purpose, grave-diggers are engaged to disinter the corpse during the night, and convey it into the church. This evasion of the law is tolerated in a country, where the clergy may be said to have usurped all power and rule into their own hands.

In Spain the domestics wait at table in their jackets, and with their hair in papers. They are so filthy, that one has not the stomach to call for drink at their hands, so horribly hideous, that they strike terror into the beholders, and so deformed and stinted to their growth, that one may be tempted to conclude nature had only half finished her work in their formation.

A long retinue of valets constitute the highest luxury and ambition of a Spaniard. But no masters under heaven are so badly served by their domestics, who are constitutionally awkward and slow to a proverb in their motions. They are sure to break whatever they lay their hands upon; they have not the smallest idea of dressing hair; and will scarcely make a bed in a couple of hours. Even then the job is so wretchedly performed, that it is necessary to make it over again. If you send them with a letter, or a message, you must never hope to see them again, without sending other messengers in quest of them; and as to an answer, they have either never solicited one, have forgotten to wait for it, or have dropped it on the road.

Every person is indiscriminately buried in a religious habit. The men are equipped in the uniform of Capuchins; the women are dressed like pilgrims; and young girls like nuns of the order of *Sœurs Grises*. Exclusive of the habit, the defunct is loaded with a pre-

posterous freight of rosaries, *Agnus Deis*, beads, &c. &c. which are fastened to the neck, the arms, the feet, &c. and with which the cap, the sleeves, and pockets, of the deceased, are completely stuffed.

Without these precious relics, a Spaniard would never be able to die in peace. But to obtain this desirable object, relics alone are not sufficient. More efficacious means must be employed; proper legacies and bequests must be devised to the church, and for pious purposes. Hence the moment the life of a rich Spaniard is pronounced to be in danger, two or three battalions of monks quit their cells, and march immediately to keep guard round his bed. Nothing now is to be heard, but the terrible sounds of *hell, fire, brimstone, eternal torments, purgatory*, &c. &c. whilst the wretched patient, to escape from the flames which threaten to devour him, and to keep his tormentor, the devil, at arm's-length, wastes his whole fortune in daily, weekly, monthly, and annual *obits*, and at length dies stupified and distracted, amidst an inundation of holy water, prayers, and menaces.

Few scenes can afford a richer fund of merriment, than to witness the superstitious eagerness with which the Spaniards besiege the churches and confessionals on the eve of any grand festival. It would weary calculation to enumerate the kicks and boxes on the ear, which are exchanged among the warring devotees in less than a quarter of an hour. What completes the absurdity and ludicrous whimsicality of this diverting scene, is the arrival of some grandee, or *hidalgo*, who, escorted by a lacquey carrying a cushion for his master's accommodation, forces his way through the crowd, and, whilst the combatants are engaged in fierce contest, darts before them into the confessional, throws himself upon his knees, wisely taking care, however, not to wear them out for want of a cushion, and in this condition, repents at his ease the sins and enormities he has committed.

The ways of God are dark, inscrutable to our ein

cumscribed vision; he governs his heaven by his own laws, and can call into his presence whomsoever he pleases. But the mussulman, who contracts a hoarseness by vociferating *Alla! Alla!* the Talapoin, who infixes needles in his own flesh, and the Marabou, who conscientiously walks but upon one leg, appear, in my judgment, to be equally deserving of a place in the celestial mansions, with the bigoted Spaniard, who heats himself with passion, and deals out blows to fight his way to the confessional, to obtain absolution.

The Spaniards are very commonly reproached with three faults: an excessive pride, manifesting itself in a gravity that becomes ridiculous; a great degree of indolence and inactivity; and a superstition equal to that which prevailed in the dark ages. This last censure they may very allowably transfer to their rulers; for no nation can become enlightened while the great object of its government is to prohibit the appearance of all books of philosophy, and the task of public instruction is committed entirely to the clergy. A nation is influenced by the example of its sovereign; and even Charles III. father of the lately abdicated king, is said to have believed piously the *miracle* of the liquifaction of the blood of St. Januarius.

A preposterous anecdote is related as an example of Spanish pride:—Soon after the accession of Philip V. a Castilian nobleman, having occasion to sign a public document, added after his title, the words "as noble as the king, and more so;" and on being asked the reason of this, answered, "I am a Castilian, and Philip V. is *only* a Frenchman." This sentiment preserves among them the use of pompous titles and a ceremonious style, which even the vulgar seldom abandon. But whatever ridicule may be justly attached to it, the most dignified qualities derive hence their origin. It inspires the whole nation with principles of humanity, generosity, and virtue. Hardly ever does an instance occur of a Spanish gentleman, or even tradesman, being guilty of an act of baseness,

June 26. At six o'clock in the evening I set forth on my way to Toledo. The horse which was brought for me would probably have been thought unworthy of a picador at a bull-fight, and my servant was obliged to bestride another miserable Rosinante with a sore back. On leaving the gates of Madrid, a traveller finds himself as completely in the country, as if he were an hundred leagues from the metropolis. I crossed the Manzanares by the Puente de Toledo, which is the handsomest of the bridges which lead to the city: in passing forwards, I was convinced of the truth of an observation which, I believe, is made by Sir J. Dillon, that the land around Madrid, notwithstanding its desert appearance, is almost every where in cultivation; and the city is in fact surrounded by a number of villages, which are concealed from the eye by being generally built in hollow places. The great road from Madrid to Toledo, is through Aranjuez, a disance of about fifteen leagues. I proceeded by a shorter route across the country, of twelve leagues, which is equal to fifty English miles. At ten o'clock we put up in the venta de Terajon, which afforded me some bad wine and water, and a most suspicious bed.

June 27. After tossing uncomfortably for a few hours, on a mattress which sent forth its active myriads to murder sleep, I was called about two o'clock, and soon after proceeded on my journey. A few leagues from Terajon, I entered a small town through a perfect, and the first Moorish arch, I have seen in Spain. Another village afforded some chocolate for breakfast; but the increasing heat warned me to hasten forwards, as five leagues yet remained. The country now began to get richer, though entirely destitute of trees: when the day cleared, the hills behind Toledo discovered themselves, and I was prepared to admire the romantic situation in which the city is placed. This, however, is not seen to advantage in this approach: but how shall I describe my disappointment at the mean and miserable appearance of the city itself! Where are the marks of dignity or splendor? Where are the traces of a royal court, and a proud nobility? Not a vestige of these

to be discerned in a dreary assemblage of plaster houses, tenanted by monks and beggars.

The situation is not unlike that of Durham, and the full blue river which flows round it, and the green meadows sprinkled with trees on its banks, are very delightful to the eye. At half-past eleven I entered the Fonda, a neat and extensive inn, erected by the celebrated Lorenzana, to draw people to Toledo, to visit its antiquities.

This great man, who has been done justice to in the work of Bourgoing, was preferred from the archbishopric of Mexico to the primacy of Spain, and has left the traces of his wisdom and his charity in every part of this desolate city:—he reformed the discipline of the cathedral; he rebuilt and re-organized the university; erected on a more extensive scale and in a more healthy situation, the hospital for lunatics; gave to the public the best inn in Spain; and filled the useless Alcazar with the industry of a silk manufactory. From this station, so peculiarly fitted to his disposition, and so ennobled by his virtues, he has at length been dismissed, to make room for the nephew of the king and brother-in-law of the Prince of Peace, a youth about twenty-four years of age, who at present monopolizes the sees of Toledo and Seville, while their former prelates are banished to Rome, where they receive pensions from the king of Spain.—I have been assured of the good conduct of the juvenile prelate, but I find the inhabitants of Toledo are by no means content: he lives always with the court, and comes to the city merely on the great festivals of the church. I mentioned to some of the people that I had seen Lorenzana; they were eager to hear of his health, and assured me that if he were to return, the whole city to a man, would come out to welcome him.

The chief boast of Toledo is its cathedral, which is a large and handsome Gothic structure; it is, however, very inferior to many of our English churches. Being built by Ferdinand the Catholic, it may be considered as one of the last efforts of the Gothic taste in Spain:

externally it is irregular, and mixed in its architecture; the interior is principally striking from its breadth: it is divided into five aisles; it shows none of the rich features of the contemporary florid style in England, except in the enclosure of the altar, which is adorned with tracery.

Near the cathedral is a large building covered with red plaster, which is the palace of the archbishop: it runs into all sorts of shapes and directions, making a number of small courts, and affording chambers for one hundred and fifty persons, who constitute the prelate's retinue; it has no enclosure or garden, and is one of the dullest and dirtiest buildings I have ever seen.

We passed through two dreary streets to the Gothic church of San Juan de los Reyes; the exterior is covered with the chains, fetters, manacles, &c. which were found upon the Christian captives when Alphonso IV. took the city.

Nothing can surpass the gloomy dullness of Toledo: in other towns the chanting of the convents is drowned by the noise and bustle of the streets; but here it struck me greatly, the desolate silence is only broken by the deep voices of the friars, who are singing masses continually, and in every part. The university is a remarkably neat and convenient building.

The manufactory of swords is carried on about half a league from the town. The palace of Charles V. is in a fine situation, the site of the ancient Moorish Alcazar, but the architecture does not offer any thing to admire.

Before I left Toledo I paid another visit to the cathedral, while vespers were chanted with music, on the eve of St. Peter's day. The choir is in the centre of the building, and the stalls are finely carved by Porregiano, the pupil of Buonarotti. The singing and music was in the same lively opera style, which I had occasion to remark at Monserrat, and other places; and indeed, the canons seem to consider it in the light of an entertainment, as they frequently talked to each other, and even

smiled occasionally. The organ of this cathedral is very fine, and has a strength of tone which is peculiar to the organs of this country. The relicts and treasures of this cathedral have been often described; and it must be remarked, though the Spanish churches must yield to those of Italy in marble statues, paintings, and taste, yet they infinitely surpass them especially at present, in gold and silver, precious stones, and valuable ornaments.

The province of Toledo being situated nearly in the centre of Spain, may be taken as a general specimen for the purpose of giving an idea of the rural economy of the other agricultural provinces in the interior. It is but moderately fertile, and partly occupied by mountains; nevertheless it produces so much corn as to be able to export a certain quantity, which principally goes to supply the consumption of Madrid. The following are some calculations on this subject.

	Annual Produce. Fanegas.	*Average Price. Reals.*	*Value in Real de Vellon.*
Wheat,* - - -	1,800,000	44	79,200,000
Barley, - - -	1,472,000	19	27,968,000
Rye, - - - -	380,000	26	7,280,000
Oats, - - - -	146,000	14	2,044,000

Surplus of Corn.

186,000 fanegas of wheat, worth		8,184,000 reals.
70,000 ——— of barley, ———		1,300,000
Oats to the value of about ———		20,000
Total value of corn exported, - -		9,534,000 reals.

* The *fanega* and *arroba* are Spanish measures, which I have no opportunity of exactly reducing to our common English measures of capacity. The silver *real* is equal to about 5½d. sterling, and the real *de Vellon* (or of copper) to about half that sum. Unfortunately, the tables from which I copy these statements, do not accurately distinguish which is meant in each case, or I would have expressed the whole in sterling money; but any of my commercial readers who may be inclined to make the calculations themselves, will probably be sufficient judges to determine in every instance.

	Annual Produce. Fanegas.	Average Price. Reals.	Total Value. Reals de Vellon.
Grey pease, of which 1-5th is exported	40,000	80	3,200,000
Vetches,	39.000	25	975,000
Black vetches,	3,000	24	72,000
Juijas, or square pease,	2,000	30	60,000
Titos, a kind of yellow pease,	8,000	28	224,000
Guisantes, another kind not much known	2,500	34	85,000
Rapeseed,	600	25	15,000
Linseed,	700	39	27,300
Saffron,	1,000lb.	86	86,000
Aniseed,	500 fanegas	56	28,000
Cummin,	400	48	19,200
Total value,			4,791,500

Vegetables appear to be not much cultivated, especially for a province so near Madrid.

	Fanegas.	Reals.	Reals de Vellon.
Lentils,	7,000	28	196,000
Beans,	10,500	29	304,500
French beans,	2,000	35	70,000
Potatoes,	70,000 arrobas	3	210,000
Other vegetables, especially excellent asparagus,	50,000	4	200,000
Total value,			980,500

Neither is fruit in greater abundance, as may be seen by the following statement:

Cherries,	17,500 arrobas		35,000 reals.
Apricots,	8,000		64,000
Plums,	40,000		200,000
Figs,	2,000		36,000
Chesnuts,	20,000 fanegas		140,000
Walnuts,	2,000		50,000
Total value			525,000 reals.

The produce of the olive is on the other hand considerable; that tree thrives much better in this province than in the environs of Madrid, which, from the too elevated situation, is subject to more intense frosts.

	Arrobas.		*Reals.*	*Reals.*
Olive oil,	170,000		at 40	6,800,000
Of which are exported	20,000			800,000
Olives,	25,000 fanegas,		at 20	500,000

The vineyards are equally important; they sometimes yield very pleasant wines, but a much greater quantity of those of la Mancha, is consumed at Madrid.

	Arrobas.	*Reals.*	*Reals.*
Grapes,	2,000	at 5	60,000
Wine,	1,700,000	at 7	11,900,000
Vinegar,	29,000	at 6	174,000
Spirits,	21,000	at 16	336,000
Total value of the produce of the vine,			12,470,000

About 200,000 arrobas of wine are exported, and fetch the sum of 1,400,000 reals.

Among the primary materials used in manufactures, are distinguished the following:

	Reals.
Flax, 5000 arrobas, of the value of -	330,000
Hemp, 20,000 arrobas, - - - - - - -	740,000
Rushes, called *esparto*, 12,000 bundles, -	12,000
Silk, 25,000 arrobas, - - - - - - - -	1,550,000

In 1787 there were uncultivated spots, on which upwards of 86,000 mulberry-trees might have been planted.

	Reals.
Soda and barilla, 270,000 arrobas, of the value of - - - - - - - - - - - -	1,500,000
Madder and woad, a small quantity.	
Sumach, 26,000 arrobas, - - - - - -	104,000

Cattle constitute an essential branch of the exportations of this province, as appears from the annexed account:

		Reals.	Reals.
Wool,	16,000 arrobas, at	60	960,000
Rams,	3,000 head at	42	126,000
Lambs,	10,000 at	22	440,000
Swine,	10,200 at	61	622,200
Mules,	600 at	900	540,000
Foals,	150 at	160	24,000
Young asses,	400 at	120	48,000
Calves,	6,000 at	112	672,000
	Total value of these articles,		3,432,000

The produce of cheese, about 10,000 arrobas, amount to 28,000 reals, but it does not appear that any is exported. The sheep yield 80,000 arrobas of wool, of the value of 4,800,000 reals. The bees supply 4000 arrobas of honey, valued at 128,000 reals, and 400 arrobas of wax, worth 72,000 reals.

We have very few accurate observations on the degrees of heat and cold, to which the thermometer rises

in the different latitudes of Spain, as well as on the other circumstances relative to the climate of the country. The following particulars, however, are given on good authority.

Heavy rains are rare at Toledo, but droughts are frequent. Rain comes with the west and south-west winds, but is seldom brought by the east or south. The north wind is always dry, though very humid in Asturias and Biscay. The rains are but of short continuance; they begin about the middle of October, and last five or six days, after which the air is serene till the middle of December, when a fortnight's rain succeeds. The frost sets in with the year: the snow seldom lies above twenty-four hours at Toledo; but at Madrid, where it is more abundant, it sometimes remains several days. M. Guilleman has observed Reaumur's thermometer as low as five degrees at Toledo; at Madrid he has seen it fall to seven degrees; at Beurrit, near Valencia, in latitude 42°, he has seen it at 9½ degrees; and at Pampluna in latitude 43°, and at the foot of the Pyrenees, he has observed it at 9⅞. At Toledo the almond tree blossoms in the middle of February, and the apricot the beginning of March. The hot season commences with the month of July; not a cloud is then to be seen, and thunder storms, though common in May and June, are then very rare. At sun-rise the thermometer stands at from thirteen to nineteen degrees. According to Don Juan, the greatest heat at Madrid is 26 degrees, and the average temperature of the month of July does not exceed 20°. From these observations it may be concluded, that since the heat of Toledo seems to be equal, notwithstanding the difference of latitudes, to that of Algiers, the climate of Cadiz and Malaga may, perhaps, be as hot as that of Surinam and Pondicherry.

July 14. We arrived at Lisbon this evening, after a fatiguing journey from Madrid. We rode post-horses, which is the most expeditious mode of travelling in Spain. The distance from Madrid to Lisbon is ninety-

eight leagues, viz. sixty-six of Spain, and thirty-two of Portugal. Multiplying these, the one by four and the other by five, gives the number of English miles, four hundred and twenty-five; of which fifteen are water passage, from Aldea Gallega to Lisbon. The country through which we passed, may be generally described as follows:—Castile, before we left it, showed some few spots superior to its usual bleak and burnt appearance; and the mountains of Guadaloupe make a fine object in the prospect: Spanish Estremadura is a rocky surface, covered almost entirely with a forest of cork trees, and exhibiting, in several instances, picturesque views. Portugal, from Elvas to Cana, is a rich and pleasing country; from Cana to Lisbon, wild, with shrubs and pines; a sandy soil: excepting Merida, there is no interesting town on the road, four hundred and twenty-four miles. The aqueducts of the ancient Ementa Augusta, are fallen into the most beautiful decay, and interspersed with the trees which grow about the river, they form one of the prettiest prospects I have ever seen. We found the inns small and indifferent during the whole journey; though in Portugal they are worse than in Spain. The road is not well kept: it is sometimes stony and narrow, and at others a wide sandy track; the Portuguese road is frequently paved. Of the Spanish post-horses, we generally found two out of the four, very good: these are small, and canter well. In Portugal we seldom found more than one good out of the five. In Spain, the charge, each league, is eleven reals and a half the horse, and the postilion expects a posetta for the same distance. In Portugal, for two horses they charge a dollar, or eight testoons a league, and the postilion is paid the same as in Spain. The road from Madrid to Cadiz, alone furnishes post-horses for carriages. The royal post-office at Madrid keeps twenty-eight riding horses; and in every post-house in Spain six are provided, of which two are always ready. In Portugal each post-house has thirteen horses, all ready.

July 15.—The stink of the streets of Lisbon is a strong antidote to curiosity; but, in fact, after a tour in Italy and Spain, there is very little in this city to afford gratification, and excite interest. The situation is certainly fine; but the town wants eminent buildings, and the banks of the Tagus are too tame and barren. Belem is an interesting object, especially to the antiquary, as it exhibits a species of Gothic architecture, which is unknown to the rest of Europe. The monastery was founded by Emanuel I. on the spot where Vasco de Gama received the benediction of the patriarch, when he sailed on his voyage of discovery. A specimen of a similar sort of Arabesque Gothic, may be seen in the mausoleum erected by the same king at Batalka.

The environs of Lisbon have been much celebrated; and it must be allowed, that Cintra is in every respect worthy the warm tints of description which have been lavished on it. It is a most beautiful and interesting spot: a mountain covered half way up with gardens and villas, and above these, rising into rude and picturesque appearances. The view from Cintra, however, is very bare and disagreeable.

July 20.—With little regret I embarked on board the packet for England, without seeing more of Portugal; which, from want of splendor in the privileged orders, and want of character among the people, must at this time (1803), be reckoned one of the most uninteresting and unpleasant countries in Europe.

END OF THE TWENTY-SIXTH VOLUME.

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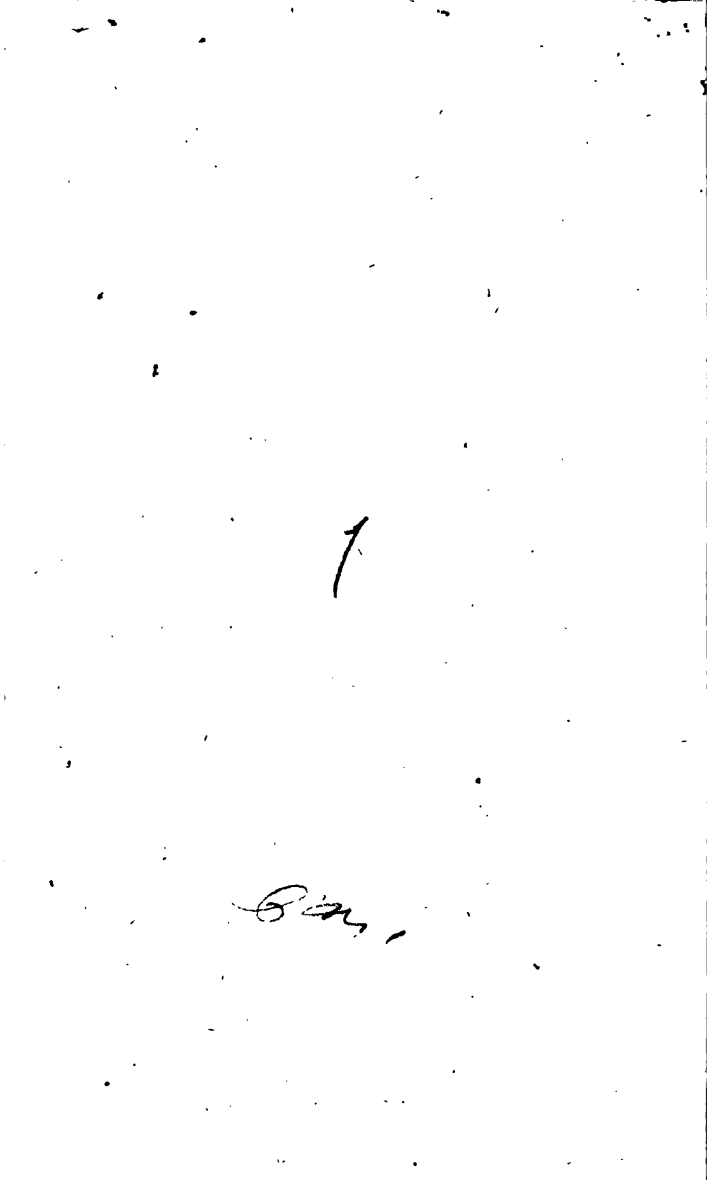

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